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TO ITALY

1918

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

FAIR land of dear desire,
Where beauty like a gleam
Awakes the hidden fire
Of what our souls would dream!

Where shining ilex glistens,
And cypress' sombre shade
Above dim fountains listens
In some forgotten glade.

Ah! land of dear desire,
Thy beauty floods again
My heart with sudden fire
And burns away its pain.

I dream with Perugino
On some far Umbrian hill,
Or walk with sweet Saint Francis
Till this world's fret is still;

Until my soul reposes
As, once unscourged he lay,
Amid the thornless roses
Until the break of day.

Dear saint, who was the brother
Of every living thing,
Could we to one another
Thy gracious message bring,

The world renewed, awaking,
Would shed the shattered, torn,
Grim night of its own making,
And pledge a peace reborn.

Fair land of dear desire
Thy beauty like a dream
Shall kindle and inspire
What all our souls would dream!

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Night shoot—9.2 Howitzers.

These are the guns used in the battery in which the artist served. They fire a 300-pound projectile and are used chiefly for destroying dugouts and emplacements, and blowing in trenches and barb-wire.

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A CANADIAN GUNNER

MR. THURSTAN TOPHAM, who made these sketches, is an artist who joined the Canadian forces and served in France as a gunner with the 1st Canadian Siege Battery.

While abroad he was employed largely in making panoramic observation sketches for use in range-finding, etc. After being wounded he was invalided home to Canada on the ill-fated hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*, which was afterward sunk in a dastardly way by the Hun submarines.

Mr. Topham is now discharged from the army and in Canada working the material he brought back from the front into larger canvases of the war. One of his pictures has been selected by the committee to be hung in the Canadian National Academy.

The following sketches were made by him at various times during the battle of the Somme in 1916. Of the sketch of Fricourt and "Happy Valley" appearing on the opposite page, Mr. Topham says:

"The village of Fricourt, or rather the ruins that were once a village, is seen on the ridge in the middle distance. This was one of the most strongly organized defenses of the Germans at the opening of the Somme offensive, and was the centre of bitter hand-to-hand fighting, notwithstanding its continuous bombardment for four days and nights by guns of all calibers, from 17-inch naval guns to 18-pounders. My own battery helped materially in smashing up the defenses. Dugouts here had often thirty-three steps down."

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Fricourt and "Happy Valley" after its bombardment and capture by the British.

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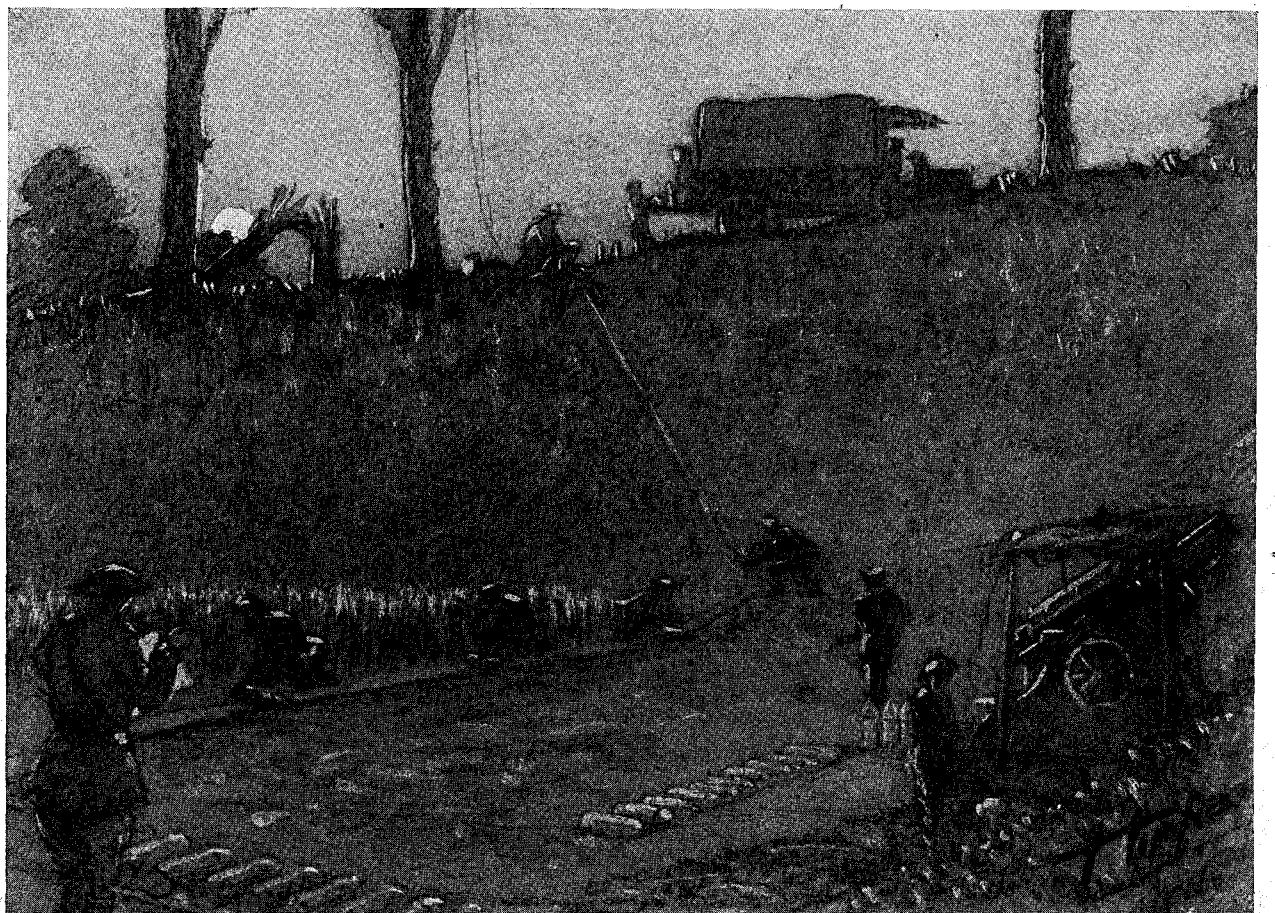

Unloading shells from the lorry on the Albert Braye roadside at night.

After unloading, the shells are slid down the bank and rolled to the gun, where they are checked off. All have to be accounted for.

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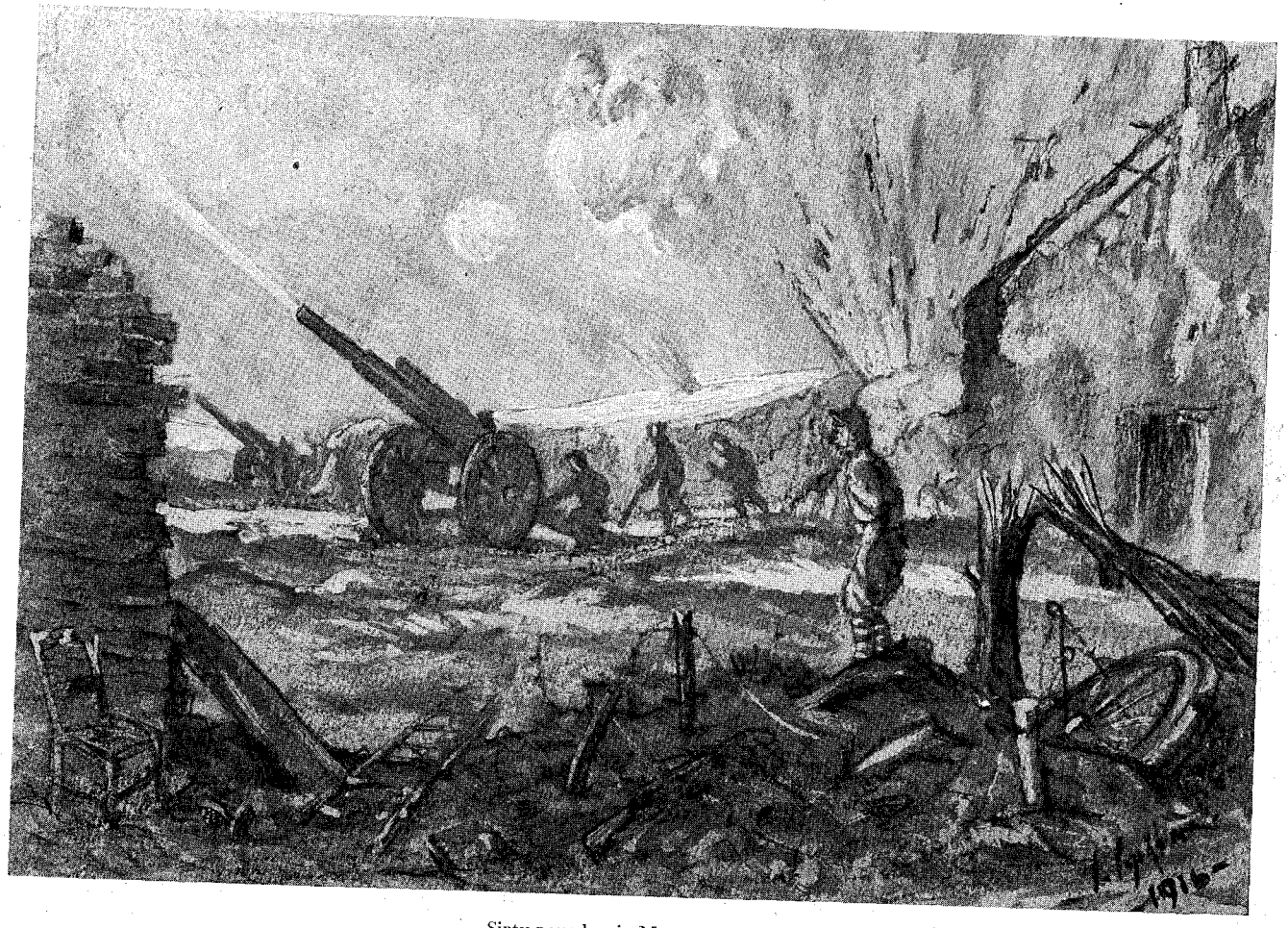

Sixty-pounders in Mametz ruins.

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A rough sketch of shells bursting at night close to a trench near Montauban.
Shrapnel is spreading in the air.

Over the Top.
An impression of a charge at night, showing the Very lights and flares set off by the Germans as an alarm and in order that they may see to repel the attack.

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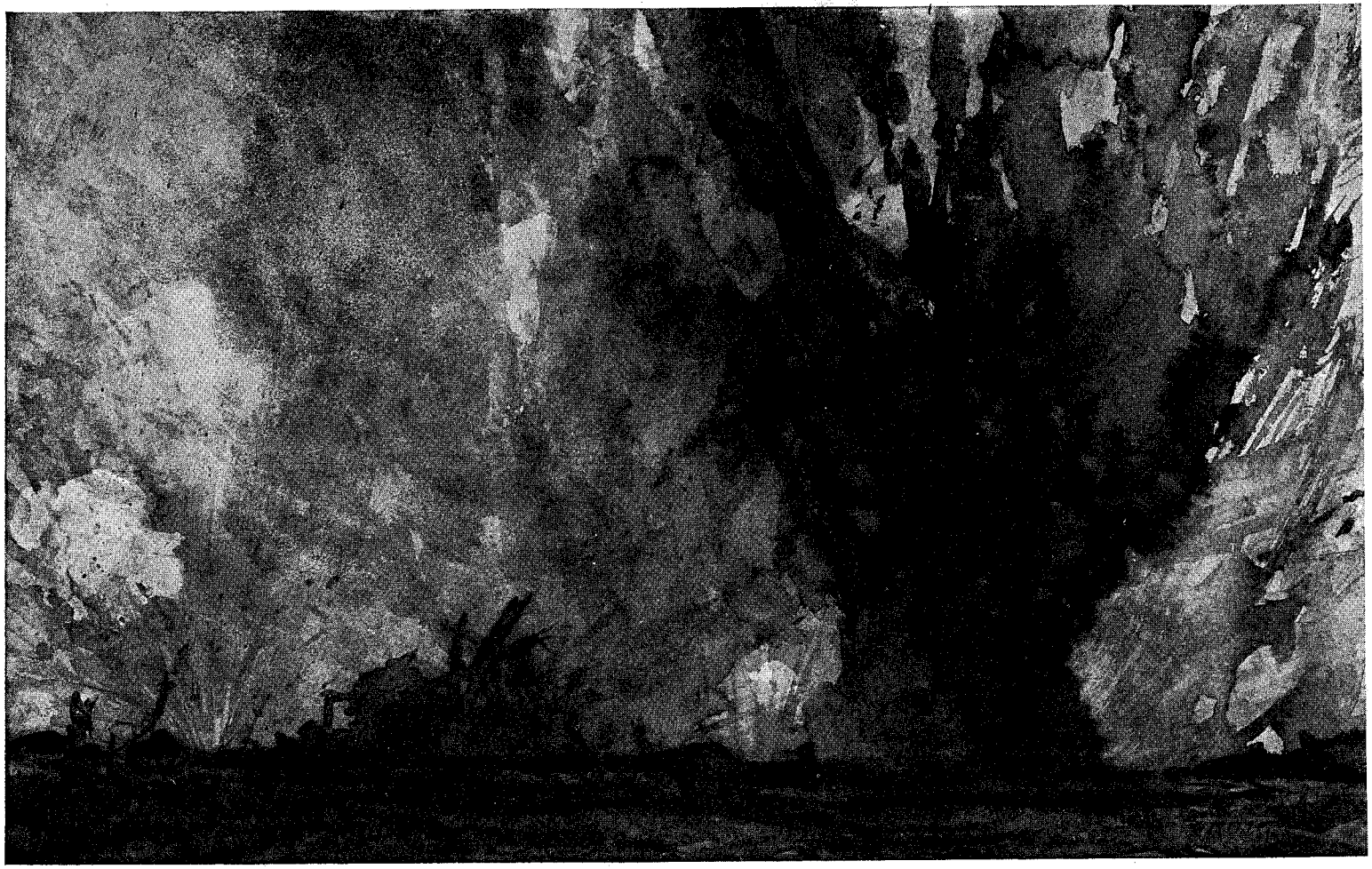

A huge, high-explosive shell, known among us as a "coal-box," exploding during an intensive bombardment.

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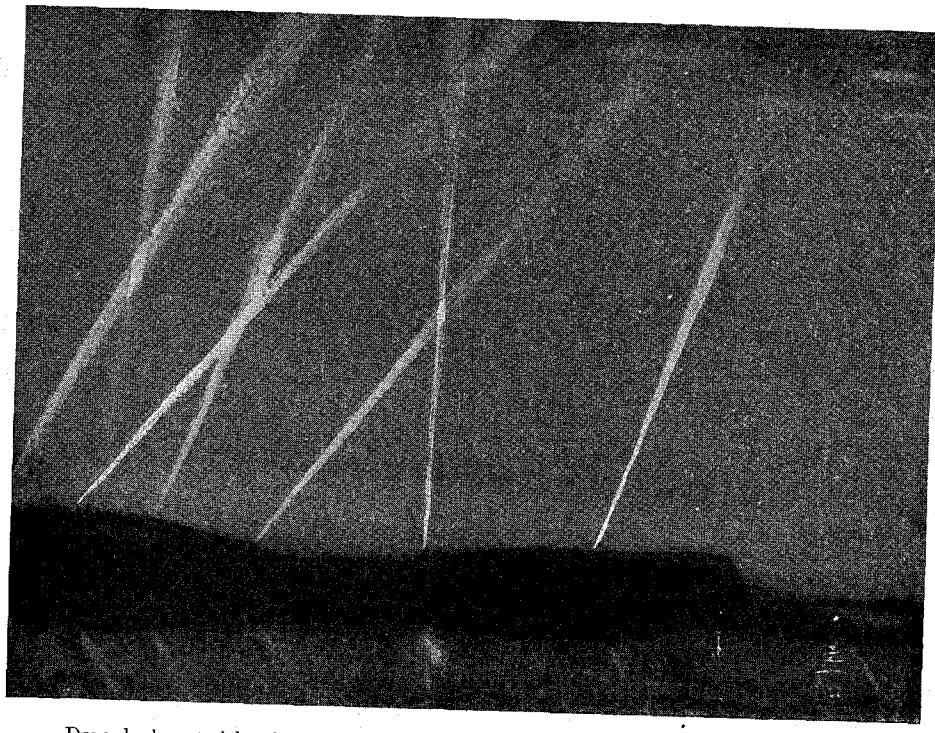

Dover harbor at night, showing the search-lights which guard against hostile aircraft attacks.

Ambulance under shell-fire from the Germans passing through a "street" in Mametz.
Many of our ambulances in the front-line work were hung with sheets of expanded metal as a protection.

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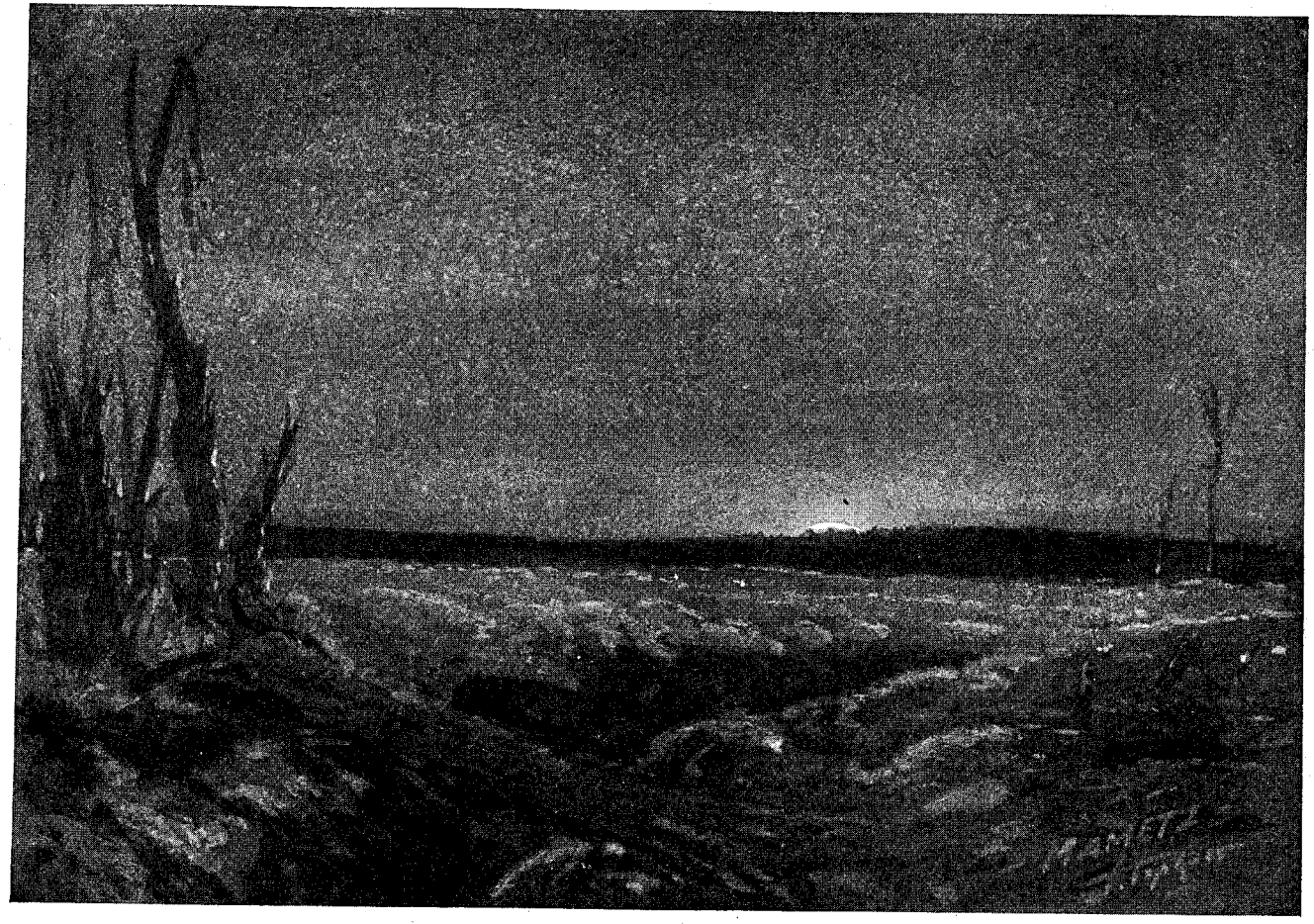

Moonrise. Mametz wood.

Some of the fiercest fighting took place here; the wood changed hands several times during more than a week, after which the British remained in possession. The ground is white chalk and the trenches show up white when the grass is gone.

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LOADED DICE

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

JULIA PEARSON must have been godmothered by the stern daughter of the voice of God, for my first impression of her, when she came into my theme class in the junior college of the university, posed her in a rectitude strangely at variance from the established reputation of her family.

By all the rules she should have been a flaunting, frilled, and furbelowed creature, tripping down avenues of enticement in nonchalance and bronze boots, for her father, Harry Pearson, had been one of Chicago's famous gamblers in a time when the town had retained enough of frontier picturesqueness to vaunt its gayeties rather than its serious purposes. Even now, in his retirement, he remained an effigy for the draping of reminiscences of the Washington Park days of his power, a stock figure to be dragged out for the manufacture of newspaper feature articles. The rest of the family—his meek wife, his wild son, and the daring Elsie—fulfilled the expectation people held for Harry Pearson's household; but Julia, with her manner of prim watchfulness and her air of yearning after the moon, succeeded in dissociating herself from any picture of the Pearsons as they should be.

Had I not known her connection with the big house on the boulevard that memorialized the profits of the gaming-table, I should have set down Julia as the product of an altogether different environment. Most students reflect their home life with deadening dulness in their freshmen themes, but Julia Pearson outdid them by writing as if her father were a director of the City Club and her mother on the consultation board of Hull House. I wondered if, almost unconsciously, the girl were playing a rôle, with the idea of coming into closer touch with university life, and I had the thought of warning her that on the campus originality of style transcended all family connections or scholarly achievements; but she held aloof from me, as she kept off from her classmates, setting her ridiculous air of yearning as a hostile shield before her, and thrusting back the very thing she most desired.

She might have gone on to the end of the chapter in the same misguided fashion, making no attempt, other than her pose, of getting across the line she must have visualized as her barrier, had not Ellery Challis awakened to an interest in her. Being his cousin, close enough in relationship to ticket the family traits, and yet far enough removed to find their presence in another undisturbing, I had watched Ellery philander as exploringly as he studied. Unusual girls, Jewesses, actresses, occultists, were grist in the mill of his fancy. His university course was the study of human orchids. He hadn't wisdom enough to see, at first, that Julia was an ordinary field daisy. He had sought her out because she was Harry Pearson's daughter, and Julia made the mistake, natural to her temperament, of thinking that he had come to her in spite of her parentage.

Because she failed to strike the one chord, uniqueness, that Ellery demanded of his inamoratas, she failed to hold him for long. While she held him, however, she shed her defiant diffidence and fluttered toward companionships among her fellow students.

She must have sloughed off seven shells of reticence in order to invite me to attend the luncheon she planned, for I knew that I represented to her a group that seemed to believe that there were lines of social distinction founded upon the civic rectitude of parents. She seemed genuinely glad when I accepted.

She would, I think, have been better pleased, in the end, had we all refused; for on the Sunday before the affair one of

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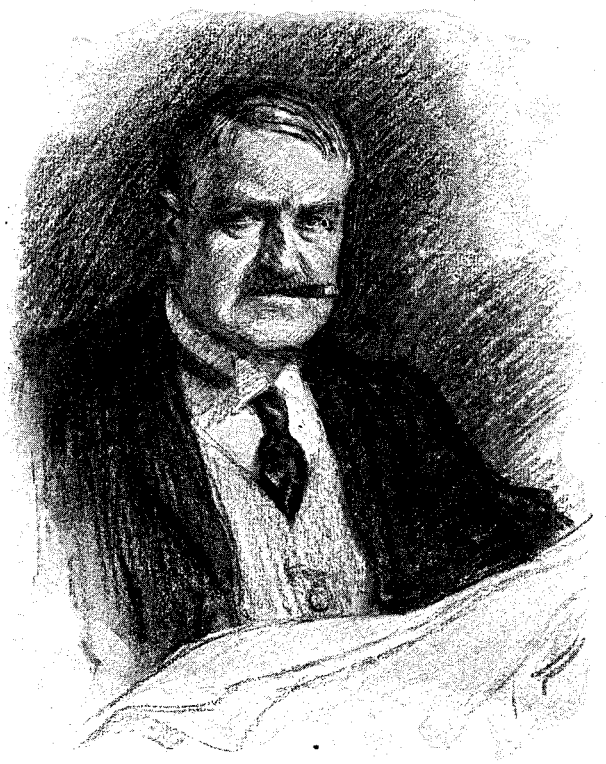
the newspapers blazoned a full-page recountal of the tragedies which followed the careers of the famous gamblers of Chicago, a story rife with instances of the law of compensation, and paragraphing Harry Pearson as the only man of his group who had escaped the doom of his destined balance. With the impersonality and the detachment of some deity outlet for thwarted energy of thought. I overtook her and started to talk of some trivial occurrence in the work of the day. She interrupted me abruptly. "Do you believe that children always have to pay for the sins of their fathers?" she demanded.

I parried, seeing the feverish intensity of spirit back of the query, but she



Harry Pearson had been one of Chicago's famous gamblers.
—Page 524.

the writer of the article inquired of the cosmos of retributive justice what disposition would be made of the one man who had not yet suffered for his sins. There was nothing extraordinarily offensive in the recapitulation of a condition of which Pearson had been a part, but the publication of it dealt a death-blow to Julia's budding hopes.

I met her on the Plaisance the afternoon after the story appeared. She was walking away from the campus with the air of one who must find in action some brushed aside compromise. "Do you believe," she persisted, "in the law that takes an eye for an eye, even to the taking of it from those who have not sinned?"

I tried to find comfort for her by hunting among my own vague ideas of the relative merits of justice and of mercy, but she flung away sophistries and went into the heart of her individual problem. "Does it mean," she cried, "that I am to be an outcast all my life from the association I want, from the way of living I want, from the people I care for, all because my

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father did something that I would never have done?"

She was so blazing with wrath against her father, as well as against the system that set her apart because she was his daughter, that I lost for her the sympathy that I had felt when I read the article. Somehow I felt more regretful for Elsie, whom I saw later that afternoon driving beside Harry Pearson, laughing and talking with a gayety that shut out from them disagreeable reminders. It was Elsie, too, debonair and exquisitely pretty for all her overdressing, who saved Julia's luncheon from remaining the hideous function it threatened to be before her entrance. Julia met us with a defiance that seemed to say: "Look over the Pearson past while you eat of the Pearson bread. Then go your way, sneering, scoffing at us, if you will. I at least am above reproach." There was in her manner a veiled resentment against her family that would have alienated most of us from her even had we liked her better than we did.

There was in Elsie, however, a delectable likability that seemed the more winsome in contrast to Julia's stiffness. It was evident that their mother, a futile, apparently aimless little woman, lavished upon her younger daughter the affection

Ned . . . hastened into . . . association with the spendthrift crowd. . . .—Page 529.

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It was Elsie, too, debonair and exquisitely pretty' . . . who saved Julia's luncheon.—Page 526.

the elder repelled, for Julia seemed to throw back at home, as well as abroad, whatever emotions her situation evoked for her.

It was that characteristic which lost her, eventually, the little interest Ellery had in her. "Elsie's a good sport," he said. "She maintains the family tradition. Julia's not in character." She wasn't. Had she played her part as Elsie did, colorfully, she might have appealed to Ellery's sense of the dramatic, but her integrity stood out on the landscape with the high uprightness of a Lombardy poplar, and drove him back from deeper feeling toward the girl.

The other girls whom Ellery had cavaliered invariably proved the worth of his tutelage by acquiring swains of more serious intentions than his; but Julia drew herself altogether out of social life and into her books, so that she finished her senior college work with scholarly honors and with no friends. Some one told me that she was going abroad to continue her studies, and, if I thought of her at all, I pictured her going to lectures in Paris or in some German university town, until the news of her father's death brought out the fact that she had remained in Chicago.

Whether or not Harry Pearson killed himself was one of those questions on which the newspapers speculated with careful consideration of libel laws, and people talked with careless custom of gossip. He had been found dead, with a gun in his hand, in the library of his home.

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It was she who . . . flung at me news of Julia.—Page 529.

The Pearsons—his wife, Elsie, and Ned—said that he had been about to go on a hunting-trip and had been cleaning his gun when it had accidentally gone off, killing him instantly. Julia said nothing at all. Afterward she wore even heavier mourning than her mother, whose drooping plaintiveness seemed overweighted by her weeds.

Of the money which Pearson left as testimony to the profits of decorous gambling, the members of his family made characteristic use as soon as they emerged from the retirement that the manner of his death forced upon them. Mrs. Pearson, meek and weak as ever, withdrew herself into the shell of the big house, keeping up the place with a scrupulousness of care that suggested that she might be undergoing a moral as well as physical

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housecleaning. Ned, released from his father's cursory but apparently effective surveillance, hastened into indulgence in speedy motor-cars and association with the spendthrift crowd of the down-town hotels. Elsie went in for gorgeous clothes, for elaborate luncheons at conspicuous and not exclusive clubs, for a style she considered Parisienne, and for people whose demands set gayety above all other service to society. It was she who, coming out from the Pompeian Room into Peacock Alley one afternoon, flung at me news of Julia.

"Started a settlement-house of her own," she said with an amused little grimace. "Gone over to the West Side to make the penance harder. Oh, yes, it's expiation, my dear, for the sins of all the Pearsons but Julia. Julia has no sins, and so she goes into sackcloth for the rest of us. I wouldn't mind that, if only she wouldn't sift the ashes whenever she comes home."

Because Elsie's explanation of her sister interested me, besides opening a door into work I thought I wanted to do, I used my postgraduate leisure in seeking out Julia's settlement and making myself a cog in its machinery. It was a mile or so west of the river, a severe old house fronting a parkway where Greeks and Italians and Syrians and Armenians swarmed through tenements that had once been residences of the Americans of our fathers' time. A building of virtuous rectangularity, it was not more strictly proper than was Julia. That Elsie was right in her estimate of her sister's purposes and motives could not be denied by any one who saw Julia's manner of handling her self-imposed work. To watch her fearful rigidity was to feel sympathy for Elsie's incautious flights; and yet there was about the elder girl a pathetic dignity that struggled for recognition. It was as if she had determined to live down by her integrity the family stigma. If her settlement-house failed to radiate sweetness and grace, it none the less proclaimed a hatred of all moral turpitude that bade fair to set its value to the community.

Its mission did not suffer, for the work transcended the worker; but Julia herself must have suffered horribly when a federal grand jury indicted her brother on the charge of having misused the United States mails in the promotion of a Florida land company. His trial was speedy and, as far as purposes of literal justice went, effective, for it ended in his sentence of five years in Leavenworth. Julia attended none of the sessions of the court which tried him, although her mother and Elsie went every day to the gray building where Ned's life was being decided. I heard a rumor that Elsie had quarrelled with her sister bitterly over her failure to uphold her brother by her presence in the crisis, but Julia's manner through that time seemed to lift her above the possibility of recriminations. She looked like a woman smitten by fate but determined to remain the pilot of her bark of life. Even on the day that Ned went to prison she maintained the schedule of her labors with grim determination. Her adamantine courage cracked a little, however, under the strain of the following months, during which neither Elsie nor her mother came to her nor asked her to go to them.

Just when she began to worry about Elsie would be hard to say, for she confided in no one and expressed her opinions in action rather than in words. Long before Julia broke through the ice of the family estrangement, and went to call in the big house on the South Side, there were rumors about Elsie, growing less and less vague as she grew more and more reckless. At first the tales of her dealt only with the aspect of the crowd with whom she associated. Gradually, however, they crystallized into reports of her individual indiscretions. An Eastern weekly devoted to scandal-mongering bestowed upon Elsie a paragraph of space satirizing her misdeeds and prophesying for her a climax worthy of her father's daughter. It was almost immediately after that when Elsie became the principal figure in a newspaper story of a riotous New Year's Eve party. It was then that Julia went home.

The session of the three Pearson women in that huge house must have been stormy, although the fury of the blast probably emanated from Elsie, struck against Julia's forced and stony calm, and rushed down upon her mother's futile inadequacy. The details of it no one else ever knew. The consequences were

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speedy. A week after Julia descended with the stone of the commandments Elsie disappeared.

Why she had gone and what had become of her remained locked in Julia's brain. Never, by direct word or by inference, did she mention her sister to any one of us. There were all sorts of rumors afloat about Elsie's disappearance. We even had reporters at the house making inquiries and threatening stories if they were not told the entire truth of whatever reports they claimed to have. Julia met them all with unvarying calm. Her sister had gone abroad on a pleasure tour, she averred. When she returned she would be glad, no doubt, to inform them of her future plans. Having fronted the messengers of public curiosity, Julia retired to her own labors.

She did not come without having been scorched by the fire, however, for she seemed to feel, even if she did not hear, the general comment that blamed her for whatever mysterious fate had befallen Elsie. There was talk, even in her own house, condemning her for having failed to solve the problem of her own family before she set about improving the conditions of strangers. It may have been because of this attitude of some of her co-laborers in the vineyard that she persuaded her mother to close the big house and come to the settlement; or it may have been because of Doctor Williamson.

Of all the men I have disliked I had poured out upon George Williamson the strongest vitriol of contempt. It was not merely that he was personally disagreeable to me, although there was a curious sliminess about the man in spite of his blond cleanliness. My quarrel with him was ethical. He used as a stepping-stone to materialistic success a profession that demands from its followers a certain consecration of purpose. He had become a physician, he had once told me, simply because it insured him a good income if he played his game shrewdly. He had said, quite frankly, that he intended to "marry a rich girl." He chose as his place of practice the neighborhood of several settlement-houses, with the avowed intention of securing advantageous advertising, and of making important social connections. It was not until Julia opened her place, however, that he definitely attached himself to any one of them. As soon as he appeared on the scene I knew that he had decided to annex the Pearson money and to eliminate, to the best of his ability, the stigma of the Pearson reputation. In other words, he would marry Julia as soon as he had advanced her to the point of prominence where her social service would blot out the family connection.

The irony of life willed that Julia, self-hypnotized hypocrite that she was, should fall in love with a rogue like Williamson. Since falling in love was with Julia a matter of deep earnestness, she idealized the physician into a Galahad holding the grail of her desires. All that she wanted to be she imagined in him, taking him at about a hundredfold of his face value. Because of her love for him she girded herself to fight dragons. Ludicrous as it was, it was none the less pathetic to see the self-satisfied Julia abasing herself to win Williamson's approval. With the diabolic cleverness of the materialist he made her feel that unqualified, untainted success in her work, the sort of success that secures the hall-mark of social approbation, was quite essential to his ultimate consideration of her. Just as subtly and in a hundred veiled ways he revealed to her that she would have to expiate the family taint if she expected him to marry her. He was shrewd enough, though, to see that she would forestall much adverse criticism by having her mother with her, and it was, I think, because of his hints that she capitulated to a condition she did not welcome.

Williamson, too smooth to be grasped by any surface, maintained the attitude of detachment certain to pique and hold Julia. Knowing my dislike of him, he sedulously avoided in my presence any visible attempt to influence her, but, for all his caution, his growing hold on her became apparent in the course of the girl's actions. It was, I think, by projecting his pictures of what he wanted her to become that he moulded Julia's course. And if he was non-committal in his attentions, he was none the less demanding in his intentions.

That Julia's persuasions had been ani-

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mated by her perception of public opinion, as expressed through Williamson rather than by any intense affection, became apparent almost as soon as Mrs. Pearson came. Between her and her daughter there was not even a pontoon bridge of sympathy; and to those of us who saw them day after day under the relentless high lights of institutional intercourse it grew apparent that Julia Pearson and her mother walked on opposite sides of the stream of life. It was natural, of course, that the older woman's path grew more shadowed as Julia came into the sunnier ways of recognition of the difficult struggle she had been making for foothold; but it seemed not altogether necessary that every little success which Julia won should be the darkening cloud. The other teachers in the house approved Julia's success as fervently as they had come into seconding her point of view. Her adoption of her mother had somehow haloed her with the nimbus of martyrdom until she stood apart as a noble woman winning the race of endeavor over the frightful handicap of an altogether disreputable family. To me, however, perhaps because I felt that I had known Elsie as a human being and not as a psychological phenomenon, Mrs. Pearson came to stand for something finer, though less definite, than Julia's humanitarianism.

What it was I could not have said, for she remained the same furtive little woman she had always been, but sometimes her very silence in the face of the voluble theories that fluttered around the house gave me the impression that her reticence might be the philosophy of a mind that had plumbed the depths of existence so much farther than had any of us that she hesitated to tell us the length of her line. Her attitude to Julia expressed admiration without agreement, although Julia, having the one, took the other for granted, particularly as no occasion arose to test their divergence during the time when Julia was laboriously dragging herself up the rungs of her ladder in her effort to reach the plane where she saw Williamson waiting for her.

After two years of constant, continuous effort she came within one rung of the top. She had shrewdly foreseen that the test of her power in her chosen work would be the holding of some office within its borders. That would be her vindication to the man she loved. The only place open to one not a veteran in service was the post of delegate to the International Conference on Social Betterment. It was not the most important place in the gift of the electors of the Chicago association, but it was Julia's goal, and she had the advantage of being one of the few women in the work able to pay her own expenses to the congress in Rome. With the astuteness that she must have inherited from her father, she played her game so well that victory seemed assured to her on the day before the election, and at dinner that night she let herself out into a personal friendliness with the rest of us that had been frozen over since Elsie's escapade.

Her mother would have responded, it seemed to me, to this reawakened quality in Julia had she not been apparently so absorbed in some problem of her own that she failed to apprehend the crisis of their relations, and so remained unconscious of the tentacles of friendliness that her daughter was flinging out to a world that included her. She did not even watch Julia through dinner, although I saw her look back timidly at her as she went from the room. Julia's gaze of spirited triumph should have heartened her mother. Instead, it seemed to draw from her what slight courage she had and to send her hurriedly down the corridors to the library of the apartments the two women reserved for themselves.

I passed the place as I went into the drawing-room where I was to coach that night a group of neighborhood girls who were rehearsing "The Trojan Women." I saw Mrs. Pearson anxiously reading a letter that had apparently been perused by her more than once before. She failed to hear my passing, and I went on, leaving the door open so that the girls of the class might find their way through the dim hall. A moment afterward Julia's step sounded; then her voice as she addressed her mother. I did not hear what she said, but I could not help but hear Mrs. Pearson's statement. "I have had a letter from Elsie," she told her other daughter.

"Have you been writing to her?" The sharpness of Julia's tone carried her words incisively.

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"No." Mrs. Pearson's voice quivered a little. "No, this is the first time I have heard from her."

"Where is she?"

"Denver."

"What does she want? Money?"

"No, not exactly." I had the feeling that I must somehow make my presence known, but the very fact that I had already overheard enough to make my appearance distressing held me back while Mrs. Pearson went on haltingly. "She's ill in the hospital there. She's been ill a long time. She wants me to go to her."

"Of course she would. What's happened to her?"

"She's all alone out there. She hasn't any friends, and you know it's pretty lonely to be sick in a strange town, Julia. I remember that——"

"Where's Elkins?"

"She doesn't know. She thinks he's gone back to his wife. She told him to go, she says."

"And now she wants you to come to her when she's through with her lover and wants a cloak of decency."

"She needs me, Julia. She's not much more than a girl, you know, and Elsie never took things the way you do. It isn't in her to be strong like you. I suppose that you can't understand her, but I do." There was a throb in her words that must have been mirrored on her face, for Julia's swift speech was rushing out even before her mother had ended her defense of Elsie. "You're not going to her?" she demanded. "You're not planning to go to her now? What has she ever done for you? Nothing but cause you trouble and worry. Why should you go to her now? Don't you know that she only wants you to use you, to get money out of you? She spent her own, I suppose, or she wouldn't be writing you."

"Don't be so hard." It was a plea.

"I'm not hard. I'm only trying to be just to you and to myself. We are the only ones who have even tried to go straight. No, you can't do it, mother. You have always condoned all their crimes, but you can't do it any more. You'll have to consider me if you won't consider yourself."

"But you don't need me, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I do, in a way. Don't you see that you are my proof to the world that I am not altogether a hybrid among the family? Don't you see that you are the answer to those who would say that none of my family may be shown to the light? Why, you can see for yourself that people have begun to give me my dues since you came to live with me! And now, just when I'm coming into recognition, you fail me. And for what? Because Elsie's sick and has called for you. It's absurd, I tell you. It's unfair." Her voice grated stridently.

"But she's very ill. And she's sorry, terribly sorry for all that happened."

"Didn't you promise me when I stayed here in Chicago instead of going abroad that you'd have nothing more to do with them? Didn't you tell me when you came to this house that you were through, altogether through, with Ned and Elsie and all the Pearson misery? Didn't you say that you were proud of me and what I was trying to do? Haven't I been striving all my life to live down the fact that I am one of the Pearsons? Haven't I stayed here, where every one knows what the rest of us have been, just to prove that I can pull myself up out of the mud? And now, just when I am winning, you will pull me back into it. All my life, I tell you, I have been paying for the sins of the rest of you. I have thought sometimes I could beat the game, but I see now that I can't, no matter how well I play; for I'm always playing against the loaded dice of my father's sins, and Ned's, and Elsie's. How can any one beat that game?"

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housecleaning. Ned, released from his father's cursory but apparently effective surveillance, hastened into indulgence in speedy motor-cars and association with the spendthrift crowd of the down-town hotels. Elsie went in for gorgeous clothes, for elaborate luncheons at conspicuous and not exclusive clubs, for a style she considered Parisienne, and for people whose demands set gayety above all other service to society. It was she who, coming out from the Pompeian Room into Peacock Alley one afternoon, flung at me news of Julia.

"Started a settlement-house of her own," she said with an amused little grimace. "Gone over to the West Side to make the penance harder. Oh, yes, it's expiation, my dear, for the sins of all the Pearsons but Julia. Julia has no sins, and so she goes into sackcloth for the rest of us. I wouldn't mind that, if only she wouldn't sift the ashes whenever she comes home."

Because Elsie's explanation of her sister interested me, besides opening a door into work I thought I wanted to do, I used my postgraduate leisure in seeking out Julia's settlement and making myself a cog in its machinery. It was a mile or so west of the river, a severe old house fronting a parkway where Greeks and Italians and Syrians and Armenians swarmed through tenements that had once been residences of the Americans of our fathers' time. A building of virtuous rectangularity, it was not more strictly proper than was Julia. That Elsie was right in her estimate of her sister's purposes and motives could not be denied by any one who saw Julia's manner of handling her self-imposed work. To watch her fearful rigidity was to feel sympathy for Elsie's incautious flights; and yet there was about the elder girl a pathetic dignity that struggled for recognition. It was as if she had determined to live down by her integrity the family stigma. If her settlement-house failed to radiate sweetness and grace, it none the less proclaimed a hatred of all moral turpitude that bade fair to set its value to the community.

Its mission did not suffer, for the work transcended the worker; but Julia herself must have suffered horribly when a federal grand jury indicted her brother on the charge of having misused the United States mails in the promotion of a Florida land company. His trial was speedy and, as far as purposes of literal justice went, effective, for it ended in his sentence of five years in Leavenworth. Julia attended none of the sessions of the court which tried him, although her mother and Elsie went every day to the gray building where Ned's life was being decided. I heard a rumor that Elsie had quarrelled with her sister bitterly over her failure to uphold her brother by her presence in the crisis, but Julia's manner through that time seemed to lift her above the possibility of recriminations. She looked like a woman smitten by fate but determined to remain the pilot of her bark of life. Even on the day that Ned went to prison she maintained the schedule of her labors with grim determination. Her adamantine courage cracked a little, however, under the strain of the following months, during which neither Elsie nor her mother came to her nor asked her to go to them.

Just when she began to worry about Elsie would be hard to say, for she confided in no one and expressed her opinions in action rather than in words. Long before Julia broke through the ice of the family estrangement, and went to call in the big house on the South Side, there were rumors about Elsie, growing less and less vague as she grew more and more reckless. At first the tales of her dealt only with the aspect of the crowd with whom she associated. Gradually, however, they crystallized into reports of her individual indiscretions. An Eastern weekly devoted to scandal-mongering bestowed upon Elsie a paragraph of space satirizing her misdeeds and prophesying for her a climax worthy of her father's daughter. It was almost immediately after that when Elsie became the principal figure in a newspaper story of a riotous New Year's Eve party. It was then that Julia went home.

The session of the three Pearson women in that huge house must have been stormy, although the fury of the blast probably emanated from Elsie, struck against Julia's forced and stony calm, and rushed down upon her mother's futile inadequacy. The details of it no one else ever knew. The consequences were

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speedy. A week after Julia descended with the stone of the commandments Elsie disappeared.

Why she had gone and what had become of her remained locked in Julia's brain. Never, by direct word or by inference, did she mention her sister to any one of us. There were all sorts of rumors afloat about Elsie's disappearance. We even had reporters at the house making inquiries and threatening stories if they were not told the entire truth of whatever reports they claimed to have. Julia met them all with unvarying calm. Her sister had gone abroad on a pleasure tour, she averred. When she returned she would be glad, no doubt, to inform them of her future plans. Having fronted the messengers of public curiosity, Julia retired to her own labors.

She did not come without having been scorched by the fire, however, for she seemed to feel, even if she did not hear, the general comment that blamed her for whatever mysterious fate had befallen Elsie. There was talk, even in her own house, condemning her for having failed to solve the problem of her own family before she set about improving the conditions of strangers. It may have been because of this attitude of some of her co-laborers in the vineyard that she persuaded her mother to close the big house and come to the settlement; or it may have been because of Doctor Williamson.

Of all the men I have disliked I had poured out upon George Williamson the strongest vitriol of contempt. It was not merely that he was personally disagreeable to me, although there was a curious sliminess about the man in spite of his blond cleanliness. My quarrel with him was ethical. He used as a stepping-stone to materialistic success a profession that demands from its followers a certain consecration of purpose. He had become a physician, he had once told me, simply because it insured him a good income if he played his game shrewdly. He had said, quite frankly, that he intended to "marry a rich girl." He chose as his place of practice the neighborhood of several settlement-houses, with the avowed intention of securing advantageous advertising, and of making important social connections. It was not until Julia opened her place, however, that he definitely attached himself to any one of them. As soon as he appeared on the scene I knew that he had decided to annex the Pearson money and to eliminate, to the best of his ability, the stigma of the Pearson reputation. In other words, he would marry Julia as soon as he had advanced her to the point of prominence where her social service would blot out the family connection.

The irony of life willed that Julia, self-hypnotized hypocrite that she was, should fall in love with a rogue like Williamson. Since falling in love was with Julia a matter of deep earnestness, she idealized the physician into a Galahad holding the grail of her desires. All that she wanted to be she imagined in him, taking him at about a hundredfold of his face value. Because of her love for him she girded herself to fight dragons. Ludicrous as it was, it was none the less pathetic to see the self-satisfied Julia abasing herself to win Williamson's approval. With the diabolic cleverness of the materialist he made her feel that unqualified, untainted success in her work, the sort of success that secures the hall-mark of social approbation, was quite essential to his ultimate consideration of her. Just as subtly and in a hundred veiled ways he revealed to her that she would have to expiate the family taint if she expected him to marry her. He was shrewd enough, though, to see that she would forestall much adverse criticism by having her mother with her, and it was, I think, because of his hints that she capitulated to a condition she did not welcome.

Williamson, too smooth to be grasped by any surface, maintained the attitude of detachment certain to pique and hold Julia. Knowing my dislike of him, he sedulously avoided in my presence any visible attempt to influence her, but, for all his caution, his growing hold on her became apparent in the course of the girl's actions. It was, I think, by projecting his pictures of what he wanted her to become that he moulded Julia's course. And if he was non-committal in his attentions, he was none the less demanding in his intentions.

That Julia's persuasions had been ani-

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mated by her perception of public opinion, as expressed through Williamson rather than by any intense affection, became apparent almost as soon as Mrs. Pearson came. Between her and her daughter there was not even a pontoon bridge of sympathy; and to those of us who saw them day after day under the relentless high lights of institutional intercourse it grew apparent that Julia Pearson and her mother walked on opposite sides of the stream of life. It was natural, of course, that the older woman's path grew more shadowed as Julia came into the sunnier ways of recognition of the difficult struggle she had been making for foothold; but it seemed not altogether necessary that every little success which Julia won should be the darkening cloud. The other teachers in the house approved Julia's success as fervently as they had come into seconding her point of view. Her adoption of her mother had somehow haloed her with the nimbus of martyrdom until she stood apart as a noble woman winning the race of endeavor over the frightful handicap of an altogether disreputable family. To me, however, perhaps because I felt that I had known Elsie as a human being and not as a psychological phenomenon, Mrs. Pearson came to stand for something finer, though less definite, than Julia's humanitarianism.

What it was I could not have said, for she remained the same furtive little woman she had always been, but sometimes her very silence in the face of the voluble theories that fluttered around the house gave me the impression that her reticence might be the philosophy of a mind that had plumbed the depths of existence so much farther than had any of us that she hesitated to tell us the length of her line. Her attitude to Julia expressed admiration without agreement, although Julia, having the one, took the other for granted, particularly as no occasion arose to test their divergence during the time when Julia was laboriously dragging herself up the rungs of her ladder in her effort to reach the plane where she saw Williamson waiting for her.

After two years of constant, continuous effort she came within one rung of the top. She had shrewdly foreseen that the test of her power in her chosen work would be the holding of some office within its borders. That would be her vindication to the man she loved. The only place open to one not a veteran in service was the post of delegate to the International Conference on Social Betterment. It was not the most important place in the gift of the electors of the Chicago association, but it was Julia's goal, and she had the advantage of being one of the few women in the work able to pay her own expenses to the congress in Rome. With the astuteness that she must have inherited from her father, she played her game so well that victory seemed assured to her on the day before the election, and at dinner that night she let herself out into a personal friendliness with the rest of us that had been frozen over since Elsie's escapade.

Her mother would have responded, it seemed to me, to this reawakened quality in Julia had she not been apparently so absorbed in some problem of her own that she failed to apprehend the crisis of their relations, and so remained unconscious of the tentacles of friendliness that her daughter was flinging out to a world that included her. She did not even watch Julia through dinner, although I saw her look back timidly at her as she went from the room. Julia's gaze of spirited triumph should have heartened her mother. Instead, it seemed to draw from her what slight courage she had and to send her hurriedly down the corridors to the library of the apartments the two women reserved for themselves.

I passed the place as I went into the drawing-room where I was to coach that night a group of neighborhood girls who were rehearsing "The Trojan Women." I saw Mrs. Pearson anxiously reading a letter that had apparently been perused by her more than once before. She failed to hear my passing, and I went on, leaving the door open so that the girls of the class might find their way through the dim hall. A moment afterward Julia's step sounded; then her voice as she addressed her mother. I did not hear what she said, but I could not help but hear Mrs. Pearson's statement. "I have had a letter from Elsie," she told her other daughter.

"Have you been writing to her?" The sharpness of Julia's tone carried her words incisively.

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"No." Mrs. Pearson's voice quivered a little. "No, this is the first time I have heard from her."

"Where is she?"

"Denver."

"What does she want? Money?"

"No, not exactly." I had the feeling that I must somehow make my presence known, but the very fact that I had already overheard enough to make my appearance distressing held me back while Mrs. Pearson went on haltingly. "She's ill in the hospital there. She's been ill a long time. She wants me to go to her."

"Of course she would. What's happened to her?"

"She's all alone out there. She hasn't any friends, and you know it's pretty lonely to be sick in a strange town, Julia. I remember that——"

"Where's Elkins?"

"She doesn't know. She thinks he's gone back to his wife. She told him to go, she says."

"And now she wants you to come to her when she's through with her lover and wants a cloak of decency."

"She needs me, Julia. She's not much more than a girl, you know, and Elsie never took things the way you do. It isn't in her to be strong like you. I suppose that you can't understand her, but I do." There was a throb in her words that must have been mirrored on her face, for Julia's swift speech was rushing out even before her mother had ended her defense of Elsie. "You're not going to her?" she demanded. "You're not planning to go to her now? What has she ever done for you? Nothing but cause you trouble and worry. Why should you go to her now? Don't you know that she only wants you to use you, to get money out of you? She spent her own, I suppose, or she wouldn't be writing you."

"Don't be so hard." It was a plea.

"I'm not hard. I'm only trying to be just to you and to myself. We are the only ones who have even tried to go straight. No, you can't do it, mother. You have always condoned all their crimes, but you can't do it any more. You'll have to consider me if you won't consider yourself."

"But you don't need me, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I do, in a way. Don't you see that you are my proof to the world that I am not altogether a hybrid among the family? Don't you see that you are the answer to those who would say that none of my family may be shown to the light? Why, you can see for yourself that people have begun to give me my dues since you came to live with me! And now, just when I'm coming into recognition, you fail me. And for what? Because Elsie's sick and has called for you. It's absurd, I tell you. It's unfair." Her voice grated stridently.

"But she's very ill. And she's sorry, terribly sorry for all that happened."

"Didn't you promise me when I stayed here in Chicago instead of going abroad that you'd have nothing more to do with them? Didn't you tell me when you came to this house that you were through, altogether through, with Ned and Elsie and all the Pearson misery? Didn't you say that you were proud of me and what I was trying to do? Haven't I been striving all my life to live down the fact that I am one of the Pearsons? Haven't I stayed here, where every one knows what the rest of us have been, just to prove that I can pull myself up out of the mud? And now, just when I am winning, you will pull me back into it. All my life, I tell you, I have been paying for the sins of the rest of you. I have thought sometimes I could beat the game, but I see now that I can't, no matter how well I play; for I'm always playing against the loaded dice of my father's sins, and Ned's, and Elsie's. How can any one beat that game?"

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"You'll have to consider me if you won't consider yourself."—Page 532.

to me, all the responsibility for them. I could have stopped your father from his gambling and I didn't do it. I saw it was wrong, but I didn't have the courage to hold out against his passion for wealth. I could have stopped Ned had I taken him in his boyhood and led him away from the associations he was making. And I could have stopped Elsie if I had only tried to make her what I really wanted her to be. For they all loved me as you have never loved me. They loved me enough, every one of them, to do for me what I asked if only I had been strong enough and brave enough to keep them in the paths I wanted them to take. But I was weak, weaker even than they were. And it comes back to me, after all. It's been my fault that your father lived as he lived and died as he died. It's been my fault that Ned's in prison. It's my fault that Elsie is an outcast. And until now I've been a coward, afraid to face the truth. But I'm through being afraid of

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anything, even of you, Julia. I'm going to Elsie. And I shall be waiting for Ned when his term is over. And we shall try, the three of us, to play the best we know how, even if we have to play with the marked cards that are all we have ever drawn in the game. That's the best we can do, and we're going to do it!"

There was a vibrancy in her voice that rang out youthfully triumphant. Julia Pearson's mother, the meek, weak little woman who had been always the gray background of the family, had seized upon her one great moment of spiritual decision and made it dramatic with the victory of defiance. Even her footsteps, pattering now across the hard floor, were strong with vigor.

Across the hall where the two women must have faced each other in that enmity of temperament that rises stronger than all restraining bonds of blood, I could imagine Mrs. Pearson uplifted by her determination into veritable power, and I could fancy Julia as she was and as she was going to be, apparelled in an aura of certain righteousness. There was a long silence, pregnant with tension. Then in a little while there came shuffling steps into the hall. Mrs. Pearson, carrying a bag, passed the door. Down at the entrance her footsteps halted. There came the sound of a door being opened. In a moment it closed. Mrs. Pearson had gone to Elsie.

That night, after the girls of my class had gone, Julia Pearson called me into the library, nodding me toward a chair while she moved restlessly around the room. She was oddly excited as she began to speak. "You've known us so long that I won't have to explain to you the things I should have to tell any one else," she said. Her voice rang into a restrained triumph, as if her soul were striking cymbals behind the scene. She lifted her head, studying me consideringly as if she sought to determine how much or how little of the situation she would tell me, then plunged in. "My sister," she said, "is ill and my mother has gone to her. My brother is in prison and my mother will go to him when he is free. They will all be together. I could shut them out of my life altogether after to-night and go on, unhampered by them; I could win what I have wanted to win if I cut myself off from them. Well, I'm not going to!" She watched me, scanning, I thought, the effect of her dramatic announcement. "I'm going back to them, to be one of them, to take my chances with them."

In the face of my surprise she went into explanation. "I have always thought," she said, "that I was fighting against the handicap of my birth, but I see now that I have been the only one of the Pearsons who has played the game with loaded dice. The rest of them have played against the odds. They are weak. I'm not, and so I shall have to look after them." She looked transcendently able for the task at that moment.

"But—" I began, thinking of Williamson, knowing full well that her act would estrange him, and wondering if she did not realize the consequences. As if she read my thoughts she answered me.

"I have always thought," she said, "that the people whom I wanted to care for me might have cared if only I were not Julia Pearson. I am beginning to believe that those who really care will love me because I am just who I am. If they don't—" She shrugged fatalistic renunciation, and I knew that she had, for all her idealizing, determined to put Williamson to the test that he would not stand. "Whatever happens," she went on, "I shall know that I have, at least, stood by those to whom I owe my first obligation."

I knew that she was thinking of her mother's regrets for weakness, and that she was trying to forestall her own penitence for too much strength. Under the lamplight she looked strangely glorified, and yet I had a disturbing sensation that she was conscious of her nobility enough to find her halo becoming. If she had only said that she was going to them because she loved them I should have wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. But, thinking of Elsie, ill, miserable, and alone, and of her mother struggling over the prairies toward her, I discounted the verdict that would eventually canonize Julia Pearson as a martyr to her family; and I wondered if the Croupier who stakes us all would not balance the account when the Pearsons cash in the worn chips of their gains and their losses at the end of the game called life.

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BUILDING FOR VICTORY

BY COLONEL W. A. STARRETT, U. S. A.

Head of the Emergency Construction Section, War Industries Board

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WE think of the astounding feat of landing a million trained fighting men in France almost within a year after our entry into the Great War as an unparalleled accomplishment of military organization, and we take pride in the quality that is in us that made it all possible. As a military enterprise it was undoubtedly a world's record, and we like to emphasize it by contrasting it with our total unpreparedness of a year ago and our general abhorrence of war.

We are so fond of emphasizing our unpreparedness that the assertion that, in certain respects, we were well prepared comes somewhat as a shock, and is apt to be resented, first because it suggests diminishing the contrast, and further because, as an abstract assertion, it seems to bring into question our most cherished tenet—that war-making was a thing entirely new to our national existence. The latter was undeniably true, and with clear conscience we righteously assert our abhorrence of this terrible business, but, in the admission that in certain respects we were prepared, we in no way detract from the wonder of the accomplishment. Indeed, it would be a reflection upon our genius if we stuck blindly to the assertion that we were wholly unprepared simply to emphasize a contrast. In forging the vast implements of war, yes, but in the resourcefulness that has been our abiding pride for nearly a century we were and are prepared. Conversion of industry is really our problem. Simply because our resourcefulness had for years been turned in the direction of peaceful industry did our seeming lack of preparedness stand out, and yet with what pride we observe its transition under the grim necessity of war. The buoyant ingenuity that is in us turns the great machinery of peace into the channel of war, and within a year we are so far along on our new enterprise that an astounded world looks on with awe or admiration, according to the side from which the observation is made.

As a peaceful nation, building was, perhaps, our most spectacular achievement. Our cities were the wonder and admiration of the world on account of their great buildings, and our railroads and waterpowers, perhaps less spectacular but no less marvellous, were unparalleled feats of construction and engineering.

As a nation totally unprepared for war, perhaps our most conspicuous deficiency was in suitable buildings and structures to house and train the armies. Beyond that we lacked warehouses and terminals, hospitals, specialized factories, flying-fields and aerodromes, but we were not unprepared to produce them. All of these things were a necessary precedent to our preparation for war. The lack of buildings stood squarely across the path of the whole programme of war-making, and American genius was not only equal to but, in a measure, prepared for the demand that was to be made upon it.

The cantonments will always stand out as the spectacular building achievement of the war, and, indeed, as a marvellous first accomplishment, it is entitled to first place.

In the early days of the war when Congress was still occupied with the question of the draft law, and the provost general was working out the methods of its application, the government was quietly assembling the great constructional forces of the country, ready to undertake the huge task of building in three months' time the vast cantonment cities to receive

*** As Head of the Emergency Construction Section of the War Industries Board, the author has had, during the period of the government's great building programme, special insight into the problems involved, and writes from authoritative knowledge of the subject.

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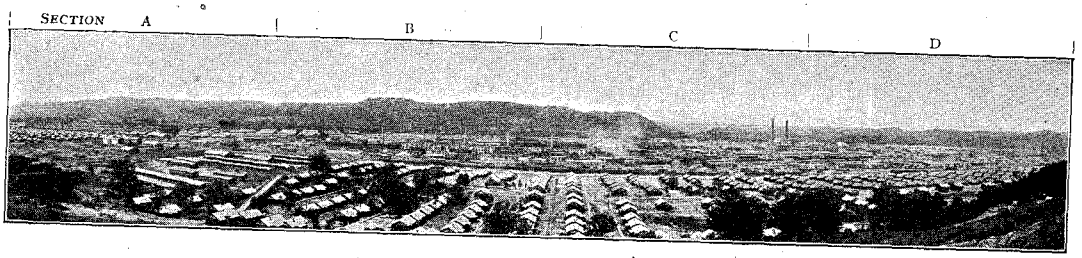
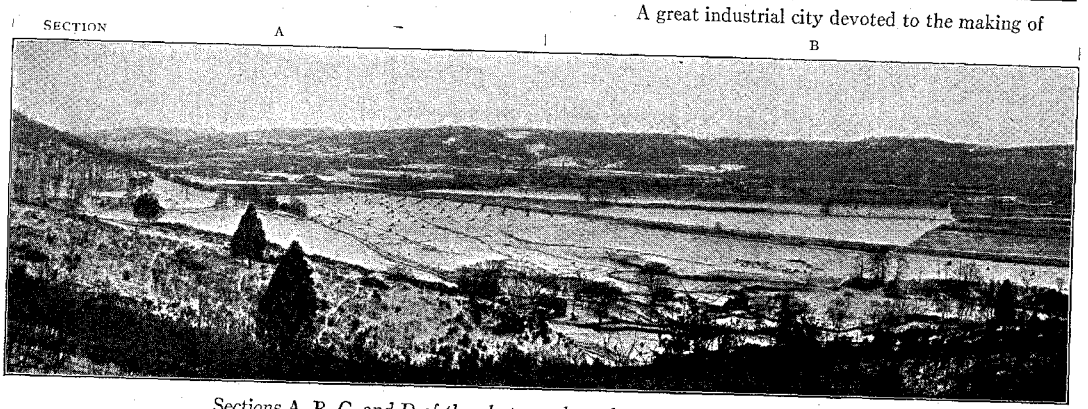


A great industrial city devoted to the making of



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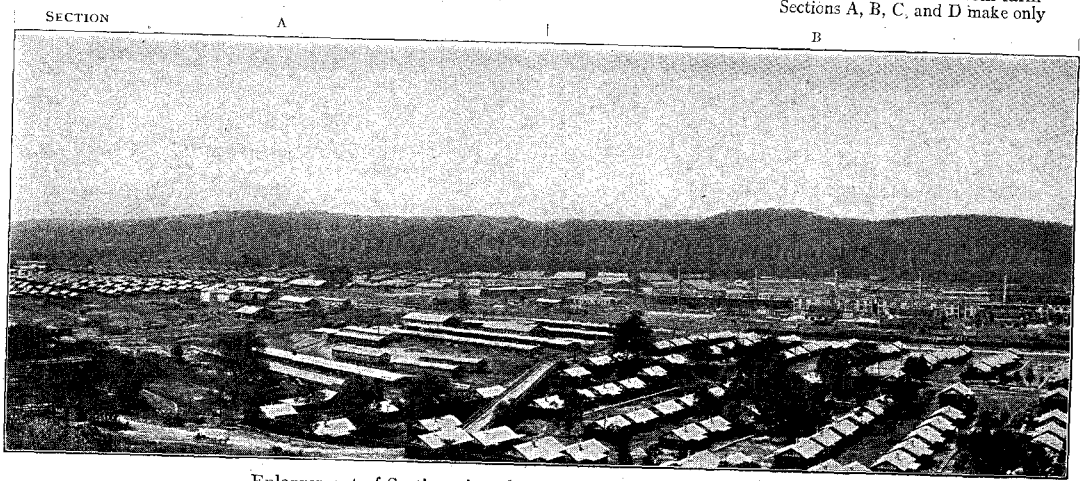

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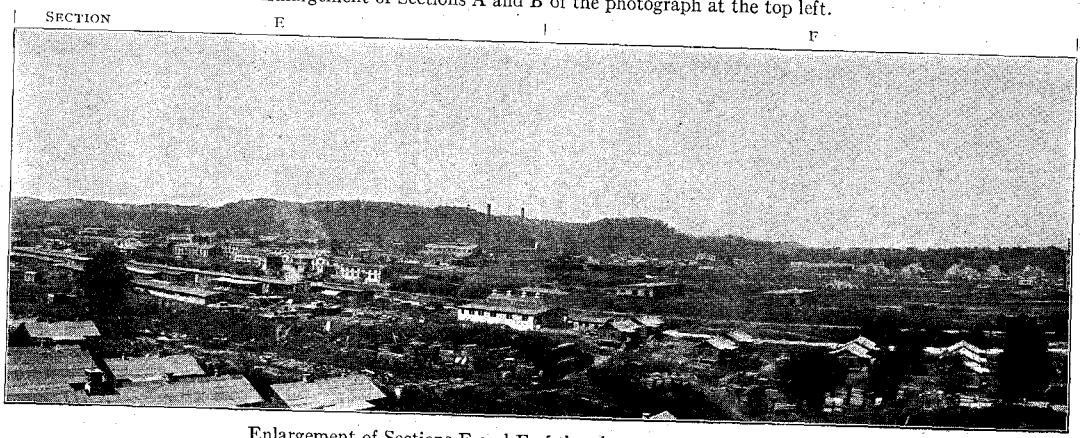

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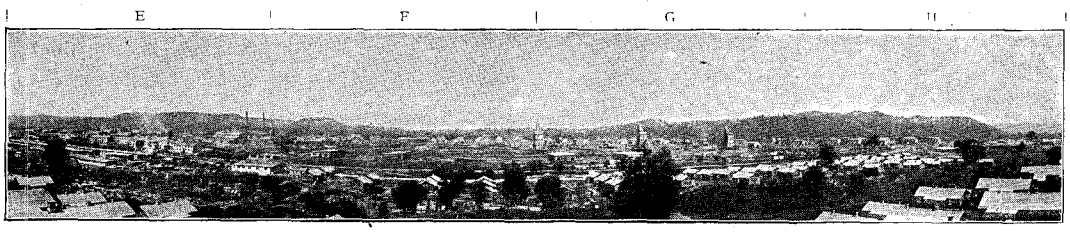
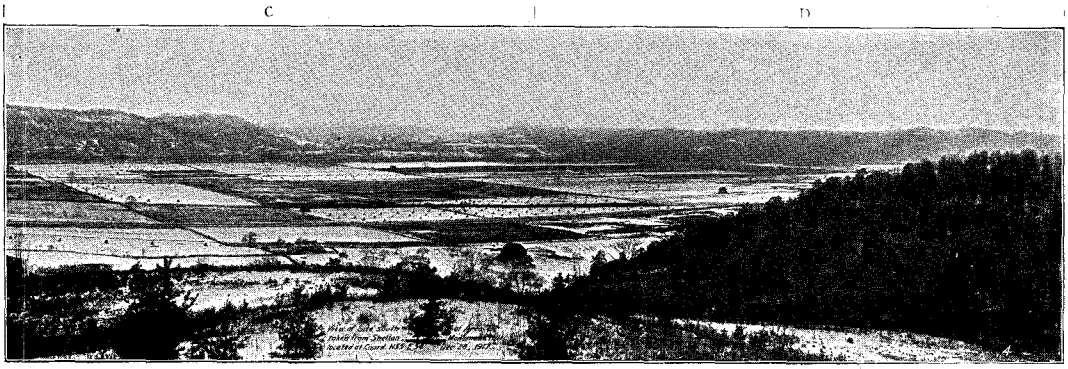
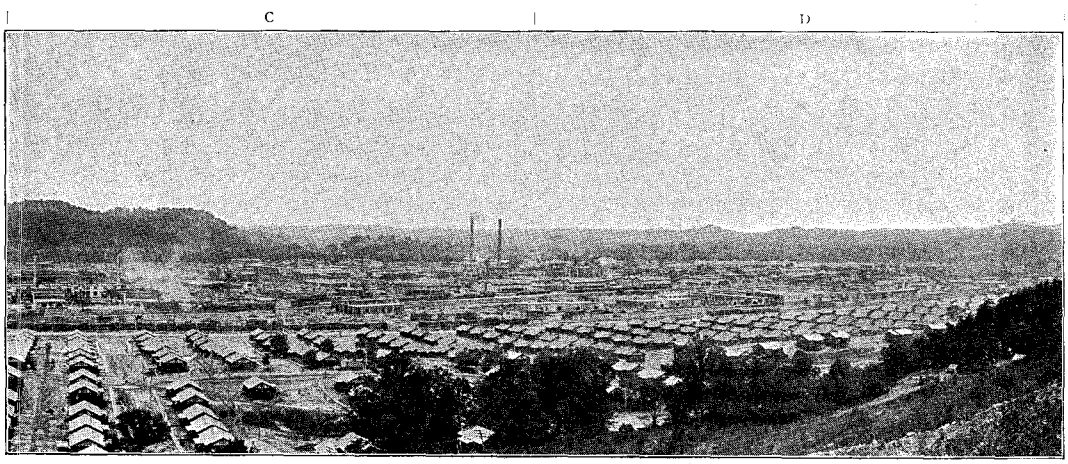


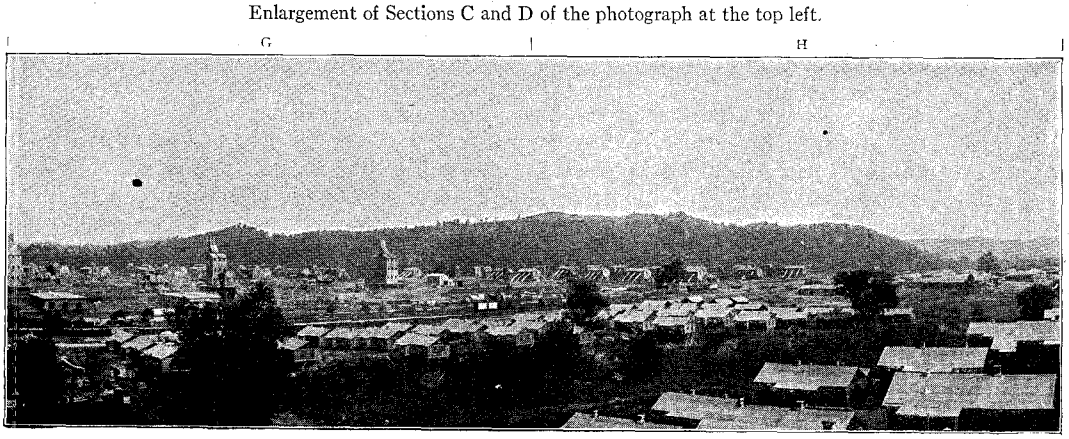
smokeless powder; eight months ago it was farm-land



land in the mountain wilderness which was transformed into the busy city shown at the top.
one-half the panorama at the top.



Enlargement of Sections C and D of the photograph at the top left.



Enlargement of Sections G and H of the photograph at the top right.

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Enlargement of a section of B and C on pages 536 and 537.

the army to be drafted. A hundred and fifty million dollars to be spent in three to four months, and the problem was not to be solved by the mere construction of buildings to shelter men! Sites had to be found—vast sites comprising in nearly every case from eight to twelve thousand acres. Their adaptability had to be quickly and accurately determined. Proper drainage and available water-supply were factors in the problem and the adaptation of the cantonment to the diverse and irregular terrain; a question that might easily have demanded months of study in other times had to be decided almost overnight. And in addition there were the questions of railroad construction, roads, sewers, water-supply, drainage, sewage disposal, heat, and light—to say nothing of hygiene and general sanitation. Between the middle of June, when the first contract for these cities was let, till September, when the first contingent of the army was called, practically all of these things were accomplished.

American building genius did it; a short phrase with which to compass an undertaking so vast, so unparalleled, and seemingly so impossible. And yet an all-providing Providence seemed to have prepared us, for even as we were essentially a nation of builders, so was our constructive ingenuity so developed that the thing was possible from the first. All the government had to do was to marshal the constructive resources, and the result was assured. Nothing here said should be construed as indicating that it was easily done, or done without a frightful strain upon our economic structure. That it was done at all is the tribute to our ability. The greatest minds in the industry lent themselves to the task. They marshalled, they organized, they planned, they brought to the government all their ingenious schemes; their expediters and traffic men swarmed over the railroads of the country mobilizing and assembling materials, their important executives conferred with government officials and advised as to the use of railroads in the distribution of the necessary commodities. And as contractors they took up the work on the terms that the government laid down, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, although those terms were ridiculously low compared with peace-time practice.

Then there was the difficult and delicate situation regarding labor. Building

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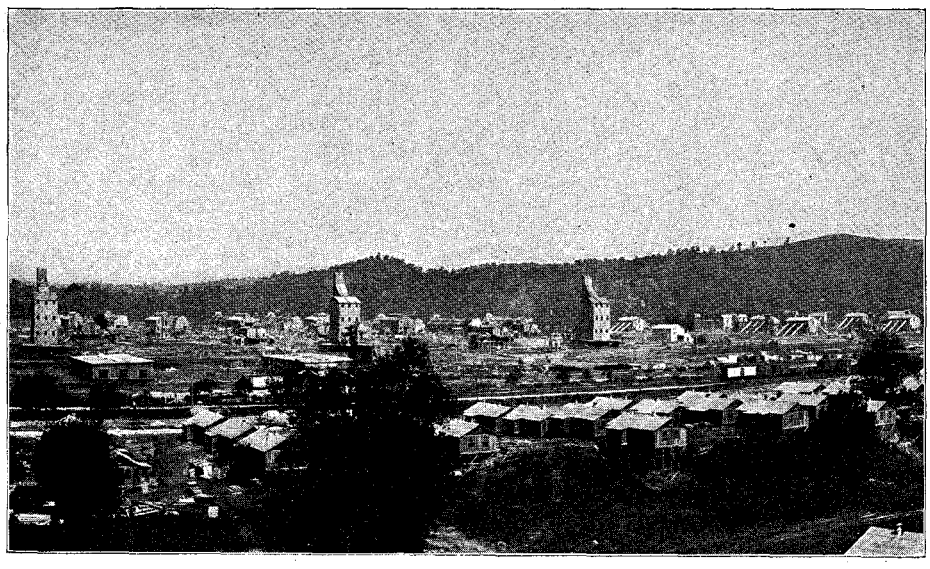

Enlargement of Section G on page 537.

labor had long been high priced and highly organized. It had to be mobilized hastily and in vast quantities at these cantonment sites, which were necessarily isolated, and generally distant from the large cities, the reservoirs of labor. Having gotten labor out there, it was necessary that it be kept at work, which meant planning ahead both as to things to be done and things with which to do. Commissaries and barracks had to be established, and pure water and proper sanitary measures immediately provided. It was like lifting oneself by one's boot-straps, this business of mobilizing material and labor, and getting started all at once; yet it was all accomplished all together, not only in sixteen cantonments and sixteen National Guard camps, but in twenty or more flying-fields, and innumerable extensions to existing military posts; and, while the great struggle to get these mobilization centres ready was still in its early stages, the great storage and terminal programmes, and the new gas-making and powder-making programmes had to be started—to say nothing of the innumerable demands for construction materials abroad. The thing is so vast, so complex, so diverse that the mind is apt to take it as a matter of course and view it much as one views national existence, or evolution, or the cosmic universe, and pass on to more comprehensible subjects; but if one has the interest to look into the question it will be found to teem with intense interest, with joys and sorrows and romance, and like many other activities of life is susceptible of interesting explanation.

The builder is unlike any other organization that undertakes government work, for while the manufacturer of clothing, or shoes, or arms, operates from a factory with fixed machinery and plant, with sheltering roofs and stock-bins to draw from, and storehouses in which the surplus of his product may be stored, thus giving him fixed conditions and a measure of elasticity, the builder operates in the open under stress of weather and constantly changing conditions. No two operations are alike. His highly specialized labor is coming and going. Now the excavator, now the mason, now the carpenter, now the plumber, and then every varying combination of all of them. His plant may be large or small, according to the work he is undertaking, but his resourcefulness and ingenuity must be with him at all times. What he brings to the work is organization, traditional business experience, alertness, and enterprise, all expertly co-ordinated. He is, therefore, in

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this emergency more a collective expert but his genius for accomplishment under adverse conditions is the asset that the government has so successfully availed itself of, and largely due to that the army is in France, trained, ready and fit, with its stream of stores and munitions and supplies, ready to its use, all because American building enterprise fulfilled its promise.

One visits the site of one of these great undertakings with a sort of preresignation to bewilderment. Its appeal is largely visual. One senses the prodigious mystery of underground structures, steam-shovels and water-works, but all of these are minor to the amazement with which one views the structural ensemble, for that more quickly adjusts itself to the mental yardstick whereby we undertake to measure the bigness of the task. And in all of these things we are gratified, but the result thus observed no more indicates the process by which it was attained than does the fruit disclose the process of its growth.

Probably the greatest and most uniformly successful enterprise of the government is one of its great smokeless-powder plants. As a going instrument of war it appeals to the imagination, but as a great construction enterprise, carried out in less than eight months, costing fifty million dollars, the transformation of a farm-land river-bottom in the mountains into a thriving industrial city of probably thirty-five thousand people, with a vastly complicated and delicate chemical industry of huge proportion as its sole occupation, is a romance worthy of the interest of the most casual observer. One sees it first, a sea of roofs and stacks covering miles of space. Closer approach discloses the general scheme. There in the middle are the manufactories of the different stages of the process. There are the great lines of stacks growing out of the angular, businesslike buildings. Towers stand here and there, bridges connect certain of the buildings, beyond are other groups of different types but obviously related, and beyond again are the storehouses. Here in the foreground is the railroad running through the plant, and the great central space, devoid of roofs but filled with freight-cars, is the railroad classification-yard. The streets and roads are well defined. On the left one sees a great residential section of neat, small cottages, perhaps over-monotonous in their uniformity of design. Extending back into the valley is another section of residences —these of a somewhat better class, but again uninterestingly alike. Down along the river can be seen row after row of barracks for the single men, a familiar sight to one used to the cantonments, for they are the typical two-story buildings now universally recognized as the insignia of our war mobilization. And to the right up another valley disappears still another residential section, while clear around the bend in the river are the storage-houses for the finished powder—away from the city, where, if explosion does occur, it will do the least damage.

Proceeding down into the city, past lumbering trucks heavily burdened, past gangs of men building roads, past other gangs unloading wagons and others unloading freight-cars, past busy ditching-machines and road-scrapers, amid the clatter and din of riveters at work, past the creaking of great derricks as they unload heavy machinery, past the clatter of carpenters' hammers as they nail up the wooden buildings that rise as if by magic —past all these diverse activities we pick our way to the administration building, the joint offices of the government and the contractor. Outside, the building is neat and simple. A few automobiles and a dozen saddle-horses stand in a place set apart for them. Busy young engineers in heavy muddy boots and O D shirts come and go. Activity, businesslike activity on every hand impresses one, but there is no mad haste; the orderliness of the whole activity impresses itself upon you, and one cannot help comparing it with the normal activity of a busy street-corner of a Western mining city. Inside the great three-story building the orderliness is again impressive. A gatekeeper with a staff of errand boys is in attendance. Long neat corridors stretch away, and the atmosphere of a busy city office-building pervades. But one reflects that he is out in the mountains, miles from any city. What stroke of magic has, in these short months, transformed these square miles of

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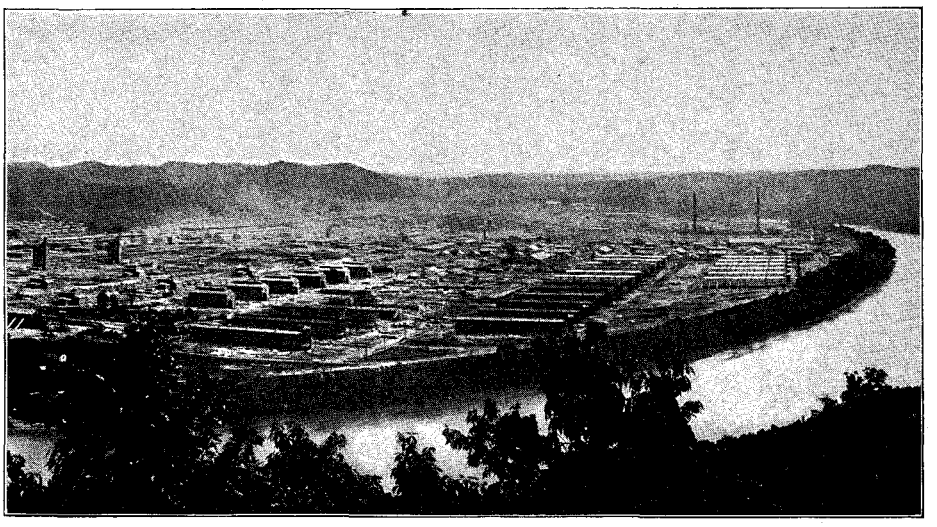
river-bottom farm-land into the teeming city we observe? One is apt to reflect upon the builders of other days when, after getting the contract, big Mike the contractor drove over to the job in his buggy, and after meditatively biting off one corner of his new tobacco-plug, asked Denny his driver to remind him to send an extra dozen shovels on the wagon with the tool-shanty, because the job was bigger than he supposed.

Modern building organization has about as much in common with traditional old Mike the builder as the Homestead rolling-mills have with the village blacksmith. And yet, singularly enough, one of the problems the government has had in this great crisis is to bring home to the public the fact that there is a difference between building organizations.

The general manager's office is all so orderly, so like the thing you are used to in any city office, the departments look so like the departments and counting-rooms of the average business, large rooms with row after row of busy men and women poring over their card systems and ledgers. Everywhere is the busy rattle of typewriters, and smartly dressed young women secretaries come and go. One must be continually looking out of the windows at the distant mountains and the surrounding wilderness to be reminded that it is not all a metropolitan commonplace.

But the outdoors beckons, and one is loath to give the time to the stodgy explanations and the maps and the charts, and yet in these lie the key to the riddle, for without this highly complex, yet highly co-ordinated centre, all outside would be chaos. "It's all done right here," the general manager explains. "Yes, we go out and around, we have to, but without all this we are quite as impotent as would be the casual visitor. We go out to see the result of our labor—and indeed we glory in its progress, but, after all, we see it just as you see it, as spectators, and our control of it is entirely through this great constructive system that plans and estimates and tabulates, and receives and digests and reports. I doubt if our labor knows who we are. We are amenable to our own policing and supervisional forces. We dodge trucks and plough through the mud of our excavations as others do all unobserved, and generally unknown." Quite a change from the days when Mike the contractor went around to Mickey's house and told him to come on out in the morning and bring a couple of men with him.



A bit of the city at the bend in the river.

Outside a light buggy awaits, drawn by

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a team of horses. One is struck by the absence of automobiles, for they are seen by the hundreds on other government jobs. But the question has been studied. That inexorable system inside has the data and records, and it knows that for this particular job, with its road conditions and rough haul and sufficiency of railroad sidings, an automobile is not an economical proposition.

We drive out on a hill and view the thing again; this time it is explained merely as a construction problem. The map is resorted to, and we see that the vast enterprise is divided up into areas. Area *A* is the barracks over by the river; area *B* is the housing we saw down by the road as we entered; area *C* takes in the sulphur furnaces down to a certain line of buildings; area *D* is the great classification-yard, and so it goes. At once you commence to glimpse the scheme of things. After all, one mind is not carrying all this mass of detail; in fact, it is not carrying any of it. In each area there is a construction superintendent with a little kingdom all his own, and there he works out the problems that are his. We now see that the general manager can send the area superintendent a roll of complicated drawings, the contents of which he himself knows very little about, and the area superintendent will execute the work all as per schedule. The system makes it possible for him to rely on those plans. They are accurate, and all of the collateral things incident to the execution of them have been done. For before their issuance those same plans have been prepared with skill, they represent a co-ordinate part of the whole, and comparisons have been made by other parts of that great business machine. And then the materials, they have all been measured and checked and listed. In another department orders have been placed for purchase —yes, very specific understandable orders that describe to the last detail just what is wanted, and when, and how shipment is to be made, and for what area the shipment is intended; and then, as though to make sure that nothing will go amiss, the shipper is required to mark on every article the invoice date and number in addition to the very complete record of consignment. For all these things bought have not only to be checked and accounted for, but there is another department that has an interest: the traffic and expediting. It is not enough to know that a thing is bought and shipped. The machine must know at all times where that article is, and so, scattered all over the length and breadth of the land are the agents of the traffic and expediting department. We look at a map that is divided into regions and find the notes that give the clew. "Chicago office covers Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Notify John Doe, Leader Building, day 'phone, 1900 Main; night 'phone, 1000 Maywood. Expediters under him—so and so." Then follows a list of names. Cleveland centres another district, St. Louis another, New York another, etc. And so we see that the tentacles of this great organization reach all over the country, into the manufacturing districts where the million and one things that go to make up the highly complicated city are made. Again we see another rift in the cloud of bewilderment that we first imagined was the lot of this area superintendent. After all, he is not concerned in getting in his materials to carry out the work as indicated by this roll of plans. Quite a different situation from the days when Mike the builder brought over to the job under the seat of his buggy the keg of nails that Mickey had forgotten to tell him about the night before. "How about this schedule of glazed sash that has just been sent me?" the area superintendent inquires of the superintendent of materials, as he drives up in his buggy. "Fifteen car-loads of those sash came in last night," the materials man replies without hesitation; "three cars belong here, three down in area *B*, five in *H*," etc. He reads from his own clear record: "Your cars will be spotted to-day at eleven, and we're expecting you to have them unloaded by five, because we're going to run in ten cars of sewer tile for you on that same siding to-night. We're also spotting you three cars of cement and five of brick. Then there will be two cars of steel reinforcing rods, but they belong to the adjoining area; we're putting them in with your cars, for they go into that building just across the line, and we want to save the haul; here's a memorandum of the whole

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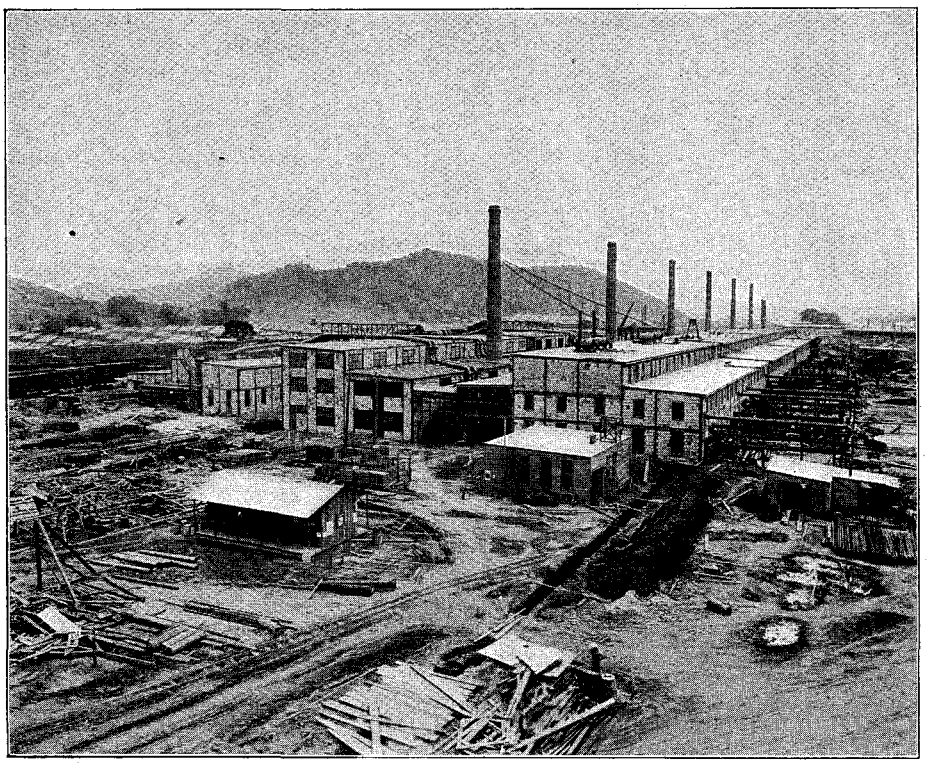
thing," and the materials man tears off a sheet of a neatly printed pad and hands it to the area superintendent. The whole incident is a commonplace of a smoothly working system.

The area superintendent gives a few directions and passes into his office, and 'phones the labor department: "Cars to unload," "I need so many more men." "Yes," comes back the quick reply, "the gang of men unloading in area *D* will be right over; I've got a copy of sheet, and damned if I like the way they are ordering you to get those cars unloaded by five. We ought to have had till ten to-morrow morning. That materials department must think that all you have to do is to turn a spigot and the stuff'll run out of the cars—got your trucks ordered—so long." The area superintendent goes out of his office and about his work. The superintendent of teams comes along. It all seems so casual, and yet these men are all on their appointed rounds. "I see you've got sash and brick to haul," he opens up without hesitation. "Sash all glazed, so you'd better have spring wagons. I'm sending the teams over from area *H*—that materials outfit have got a hell of a crust to schedule that unloading for five to-night." He reads from a duplicate of the paper that the materials man had given the area superintendent. "We're run to death around here. I've got five motor-trucks laid up for repairs, and twenty horses sick with the heat. It's a wonder he wouldn't have a heart," and he passes on grumbling. Again we perceive the area superintendent's job to be a less complicated one. His materials are sent to him, his labor-supply and trucking attended to by others. He stands out as a more plausible human being now, and we can at once inquire what it is that he does. The answer is simple: His job is to get the material into place in the shortest possible



The city under construction.

Gaunt, square buildings with rows of stacks that indicate one of the many steps in powder-making.

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time and at the least possible cost. It is exactly the same job that Mike the builder had, only the distractions and complications are taken care of by agencies set up to cope with distractions and complications, and he is left free to do the things he is eminently fitted to do—get results in accordance with a well-conceived plan of progress.

We pass on to another area, into a bulky building, barnlike in its plainness. Inside there is a perfect bewilderment of pipes and pits and trenches and tanks. Men clamber about on scaffolding overhead connecting up pipe, and putting a maze of overhead work in order. Again an area superintendent joins us. "Expected to be finished in this building this week," he says to the general manager, "but the superintendent of piping took away five gangs of men, and I'll be another week at it," he says complacently. The general manager nods. "Yes, you have a dozen buildings ahead of schedule, and we're having trouble with the water-mains; your buildings here are no good without the new filtered water. Down in *M* they are behind on their piping." The whole conversation is commonplace and we pass on, but again we observe the system. Not only does it supply the labor but it takes it away. Think of it! The country at war, and here we deliberately slow down an important war preparation. Then we reflect upon that water-system. What good are the buildings without it? Why isn't it good management to use the forces where they are needed?

Out along the road we come to the pumping-station, and the great caissons sunk down beside the river to form the intake. Ninety million gallons of water a day must be taken in and purified for this great plant. The general manager nods to the superintendent. "Yes," he says, "we're having bad luck down there—quicksand and everything." We are glad to take his word for it, for "down there" means twenty or thirty feet below the river level—and the visible signs are the pneumatic locks standing up above the heavily timbered heading that forms the outline of the intake excavation. "See you lost twenty-five per cent of your expected progress last week," the general manager says rather casually. How does he see it? how can he ever have seen it through that tangle of timbers and air-locks? He has seen it on the daily progress reports back at the administration building. Again we get a clew as to how it is done. The general manager doesn't know in detail how any section is going, but he has in his system a fine barometer that indicates the danger-points. The system had sensed it when work on the caissons had commenced to go wrong, and instantly the piping work in the buildings we had just come from felt the slowing-up process. After all, it was nothing but an act of simple management for the piping superintendent to transfer those men to area *M*, given the facts as to the general situation.

Over in area *M* we see more of the answer to the riddle. We enter buildings of comparative quiet yet with much work to be done; foundations laid ready to receive heavy pieces of machinery, but no one at work. The area superintendent speaks. "That machinery is coming through, and will be here Monday," he explains by way of opening the conversation with the general manager. "It passed through Evansville, Ind., last night, the traffic man told me this morning. Hope it don't get in another wreck like the first lot. I'm commencing to think we're being hoodooed in this section. That wreck has cost us two weeks' time in this group." Again we see the hand on the pulse. The traffic man has been in daily touch with this and all other shipments. He knew about the wreck as soon as the railroads themselves did. He had inspectors on the job within a few hours after it had happened, examining the damage and reporting. Before the sun had set that night the purchasing department had reordered the damaged machinery. Mike the builder would have had trouble in locating that calamity, and we strongly suspect that the facts would have been revealed to him only after the manufacturer had commenced to clamor for his money, and long after Mike had shut his job down in the blissful consolation that he had ordered his machinery on time, and if it didn't come it was a matter over which he had no control.

A great powder-plant has literally miles and miles of piping for every conceivable

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purpose. Water, air, chemicals of many sorts are piped about the whole plant in bewildering complexity. In some of these pipes enormous pressures are maintained, in others the chemicals are so deleterious as to require piping of special chemical composition. To the layman much of it looks alike, but not to the alert system. All the different kinds are scheduled, and arrangements are made so that the area superintendents are notified of the difference, and definitely put on notice as to the uses to which the different kinds are to be put. We went with the materials superintendent to a part of the plant where much brickwork was being done. The general manager noticed that the brick unloaded were in two piles, separated by quite a distance; they all looked about alike. "That further pile," explained the materials superintendent, "is acid-proof brick—we unload them over there because they are only used for certain purposes. Besides," he observes reflectively, "they cost a dollar or so more a thousand, and we don't want to waste them." Another phase of the system. Fifty million dollars being spent, and yet we can stop to take account of the economy to be obtained by differentiating between two kinds of brick where a few hundred dollars are involved.

At the pipe-shop we found an activity that was more manufacturing than building. Schedules of pipe to be cut for different buildings in the different areas are received by a competent staff of clerks, recorded, and turned over to the shop foreman as things to be manufactured. Trucks from the different parts of the job load at the ample shipping doors. Through the shop order and industry prevail. It seemed as though not an inch of pipe was wasted. All the short pieces were saved to be threaded up for short nipples. Back in the buildings we had noticed the absence of pipe-cutting benches, the fitters only screwing pipe together; in other words, we only recalled assembling. The piping foreman greeted us. "Yes, we have plenty of stock ahead—thought we would be short on large sizes, but the traffic people had some of our Pittsburgh orders brought through on special freight, and we are unloading it now." So the system was complete enough to handle bulk commodities not specially consigned to any given area, simply a variation of the general excellence of the system.

Back in the general office the stodgy charts and maps commenced to take on a new meaning. Now that we had seen that they really worked, they commenced to be live, vital forces in the scheme of things. . . . We passed from department to department. Here the plans were delivered by the government to the contractor. Immediately they went to the scheduling department where the bills of material were drawn off. Then orders were placed, and automatically the controllers and the traffic men and the materials superintendent were notified. This opened up a perfect maze of activity, both on the job and throughout the country. It was all so orderly and all so complete. Nothing was left to chance, and with it all there was no lost motion. Systems are not hard to conceive, but they are hard to work. It takes great organizations of experienced men to work them, and it is in the refinement and application of the system that results are obtained. That the system was working perfectly, and being worked effectively, was evident on every hand, and on the work it came to its fruition. The orderliness of it all was amazing.

Figures are always bewildering, and are generally used to emphasize some incomprehensible contrast. Perhaps the most striking figure that came to my attention was that on that day over nineteen thousand people were at work on the plant, and yet I was impressed with the few men I saw in any given place. They all seemed to be working so naturally, with ample materials at hand, and with an evident purpose. The delegation and subdelegation of authority was complete. More figures: One hundred million feet of lumber are used in the buildings, twice as much as was used in a cantonment; from two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty cars of material are unloaded every day. In fact, the railroad traffic of that great plant was so great that the contractors had, in effect, taken over the management of the railroad that served it. Imagine it! A contractor using a railroad as an adjunct. Surely the world is

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upside down. Mike the builder in all probability would have succumbed under this last straw.

I went out to ride around the work with the materials superintendent. He drove a strong, docile mare over ditches and across lots and among piles of lumber and pipe and across railroad yards. "What do you think of it all?" I asked him. "Oh, it's all right as long as we keep it in hand, but God help us if we ever let it get away from us." The observation had a deep meaning. It meant that the thing was simply too large for the compass of the human mind; that only through the agency of the system could it be kept in hand. Herein lay the crux of all the anxiety on the part of the general manager. I was reminded of his comparing himself to the casual spectator so far as the physical aspect of the work was concerned, and then I was aware that his great anxiety was in the scheme of operation; to keep it functioning well and smoothly was his concern, so that when things showed the least sign of going wrong they could be checked and corrected. And going wrong does not mean the caving of a bank, or the bursting of a water-main, or any other casual occurrence of a great operation. Such things are all in a day's work with the contractor. Going wrong means going not in accordance with a great preconceived scheme of operation whereunder certain definite steps must be accomplished every day, where, through its experience, the organization sets out the milestones of the progress it must make and the barometer must gauge and warn of impending failure of that schedule.

The materials superintendent had many anecdotes of the job; he lived the human part of it and was a familiar figure everywhere he went. There was much damning of this and of that as he conversed with the area superintendents, but the fact was noticeable that all this damning was because fate was not allowing these men to do as much as they wanted to do. Here we had the spirit of the job, the evident straining for better achievement, the sense of personal loss if things went wrong. It was remarkable how those men took to heart the miring of a truck or the breaking of some needed tool or piece of machinery. I stopped a great line of oxen hauling a heavy piece of machinery to take their photograph. The incident didn't please the teaming superintendent, and he came up, mad all over, wanting to know what the delay was all about.

I joined the materials superintendent at a mess composed of himself and a dozen area superintendents. We sat down in our shirt-sleeves to an old-fashioned boiled dinner. Good-natured bandying ran around the table, but it was all about the work. Everybody was intensely interested in his job, and the conversation turned on ways and means of doing things. It was spirited, and there were disagreements, but the burden of it all was how to get things done better and cheaper. There was nothing staged or artificial. Evidently I was seeing a cross-section of the work-a-day lives of these men. They were so obviously and evidently out to get the government full value for its dollars, it was truly refreshing.

There is a romance about great building enterprises that is greatly enhanced by the prodigious size of these war undertakings, and the enormous consequences that depend upon their successful conclusion. If the reader has received any impression of the complexity and magnitude of it all, and the orderliness that must control the execution of the work, he will naturally inquire what manner of men these are that are engaged in this wonderfully spectacular and constructive work. The question is a hard one, for in fact they are all manner of men, and, if they are successful, then all have one characteristic in common, and that is a love for their work. Its very essence requires constructiveness and ingenuity. The outdoor life together with the constructive nature of the thing they do exhilarates them. They have a fighting spirit that is our nearest peace-time equivalent to the spirit of the soldier, and out in the open their work of battling with the elements gives them the military leader's point of view. Such is the similarity of occupations that these builders have often been called the soldiers of fortune of peace. They are many of them engineers, for, after all, their work is nothing but the practical application of engineering, and in this great crisis they quickly catch the spirit of service. It

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was, therefore, only natural that in going over the work we heard so much discussion of the economies and saw the fighting everywhere to keep costs down.

And these are of the type that went forward to our first battle, a battle against the elements. A battle to erect, almost overnight, the great construction projects that were needed all over the country that our army could be called, that our munitions could be made, that our aviators could be trained, and that our supplies could be handled.

In these vast undertakings we have heard of slothfulness and waste. The stories have been distorted and exaggerated and dwelt upon until in some quarters chronic criticism obscures the whole horizon. That there was waste is admitted, but that this waste would occur was most clearly seen by these, our soldiers of fortune of peace. They saw this problem and met it squarely, not in the fatuous hope that they would in all cases produce one hundred per cent efficiency, but rather with the practical realization that they would give their best in stemming to the utmost the waste that was inevitable. Beyond that, they went in with high resolve that they would deliver to the government on time, and adequately, the vast building programme upon which our very existence depended.

They are willing to abide by the result, and stand with clean hands before the country, offering what they have done as the best that was in them—ready to be judged by their accomplishment.

THE BOY IN FRANCE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

STEEPED in hot haze of the August afternoon
The garden dreams in a many-splendored trance;
The locusts drone a long, insistent tune;
And the boy—the boy's in France.

Down the stone steps the rose-pink phloxes stand,
Like delicate sculptures, through the breathless day,
Brilliant yet shadowy, as the bright, vague land;
And the boy—the boy's away.

The dogs about the terrace listless lie,
Waiting a springing step they used to know;
We wait, we also—and the days crawl by;
The boy—we miss him so.

Green fields reach over hills to fields of gold;
Far off the city shimmers, gay but wan;
The radiant scene breathes loneliness untold;
The boy—the boy is gone.

Sudden his service flag's impetuous story
Flashes a bugle note across the flowers;
Sudden the aching loss is pride and glory;
He *is* in France—he's ours!

Lad of my heart! From all across your land
One thought wings to that land of old romance;
One proud America stretches a loving hand
To the boy—the boy in France.

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THE BLOOD-RED ONE

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

Author of "John O'May," etc.

IT was a February evening, so it seems, about five o'clock, and old Mr. Vandusen, having left his hat and ulster in the coatroom, had retraced his steps along the entrance hall of the St. Dunstan Club to the wide doorway that led into the first-floor library. He usually sought the library at this time of day; a little group of men, all of whom he knew well, were as a rule to be found there, and they were friendly, not overly argumentative, restful. Now he paused between the heavy portières, partly drawn aside, and peered for a moment into the room. The light from the hall behind him made a pool of faint illumination at his feet, but beyond that there was only a brown darkness, scented with the smell of books in leather bindings, in which the figures of several men, sprawled out in big chairs before the window, were faintly visible. The window itself, a square of blank fog-blurred dusk, served merely to heighten the obscurity. Mr. Vandusen, a small, plump shadow in the surrounding shadows, found an unoccupied chair and sank into it silently.

"And that's just it," said Maury suddenly, and as if he was picking up the threads of a conversation dropped but a moment before; "and that's just the point"—and his usually gentle voice was heavy with a didacticism unlike itself—"that affects most deeply a man of my temperament and generation. Nemesis—fate—whatever you choose to call it. The fear that perhaps it doesn't exist at all. That there is no such thing; or worse yet, that in some strange, monstrous way man has made himself master of it—has no longer to fear it. And man isn't fit to be altogether master of anything as yet; he's still too much half devil, half ape. There's this damned choked feeling that the world's at loose ends. I don't know how to put it—as if, that is, we, with all the devilish new knowledge we've acquired within the past fifty years, the devilish new machines we've invented, have all at once become stronger than God; taken the final power out of the hands of the authority, whatever it is, toward which we used to look for a reckoning and balancing in the end, no matter what agony might lie between. Perhaps it's all right—I don't know. But it's an upsetting conclusion to ask a man of my generation offhandedly to accept. I was brought up—we all were—to believe in an ordered, if obscure, philosophical doctrine that evil inevitably finds its own punishment, and now——!"

"But—" began Tomlinson.

Maury interrupted him. "Yes, yes," he said, "I know all that; I know what you are going to say. I am perfectly aware of the fact that the ways of Nemesis are supposed to be slow ways—exceedingly. I am aware of the fact that in the Christian doctrine the process is not usually completed until after death, but nowadays things are different. How, since all else moves so swiftly, can a just God afford any longer to be patient? Time has been obliterated in the last four years; space and centuries telescoped; the sufferings of a century compressed into a few cycles of months. No, there is something wrong, some break in the rhythm of the universe, or those grotesque ghouls who started the whole thing, those full-bodied, cold-blooded hangmen, who for forty years have been sitting back planning the future of men and women as they planned the cards of their sniggering skat games, would awake to a sun dripping blood." He paused for a moment. "And as for that psychiatric cripple, their mouthpiece," he concluded sombrely, "that maimed man who broods over battle-fields, he would find a creeping horror in his brain like death made visible."

"And you think he will not?" . . .

In the darkness Mr. Vandusen suddenly sat up very straight and tried to pierce with his eyes the shadows to the right of him.

Again the chair creaked.

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"And you think he will not?" asked the voice again.

The words fell one by one into the silence, like stones dropped into a pool by a precise hand. As the ripples of sound they created died away in the brown dusk, the room seemed for a moment to hold a hushed expectation that made ordinary quiet a matter of movement and sound. From the drab street outside the voice of a newsboy, strident and insistent, put a further edge to the sharp minute. "N'extra!" he shouted. "N'extra! 'Nother big raid on west'n front!"

It was Torrance who asked the question. "What—" he said. "But, but—why—!" And then his wheezing inarticulateness broke like a dislocated bellows.

Mr. Vandusen, leaning forward in his chair, did not realize at the time the unreasonableness of the sharp blaze of irritation that at the interruption burned within him. It was not until much later, indeed, that he realized other odd circumstances as well: Torrance's broken amazement, for instance; the silence of Maury, and Wheeler, and, above all, of Tomlinson. At the moment he realized nothing, except an intense curiosity to hear what the man who had just sat down next to him had to say. "An extraordinary voice! Altogether extraordinary! Like a bell, that is, if a bell could by any chance give a sense of an underlying humor." And yet, even considering all this, when one is old and has heard so many voices— But here he was quite rigid in the darkness. "Do be quiet!" he whispered sharply. "Can't we be quiet!"

"Thanks!" said the voice, with its cool, assured inflections. "There is nothing so very extraordinary. Men's brains are not unalike. Merely—shall I go on?"

And before Mr. Vandusen's hurried assent could be uttered, the quiet tones assumed the accent of narration. "Good," they said. "Very well, then. But first I must ask of you a large use of your imagination. I must ask you, for instance, to imagine a scene so utterly unlike this February night that your eyes will have to close themselves entirely to the present and open only to my words. I must ask you to imagine a beech forest in early November; a beech forest dreaming beneath the still magic of warm, hazy days; days that come before the first sharp cold of winter. Will you imagine that?"

"Yes!" murmured Mr. Vandusen; and he noticed that the other men did not answer at all.

"The mild sunlight," continued the voice, "filters through the naked boughs and touches the smooth silver trunks and the moss about their feet with a misty gold as iridescent as the wings of dragonflies. And as far as you can see on every side stretch these silver boles, dusted with sunlight; in straight lines, in oblique columns, until the eye loses itself in the argent shadows of the distance.

"In the hidden open places, where the grass is still green toward its roots, wild swine come out of the woods and stare with small red eyes; but save for the crackling of the twigs beneath their feet it is very quiet. Marvellously so. Quiet with the final hush of summer. Only rarely a breeze stirs the legions of the heaped-up gray leaves, and sometimes, but rarely, one hears far off the chattering of a squirrel. So!—that is my forest.

"Through it runs like a purple ribbon a smooth, well-kept road. And it, too, adds to the impression of stillness, as the untenanted handiwork of man always does. On the rolled, damp surface are the marks of the cloven feet of the swine.

"Now there is a snapping of dead wood, a rustling of leaves, and an immense tusker—a grizzled leader of a herd—comes ponderously through the sun-dappled aisles to the edge of the road. For a moment he stands there, secure and unperturbed, and then suddenly he throws up his head, his little eyes wide and startled, and, wheeling, charges back to where his satellites are browsing. There is a breathless scurrying of huge bodies; then utter silence again, except that far away a limb cracks. But only for a moment is the road deserted. It seems as if the shadow of the great tusker was still upon it when, beyond the bend, a horn, sweet as a hunting-horn, blows once, twice, ends in a fanfare of treble notes, and a long, gray motor-car sweeps into view, cutting the sunlight and the pooled shadow with its twinkling prow. Behind it is another, and another, and another, until six in all are in sight; and as they flash past one has a glimpse, on the seats of the landaulets, of a number of men in long cloaks and hel-

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mets; big and little men; fat men and sharp-featured; elderly men and young men, and particularly of one man, in the second car from the front, who looks straight ahead of him and is not interested in the chatter of his companions. He is a stern man, rather terrible, and his face wears a curious pallor. On the crest of a wooded slope, a quarter of a mile away, the giant boar sniffs the odor of the gasolene and delicately wrinkles his nose.

"And this," said the voice, "this convoy of motor-cars, these horns, almost as gay as the hunting-horns of former days, was, as you have guessed, The Maimed Man—as you choose to call him—come back to a hunting-lodge to rest. To slip from his shoulders for a while, if he could, the sodden cloak he had been wearing for the past three years and as many months.

"It was dark when they came to the hunting-lodge, a long, two-storied building of white plaster and timber-work above. The sun had been gone a while beyond the low hills to the west, and in the open place where the house stood only a remnant of the red dust of the sunset still floated in the pellucid air. Here the beeches gave way to solid ranks of pines and firs, and the evening sweetness of these fell upon the senses like the touch of cool water upon tired eyes. The headlights of the motor-cars cut wide arcs of blinding light in the gathering darkness. One by one the cars stopped before the entrance with throbbing engines and discharged their loads. The short flight of stairs became for a few minutes a swaying tableau of gray cloaks. There was a subdued ringing of spurs. The lamps from within the doorway touched the tips of the helmets so that they twinkled like little stars.

"The Maimed Man descended slowly and passed between his waiting suite. The scent of the pines had stirred his heart with memories. He was thinking of the last time he had been here, years before—well, not really so many years before, only four years, and yet it seemed like a recollection of his boyhood. He paused inside the threshold to remove his cloak. A hand, with a curious lack of duplication to it, stretched itself forward. The Maimed Man turned abruptly to see a servant with one arm bowing toward him. For a moment he paused, and then:

"'You are wounded?' he asked, and, although nothing was further from his desire, his voice had in it a little rasping sound; anger it seemed, although it might very well have been fear.

"The man turned a brick-red. He had never quite been able to recover from the feeling that in some way to be crippled was a shameful thing. He had been very strong before.

"'At Liége, your Majesty,' he murmured. 'In the first year.'

"'Always the left arm,' said The Maimed Man. 'Always the left. It seems always so.' But now he was angry. He turned to one of his suite. 'Can I not escape such things even here?' he asked. He went up without further words to his rooms. From his study a long door of glass opened onto a balcony. He remembered the balcony well. He opened the door and stepped out. The twilight had gone now. The night was very still and touched with a hint of crispness. Stars were beginning to show themselves. The black pines that came down to the edge of the clearing were like a great hidden army."

There was a little pause.

"And so," said the voice, "I can come now almost at once to the first of the two incidents I wish to tell you. I choose only two because there is no need of more. Two will do. And I shall call the first 'The story of the leaves that marched.'

"The warm days still held, and at the hunting-lodge there was much planning to keep things moving and every one busy and content. But secret planning, you understand. The Maimed Man is not an easy person for whom to plan unless he thinks that he has the final decision himself. There were rides and drives and picnics and, in the afternoons, usually a long walk, in which the older and stouter members of the suite either stayed at home or else followed painfully in the rear of their more active companions. The Maimed Man is a difficult person to keep up with; he walks very fast across country, swinging his stick, choosing, it would seem, the roughest ways. It is almost as if he wished to rid himself of others; and he is inordinately proud of his own activity. It was a curious sight to see his straggling attendants, spread out through the silver vistas of the beeches, like earnest trolls, all in one way or another bent upon a

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common end. And I suppose it was on account of this trick of The Maimed Man that one afternoon, toward dusk, he found himself almost completely alone, save for myself, who managed somehow to keep step, and a silent huntsman in gray who strode on ahead with the quiet, alert step of a wild animal.

"It was very still. There was no breeze at all. Not a sound except the sound of the dead leaves beneath our feet; and The Maimed Man was not, as was his usual wont, talking. Indeed, he seemed very preoccupied, almost morosely so. Every now and then he cut with his stick at a bush or a yellowed fern as he passed. Presently the trees opened upon a little glade swimming in sunlight. And then there was a brook to cross, and beyond that a gentle slope before the trees began again. The sunlight was pleasantly warm after the coolness of the forest, and the slope, with its soft dried grass, seemed an inviting place to rest. The Maimed Man continued until he had reached the farther belt of trees, and then he turned about and faced the sinking sun, that by now was changing itself into a nebulous radiance on the horizon. The forest stretched in gentle billows as far as the eye could see.

"'We will stop here,' said The Maimed Man, 'until the others catch up. Lazybones! If they had one-half the work to do that my poorest man has to the south they would not lose their legs so readily.' Then he sat down and lit a cigarette. I sat beside him. Farther up on the slope, in the shadow of the trees, sat the huntsman. We waited. The sun burned away its quivering aura and began to sink blood-red below the hills. Long shadows fell, penetrated with the dancing flecks of twilight.

"'Here they come!' said The Maimed Man suddenly. 'I see gray moving. There—below there, amongst the trees!' He pointed with his cane. Far back in the secret aisles of the forest across the brook there did indeed seem to be a movement. The Maimed Man half arose to his feet. 'I will shame them, the lazybones,' he said, and then he sat down again, with an odd, soft collapse.

"For, you see, it was very still, as I have said. Not a trace of wind. The forest seemed to be slumbering. And yet there had come out of it, and across the open place, and up the slope, so that it touched the hair and chilled the cheek, something that was not wind and yet was like it. A little clammy cat's-paw. So! And then was gone. And on its heels came the leaves. Yes, millions of them. But not blown; not hurriedly. Very hesitatingly; as if by their own volition. One might have said that they oozed with a monstrous slowness out from between the crepuscular tree-trunks and across the open space toward the brook. Gray leaves, creeping forward with a curious dogged languor. And when they came to the brook they paused on its farther edge and stopped, and the ones behind came pushing up to them. And looking down upon them, they might have been the backs of wounded men in gray, dragging themselves on their knees to water. . . .

"I don't know how long this moment lasted—minutes perhaps; perhaps no longer than the drawing in and letting out of a breath. It was broken by the figure of a man—an upstanding man, this time—who stepped out of the forest opposite and, halting for a moment on the edge of the clearing, looked up to where The Maimed Man was sitting. Then he signalled to some one behind him, and presently one by one the figures of the belated suite appeared. They formed themselves in a little group and with some precision marched across the clearing. As they trampled upon the stricken leaves by the brookside the fixed stare in The Maimed Man's eyes faded, and he watched them with a rigid attention. Shortly they came to where he had got to his feet. A huge elderly man with a red face led them.

"'But your Majesty,' he objected, 'it is not fitting. You should not leave us in this way. Even here, is it altogether safe?'

"The Maimed Man did not answer. Covertly and with a sly shamefacedness, unlike himself, he was trying to read the expression in the huntsman's face. But that faithful fellow's eyes were bland. There was no sign that he had seen anything out of the ordinary. . . .

"There is no need," said the voice, "for delay. From this to the second incident I would describe to you is only a step. I shall not go into details. For these I can safely trust to your imaginations. And yet I would not, of course, have you

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gather that what I have just told you is without background—was out of a clear sky. Naturally, it was not; it was a cumulation, an apex. Such things do not happen altogether suddenly. There is a nibbling away at the banks, a little rivulet here and there, and then, all at once, a torrent like a haunted river under the moon. I called the first apex 'The story of the leaves that marched'; I shall call the second 'The mist that came up suddenly.'

"Two weeks had passed; quiet days, slow weeks, quiet and slow as the sunlight through the trees. The two doctors at the hunting-lodge, round, sharp-spoken men, with big, near-sighted spectacles, rubbed their hands together and nodded with certainty when they held their daily consultations. 'He is improving rapidly,' they said. 'The lines in his face are going. A little more exercise, a little more diversion—so!' They imagined crosses on their chests.

"Have you ever known mist on a moonlight night in a forest? Not a woods, not an open country with timber scattered through it, but a real forest; so limitless, so close-pressing, that one has the same sense of diminished personality and at the same time the same sense of all obstructions cleared away between oneself and the loneliness of the universe that one has at sea. As if, that is, you found yourself, a mere shadow in the darkness, kneeling close before an altar on which blazed, so that you could not altogether raise your head, the magnificence of a star. But mist in a moonlight forest is even more disembodying than mist on a moonlight sea. There are the dark masses of the trees, showing every now and then above the changing wraiths of white, and the summits of half-seen hills, to give an impression of a horizon near yet seemingly unattainable.

"They had finished supper in the great oak-ceilinged room down below, where a fire burned in the stone embrasure, and the soft lights of candles in silver candelabra made only more tenebrious the darkness overhead. The Maimed Man leaned back in his chair and peered with narrowed eyelids through the smoke of his cigar at the long table stretching away from him. For a moment he felt reassured; a hint of the old assurance that had once been one of his greatest gifts. It was partly a physical thing, stirring in his veins like the cool blood that follows the awakening from healthy sleep. The sight of all these friends of his, these followers of his, with their keen, sunburnt faces, or their wrinkled and wise ones—! Surely he occupied a position almost unassailable; almost as unassailable as that of the God of Force whose purposes of late had at times puzzled him in a new and disturbing way—. What nonsense! He gripped power as securely as he could grip, if he wished, his sword. What strength in heaven or earth could break a man's will, provided that will had been sufficiently trained? He felt pleasantly tired from the walk of the afternoon; he thought that he would go up to his rooms for a while, perhaps write a personal letter or two, afterward come down again for a game of cards. He stood up; the long double lines of men at the table rose with him, as a unit, at attention. The Maimed Man looked at them for a prolonged second, his heart stirred with pride; then he wheeled about and departed.

"In his workroom above, two secretaries were writing at a table under the rays of a green-shaded lamp. They jumped to their feet as he entered, but he waved them aside.

"'I shall return in a moment,' he said. 'First I wish to finish my cigar.'

"He opened the glass door onto the balcony, but, as it was cool, he stepped back and asked for his military cloak. When this was adjusted, he stepped once more into the moonlight. . . . And then, suddenly, there was no moonlight at all, or just the faintest glimmer of it, like light seen through milky water. Instead, he had stepped into a swirling vapor that in an instant lost him completely from the door he had just left; a maelstrom of fog, that choked him, half blinded him, twisted about him like wet, coiling ropes, and in a dreadful moment he saw that through the fog were thrust out toward him arms of a famine thinness, the extended fingers of which groped at his throat, were obliterated by the fog, groped once more with a searching intentness.

"'God!' said The Maimed Man. 'God!'—and fought drunkenly for the wall behind him. His hands touched nothing. He did not even know in which

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direction the wall lay. He dreaded to move, for it seemed as if there was no longer a railing to save him from falling. There was no solidity anywhere. The world had become a thing of hideous flux, unstable as when first it was made. Gelid fingers, farther reaching than the rest, touched the back of his neck. He gave a hoarse, strangled cry and reeled forward, and fell across the balustrade that came up out of the mist to meet him. And slowly the mist retreated; down from the balcony and across the open place beneath. A narrow line of dew-brightened grass appeared and grew wider. The tops of the trees began to show. But The Maimed Man could not take his eyes off the mist, for it seemed to him that the open place was filled with the despairing arms of women and of children, and that through the shifting whiteness gleamed the whiteness of their serried faces. Behind him was the warm glow of the room, shining through the glass doors. But he did not dare go in as yet; it was necessary first to control the little flecks of foam that despite his endeavor still wet his lips. For you see," said the voice, and in the darkness its accents took on a slow, rhythmical sombreness, like the swish of a sword in a shuttered room, "this was far worse than the leaves. For, after all, the dead are only the dead, but to the living there is no end."

At least a minute—fully a minute—must have passed, a minute in which the brown shadows of the library, held back for now this long while by the weaving magic of the voice, stepped forward once more into their places, while Mr. Vandusen waited for the voice to continue. Then the spell broke like a shattered globe, and, with a sudden realization of many things, he leaned forward and felt the chair to the right of him. There was no one there. He paused with his hand still on the leather seat. "Would you mind telling me," he asked, and he found that he was speaking with some effort and with great precision, "if any of you know the gentleman who has just left?"

"Left?" said Tomlinson sharply.

"Yes—left."

Tomlinson's voice was incredulous. "But he couldn't have," he insisted. "From where I am sitting I would have seen him as he reached the door. Although, if he really is gone, I can say, thank the Lord, that I think he's a faker."

On silent feet young Wheeler had departed for the hall. Now he returned. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that I have just interviewed the doorman and the boy who is stationed at the steps leading back, and they both say no one has come in or out in the last half-hour."

Suddenly his careful voice rose to a high note. "What the devil—!" he sputtered. He strode over to the electric switch. "For Heaven's sake, let's have some light," he said. "Why do we always insist upon sitting in this confounded darkness?"

TRISTRAM IN THE WOOD

By Katharine Taylor

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I DREAMED of a still gray pool
Within the wood.
Into its depths the dusk
Was falling, falling ever.

And waking slowly in the night
I felt thy hair,
Thy dim, cool hair,
Like falling dusk about me.
And through it, from the spacious night,
Glimmered one lucid star.
Ah, like a wood anemone
Thy face, thy curving throat
Shone faintly through the enfolding gloom
That hung about me—

I dream of a still gray pool
In the lonely wood.
Into its depths the dusk
Is falling, falling ever.

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AMERICANS AS THEY SEEM TO A FRENCHMAN

By Gustave Rodrigues

Gustave Rodrigues is a French writer who has made a special study of the United States, and has recently published in Paris a book on the Americans called "The People of Action" ("Le Peuple d'Action").

IF what I have written about America has no other merit, it possesses that of entire sincerity. Along with eulogies which I have not tried either to minimize or to exaggerate, it contains some reservations, even some criticisms, which I have no wish to weaken. I have sought to show my fellow countrymen the American as I have seen him, with his qualities of energy, audacity, generosity; but also with his faults—or rather the things which I have seemed to find defective in him—his extreme impulsiveness, his somewhat narrow views, his still incomplete culture.

Such as he is he has seemed to me very great, and to have grown even greater by the part that he has just taken in the view of history. The events which have happened since the publication in France of my book have confirmed me in this belief.

American intervention, which was then hardly more than a promise, has developed to-day with a strength that could hardly be imagined. What seemed to be impossible has been realized. The provision made for it has surpassed expectation and beaten all records. In January, 1918, there were only a few thousands of American soldiers on our soil; to-day we may estimate 1,300,000, perhaps 1,500,000. The tide flows on unceasingly, with a regularity that is impressive, formidable. In the vigorous words of President Wilson, the hour cannot be long delayed when the forces of liberty will be everywhere overwhelming the forces of slavery, and when it will at last be possible for man to live truly and fully in a pacified and regenerated world.

And of this peaceful regeneration the United States will have been, not of course the sole agents, but among the chief constructors. They will have had the advantage over old and divided Europe of being a young people, a united federation, and even now in a concrete form a first League of Nations.

Thus for all their Allies they are at the same time a model to follow and, it must be confessed, a riddle to solve. They do not come into the conflict with that old mentality adjusted to war which we bring to it, all of us, in a greater or less degree; for they have not behind them eight or ten centuries of battling against foreign peoples. War, well as they make it—and we know how fervently—is for them in some degree a word without meaning, for war presupposes conquest, and they recognize nothing but voluntary agreement; peoples are not for them a kind of cattle to be bartered or stolen by the right of the strongest; they are autonomous beings, masters of their own destinies. War makes sacred the rule of fact in all its original brutality—the human, or rather the inhuman, beast unchained to gratify his lowest appetites; and the United States proclaims the rule of law, the judicial state permanently and definitely established between equals, respect alike for the individual personality and the collective personality.

Yes, the American nation, which is still in the making, which is still seeking to find itself, but which in this present struggle *will* find itself once for all, is among all peoples the peaceful nation, the one which owes to the achievements of peace both its unprecedented prosperity and its purely democratic institutions. It is, if I may say so, peace made a nation, as its President, Mr. Wilson, is peace made man.

And it is from this that the intervention of the United States in the World

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War derives its full meaning. To German Imperialism, to that final return to their ancestral barbarism which we thought we could look upon as definitely checked by civilization, the United States inflexibly opposes the great dam of its men, its armament, and its gold. It says to this devilish force: Thou shalt go no further. It is forcing it back, and forever, into the darkness of the Middle Ages from which by an incomprehensible anachronism it burst forth to lay waste the world.

"This does not belong to our day," M. Clemenceau, now Premier of France, wrote in an article in *L'Homme Libre* just after the war broke out. "This does not belong to our day," repeated after him Mr. Wilson, and with its President spoke the whole American Union; and it is "our day" that has just brought into being the young American army, the army of liberty, to drive back the day of the past, the day of mediæval slavery.

This army has but just entered the fight, where it has shown to a wondering world and an astounded Germany of what achievement it is capable. Against professional soldiers, against veterans trained in all the devices of war, it has tested the strength of its young volunteers—perhaps still somewhat inexperienced, but fighting for an ideal and not for a master. In conjunction with the other Allied combatants it has checked at its first blow the German force, and to-morrow it will shatter it.

But if the military effort of the United States has been beyond compare it has its double in a civil effort which is not less so. The population of this country, which overflows with riches, where harvests and provisions are spread broadcast in their abundance, has voluntarily imposed upon itself the severest privations. It has stinted itself of bread in order to feed those nations beyond the Atlantic which the submarine blockade was trying to starve. It has experienced, more than France and very largely for the sake of France, crises in coal and other necessary products; it has accepted very severe restrictions, I will not say patiently but joyously, with a smile upon its lips.

Toward our country especially it has shown an admirable devotion, and I may add delicacy. It has given in profusion, as is its custom, and in giving it has taken the attitude not of a benefactor but of one fulfilling an obligation. The American Red Cross, the Rockefeller mission, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations—to mention only the most important among its charitable institutions—have all rivalled one another in generosity, ingenuity, and industry. The American has one virtue and a rare one—he remembers services that have been done him; he is never ungrateful. "We of the United States are a grateful nation," said General Allaire, provost marshal of the American forces in France. "Lafayette and Rochambeau are names that an American speaks with reverence and affection, are heroes whose memory he cherishes in his heart. And, as his fashion is, he is bringing back to you a hundredfold that which he received from you."

However, at the same time that the American gives, he asks; and what he asks above all from France is an intellectual and moral collaboration and continuous exchange of opinions, ideas, and sentiments.

From this springs the daily and hourly co-operation that exists everywhere and in all fields of action. Examples are the "Foyers du Soldat," where the Young Men's Christian Association joins its endeavors to those of our French citizens and of our high command in placing its immense resources at the service of the troops. Such also is the "Foyer des Alliées," which the young women of the Y. W. C. A. have established for our employees and ammunition workers, with the intimate and constant support of some devoted Frenchwomen and of some leaders of industry. A further instance is the "Collège des Etats-Unis," which a Franco-American committee, made up of intellectual leaders of the two countries, is establishing in Paris, and which is proposing as the first point of its active programme the concerted study of progress made in war surgery, in war medicine, in war radiology. Still another is the ceaseless activity of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, which, under the urgent leadership of its president, Mr. Walter Berry, is exerting itself to bring about in the future following the war the closest and most productive commercial relations between the two countries.

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Yes, that which America asks of France above all else is the means of obliging her, the most certain and most effective methods of making her "greater than ever," to quote once more from General Allaire.

She expects also that which we are able to give her and which we shall bring to her joyfully—I mean the "culture de l'esprit," that refinement of thought which has always been an attribute of the French race. To replace the German teachers in her universities, she appeals to ours. Young and still without pretension, she believes that she can get at our school that which she lacks, and that to make the complete man she can add to her qualities of action and of matter-of-factness the charm and, as it were, the perfume of French culture.

Thus there is everything to expect and everything to hope not only for the two nations but for all civilization from a Franco-American *rapprochement*—and even more from a Franco-American intimacy. This *rapprochement* and this intimacy come about by the very nature of things, and they will become every day more real. They arouse on all hands, besides efforts at practical realization, other attempts at propaganda of which what I have written is only a very inconsiderable sample. The future, we may be sure, belongs to a great union of free peoples, and at the head of this union we may look to see especially the two great peoples which, one in the old world and one in the new, have been the unquestioned champions of the rights of man and of the rights of nations.

This is what I desire to say to our American friends.

PARIS, August 15, 1918.

THE LIAISON OF LAUGHTER

By Roy S. Durstine

"TOO often a foreigner," says Chesterton, "is simply a man who laughs at everything except jokes."

The French poilu and the American soldier are no longer foreigners to each other. They laugh at the same things. They have built their friendship upon a foundation of smiles and laughs.

"In this war," observed a very astute American, "a laugh is as good as a bullet." He was thinking of laughter as a factor in winning wars, he said, and as a means of serving the ends of liaison—drawing together the French and the Americans. And he illustrated his belief by telling how there came a new fashion in men's hats along the Marne.

The French and the Americans had just taken a certain town, one at which their operations had been directed for weeks. It was a bloody fight when they drove out the Boches and their nerves were taut as they occupied the crumpled buildings and twisting, littered streets. Yet a great wave of exultation swept over the troops as they entered.

A few minutes later a French sentry burst into a loud laugh. After four years of what the poilu has endured, it is unusual to hear him laugh outright. He smiles many times a day, sometimes sadly, sometimes gayly; often he laughs softly; but a genuine, whole-hearted laugh is rare.

He was looking down a narrow street. Advancing toward him were three American soldiers. They wore their regulation shoes and spiral puttees, their khaki breeches and olive-drab shirts. Their gas-masks were at the alert. But on their heads, instead of their steel helmets, they wore—straw hats!

From the other direction came two more Americans. They wore broad-brimmed panamas. More Americans appeared with more straw hats. There were assorted styles and sizes, but all were made of straw. And beneath each hat was a broad American grin.

Then, picking his way carefully through the mud and proceeding with studied deliberation, appeared a six-foot Westerner. He wore the broadest-brimmed hat of all and above it he carried a black-and-white

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striped parasol. He was met by three friends who wore silk hats and who paused to greet him with ceremony. From every direction appeared more high hats, opera-hats, felt hats, derbies, more straws—even one of the sort that is associated with portraits of Napoleon.

Anything but steel helmets! That seemed to be the idea and that was exactly the idea. These American boys had had enough of warfare for a few minutes and they decided to make a holiday of it. With nothing to work with but a shell-torn hat store, they made that old town take on an air of gayety that warmed their own hearts and spread warmth and cheer into the hearts of every Frenchman who entered it with them.

It was the sort of thing that the poilu expects in his American friends, and when he finds it he is delighted beyond measure. There is an American courier in France who is giving hundreds of French people a thrill of pleasure every day. He rides a motorcycle, but he rides it in his own way. Behind the saddle he has fashioned a small platform upon which a pillow is lashed against a chair-back. It is so placed that he can lean back and put his feet on the handle-bars. He glides through the countrysides of France at a breakneck rate in this luxurious way, controlling his speed by push-buttons at his side and steering with his feet!

Two or three kilometres behind the American front lines a cow was observed quietly grazing in a field studded with shell-craters. She seemed to be a normal cow in every way but one. She had only three legs. The fourth, it was learned, was a casualty when there was a lively time in her sector a few months before the Americans occupied it.

They approached this cow in twos and threes at the risk of being observed by enemy planes. They discovered that she was thoroughly normal, even to the extent of being quite willing and able to supply them with fresh milk. In return for this unusual luck, the Americans lavished upon her a degree of care which must have been unprecedented in this cow's life. They induced her to hobble over to the shelter of their own clump of trees, they tethered her securely to keep her from straying not only toward the Boche lines but also toward any other Allied outfit in that region, and they vied with one another in bringing her the choicest grasses in the neighborhood. For several days their cook prepared bread puddings and other milk-made dishes long denied them. And then the order came to move.

A council of war was held. The cow was led on practice marches. It was no use. Hobble though she would, it was apparent that she could not hike over any great distance. Then some one had a bright idea. An ambulance was brought and for the greater part of an hour that detachment worked with might and main to lift or wheedle the cow to enter their ambulance. She not only couldn't, she wouldn't. So they had no choice; they had to abandon her as they marched off with their thoroughly amused French comrades.

"They certainly do hate to leave anything behind," said one of their officers. "You know the saying: 'The English fight for honor, the French for glory, but the Americans fight for souvenirs!'"

One of the greatest tasks of the morale-making organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., is to keep alive the native good cheer with which the Americans leave home. There is recognized military value, you are told in France to-day, in the entertainments which keep the American fund of humor well supplied. Motion-pictures work wonders with war-weary brains. Just to see again the funny feet, the bamboo stick, flat derby, and acrobatic mustache of Mr. Chaplin; just to ride and swagger and shoot again on the Western plains with Mr. Hart; just to steep oneself in the joys and miseries of the decorative Miss Pickford; just to follow Mr. Fairbanks through his perilous daily life—these are the adventures which mean recreation to the men who are engaged in the greatest of all adventures.

Much of their satisfaction comes from seeing living beings moving in the familiar backgrounds of American cities. The news films never fail to bring a shout of "There's Forty-second Street!" or "That's right in front of the Union Depot!" One lad who had heard his friends break into exclamations of delight murmured sadly:

"I'd give six months' pay right this minute just to see a close-up of Tenafly, New Jersey!"

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Home is never far away from the thoughts of these men overseas. When they find a Y. M. C. A. girl or man who has even so much as passed through their own town, it is a red-letter day. They will lean over the canteen counter for an hour of reminiscence. And—oh, day of days!—when they find a girl who actually knows their families, present or future!

If the people at home realized how much cheer is brought by letters, they would always give their messages a ring of optimism. Unfortunately there is a certain type of mind to which news means the small disasters of daily life. Father is ailing, or little Johnnie fell down-stairs, or Cousin Elsie has the pleurisy—these are the events which slip into the soldiers' letters. The men don't want real trouble kept from them, but they long to hear about the little pleasant events that may seem trivial here but loom up like lighthouses at a distance of three thousand miles. Keep the humor alive—that is a piece of war work which every person at home can do.

"You have no idea what it means to us," said a French gentleman of high responsibility, "to have these millions of smiling faces here in France. They have brought us a new spirit. They have made us see that our dark days are gone!"

"Ah, those Americans!" exclaimed a little poilu, a soldier from the slums of Paris. "They are our brothers! They smile!"

There you have it, from each end of the social scale. Perhaps the poilu was thinking of the fun which he had when he and his comrades heard of the American way of naming guns.

It is a sport over there which the Americans share with the poilus. Here, too, humor is a saving grace. Much of the sting of the long-range gun firing into Paris was removed when the gun itself was christened for the German lady who is reputed to make explosives. You can't be wholly stricken with terror by a gun which causes people to say whenever its shells break: "There goes Bertha again!" In the same way, you feel a personal sense of affection for your own guns when you call them, as the French do, by such names as Yvette, Marianne, Jeanne, Yvonne, Henriette, Hélène, and Adèle. Or perhaps you have a special feeling of respect and admiration for certain guns, and you call them Fraternité, Egalité, and Liberté. And then your American friends come along, and what do they do? They christen theirs Ignatz, Krazy Kat, and Elsie Janis!

It is highly probable that a commission will have to be appointed after the war to sort out from each language the French and English words which are being intermingled. You may have seen pictures of American soldiers and French children in your illustrated papers. Perhaps you thought that they were specially posed by a photographer who wanted to please the folks back home. They weren't. There are pictures like that all over France. The way the American soldiers and the French children understand one another is one of the pleasantest parts of America's visit overseas.

Outside any Y. M. C. A. canteen behind the lines you will see American soldiers breaking off pieces of the chocolate bars which they have just bought and handing them around to the circle of small, upstretched hands.

"You got to give it to 'em when they want it so bad!" laugh the Americans. And then they get acquainted. The first expression that the French children learn from the Americans is "Thank you!" And, curiously enough, the next is "Good night!" It is the apparently accepted greeting. You are a little disconcerted at first when you meet a French child on the street just after breakfast and hear him exclaim "Good night!"

The Americans learn, too. There are some French words which have completely displaced their English equivalents in the army's vocabulary.

"Can I get beaucoup cigarettes?" asks the American as he enters a Y. M. C. A. hut.

"Toot sweet!" answers the secretary.

But without question the most useful word in France to-day is one called "fin-eesh!" It is a combination of finis and finish. Literally it means all gone. If you ask for jam and there is no jam, the jam is fin-eesh. If you get to a station too late to catch your train, the train is fin-eesh. In a country where the unexpected is to be expected, it fits a limitless number of occasions. It has met the situation. It is as useful as "C'est la guerre!"

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That, of course, is the expression which carries with a smile the gay courage that stirs American admiration. After four years of war there is still nothing which the French will not take with a shrug and a smile. It contains the hope, the philosophy, the inspiration, and the determination of the race.

In a little French village the town crier beat upon his drum and cleared his throat to make an announcement. The old people of the place, and there were none but old people there, leaned from their windows to catch his words. He told them that for the present it would be necessary for them to curtail their ration of bread. Americans are coming to know what bread means to the French peasant. They have seen laborers work hard in the fields from daylight till dark with only a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. They have seen children standing in doorways eating bread as our children at home eat candy. They have seen French people make special trips to a store for bread, carrying it home in triumph in their arms, or riding on bicycles with circular loaves around the handle-bars. They know, in a measure, what bread means to the French. And those who heard the town crier's announcement turned to watch the faces of the people who heard it. They saw first surprise, then a little sadness, then—a smile! The old people nodded to one another and then they laughed and called out "C'est la guerre!" as if they were hearing the best of news.

"Is there anything that is too much to do for a country like this?" asked one of the Americans.

They, too, have put their philosophy into words.

"Oh, this is a rotten war!" some one will exclaim when something has gone wrong.

"Sure, but it's better than no war at all!" is the answer.

Ability to joke over a situation which is intended to be terrifying is binding the French and the Americans closer together every day. Air-raids on Paris are very likely designed to strike fear into the hearts of those who experience them. But what has been the most characteristically French effect of the visiting gothas? The production of a pair of ridiculous little knitted dolls held together by a string of worsted!

You see them all over Paris. Their names are Nenette and Rintintin. They are sometimes half an inch high and sometimes as much as an inch. They are made in the brightest colors, they hang in all the shop-windows, they appear in the pages of the humorous papers, and they are absolute protection against air-raids!

They are always perky and gay. Often they are quite elaborately made of silk. They are even used as trimming on women's hats. Their pictures are on postcards everywhere. Sometimes they have an offspring who is called either Radadou or simply Gus. You aren't supposed to have a Radadou or a Gus with your Nenette and Rintintin until you have been in Paris for some time, and have safely lived through many raids.

Silly? Of course it is silly. No one knows that better than the Parisians, and the Americans, who wonder how in the world people can have such spirits after four solid years of this infernal business. But how little the Germans know about psychology, after all, when they think they can scare a nation like that!

The Americans hear about Nenette and Rintintin as soon as they reach Paris, enjoy the joke thoroughly, and provide themselves with this simple remedy at once. Nothing could make a greater appeal to the American imagination.

Even the shelters from aerial torpedoes are the subject of jokes. There is one theatre, itself in a cellar, where the whole musical revue is devoted to lampooning the Hun. A very popular duet is sung by two young women dressed as Sand-bag and Saccharine. A comedian appears wearing tortoise-rimmed spectacles, on the lenses of which are pasted crossed strips of paper in the way that the plate-glass windows of Paris are protected. A topical song is devoted to the efforts of the gothas.

And as you sit there laughing at all this make-believe, you suddenly realize that it isn't make-believe at all—that, for all you know, there may be one of those Hun planes high above your head at that very minute ready to release its aerial torpedo to make a shambles of this theatre. And, again, you take off your hat to a

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people who can make a joke of it—a people who have such a sense of the picturesque that they sound the most dismal of sirens at the beginning of an air-raid, and then play the silver notes of a rollicking bugle-call for "Cease Firing" when it is over.

In a vaudeville theatre at one of the ports there was a comedian who had an act which he called "Le Nouvel Uniforme." He wore a French steel helmet topped with the cock-feathers of the Italians. His coat and breeches were of khaki. About his waist was slung a Scotch sporran. He wore golf-stockings. The top of one was the pattern of the French flag and the other of the American flag. And he sang a song about the beach at Waikiki—a Frenchman's interpretation of an American idea of Hawaiian harmony! Certainly nothing could have been more Allied.

"Voilà les Américains!" is the title of a poster which is displayed on every Paris hoarding. It shows the German Crown Prince holding a crowbar with which he is trying to force open the door of Paris. He has turned from his task with an expression of acute anxiety, for on the wall beside him is the gigantic shadow of an American soldier. When you remember the confidence with which the Kaiser's heir proclaimed his intentions on Paris, there is something rather splendid about such a simple and direct method of jeering.

One night the sirens sounded as a group of American soldiers walked home along one of the broad avenues. They sauntered on as the few dim lights along the street were extinguished. Presently the boom of the barrage came from the direction of the front. Then the shots sounded nearer and against the sky were the bursts like fireflies. The Americans stopped to watch it and they were still watching as the flashes crept higher and higher toward the zenith. When the firing was thickest and when shrapnel was likely to drop on the pavements beside them, they stepped back into a doorway. As they stood there two figures came toward them. A French officer was striding along with his cape flung across the shoulders of a girl. They were keeping step as they hummed the gayest chorus from one of the revues. The Americans watched them walking along, as debonairly as if there weren't a Boche on the same planet with them.

"I suppose she thinks she can't get hurt under that cape of his," said one of the Americans. "Gee! That's the way to take it, ain't it?"

To be able to see humor in the face of danger is a trait which the Americans share with their French comrades. A detachment of Americans were receiving their baptism of shell-fire. People say that it affects men differently. This is what it did to that outfit:

They stood on a knoll on the lee side of a shell-marked building and greeted each shot with: "Oh, why don't you put it over the middle of the plate?" "Get somebody that knows how to shoot!" and "Who ever told you that you knew how to aim a gun?"

Considering that the shots were landing in the next field, not a hundred yards away, and that any one of them would have levelled the house which gave the only protection in the neighborhood, it seemed that the Boche's intention of frightening fresh troops was not meeting with great success.

May there be no feeling that in what has been set down here the lighter side has been overstressed. If there is so much of the divine spark in those men overseas that they can see and feel the full horror of war and still laugh, will any one grudge them the privilege? Understand the kindliness of their humor, the fellowship and sympathy of it, contrast it with the grisly emotion which passes for mirth in their enemies, and then you will see how these soldiers of democracy can march for days and nights and then swing into the battle-line with a song on their lips. Whatever their hardships and danger, a laugh is never far away.

A group of Americans were marvelling at the cultivation of the French fields about them. They were discussing seriously the problems that face a country in which the man-power has been drained by four years of war. It was the kind of thoughtful talk that marks the progress of the Americans through France.

"How in the world are the French going to harvest their grain?" one man asked.

"Oh, they are going to let the Germans shell it!" was the answer.

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Main Street, Alexandropol.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CAUCASUS

By Thomas Dann Heald

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

UNTIL the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the two Caucasian fronts, that of Persia and that of Erzeroom, in the December of last year, the Caucasian problem had nothing in it to distinguish it from the general problem of Greater Russia in relation to the war. Throughout the period when the temporary Russian government under Kerenski was endeavoring to secure a stiffening of the Russian efforts against Germany, the Caucasian fronts remained strong and unbroken, and even at their weakest moment in the late autumn of 1917, when Bolshivikism was making its inroads among the troops, the military power which the armies on these fronts represented was sufficient to warn off any ambitious attempts of the Turks. It was when Bolshivikism had gained control in the centre of Russia itself, and the influence of Kerenski had vanished, that the Russian troops, gathering up all that they could bear away with them, strode back to Russia and left the Caucasus with its few included nations to take care of itself. Till that time the Caucasus had been Russia; but from the moment of that desertion the Caucasus became an entity by itself with a problem of its own, and a danger of its own.

In the Great War, however, no European peoples can be entirely isolated. The fact that the Caucasus had in itself a particular value for both the Allied Powers and Germany brought its own problem into the general problem which belonged to both sides in the world struggle.

The individual problem of the Caucasus was racial. Within the mountainous area of the country live the three jarring races

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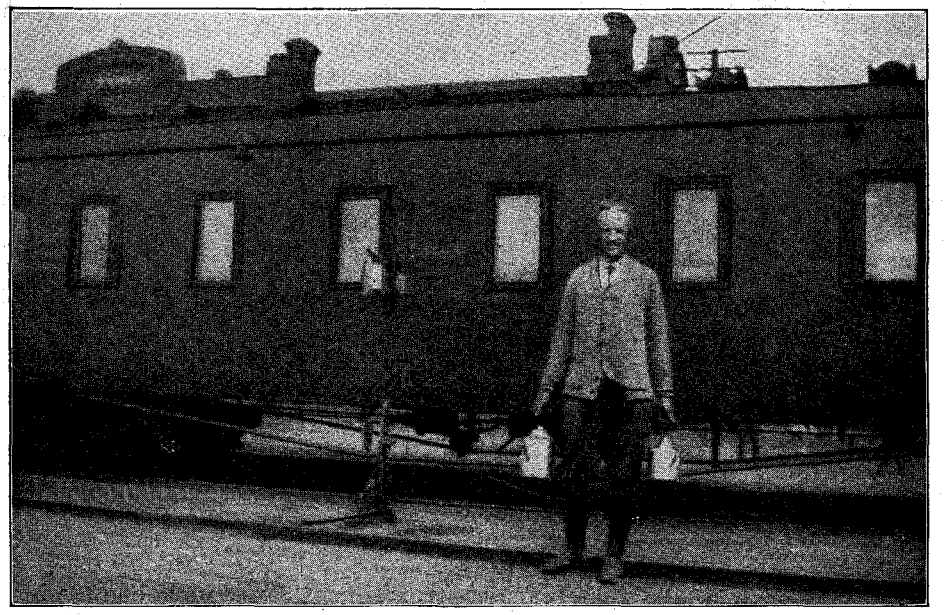
of Armenians and Georgians, both Christian, and the Tartar Mohammedans. Religious differences here immediately laid open a certainty of internal division, given the absence of any external force to regulate affairs; while the political jealousies between the two Christian peoples added a more petty, though very definite, likelihood of a lack of unity between Armenian and Georgian in face of the Tartar opposition to both. For all three races, at the time when the Russian troops withdrew themselves from the Persian and Turkish fronts, there arose a certainty of internal war to be complicated as certainly by the coming of the Turkish armies across the undefended fronts.

Now the pointing of this state of affairs was very clear to each of the peoples. While the Turks would come as a natural ally of their co-religionists and blood-relatives, the Tartars, the Armenians and Georgians would have to fall back upon their own resources. Left to themselves, therefore, the two Christian races would have been in such a position of difficulty that it is more than probable that the peace which the Russian Bolshiviki had made with the Turks on behalf of the Caucasus, in which the Turks received the fortress town of Kars and the Black Sea port of Batum, would have been accepted by them as the only possible guarantee for their own safety as Christian peoples.

But unhappily, for their undoing, this problem with which they were faced linked itself up at once with the larger aspect of things which belonged to the Great War. Possession of the Caucasus in the hands of a sympathetic Christian people meant everything to the Allies, especially Great Britain, for through the way of the Caucasian valleys lay an open road to Persia and India, which, once in the hands of the Turks, would give all the access needed by Germany for threatening the flank of the British operations in Mesopotamia and gaining opportunity to interfere with affairs in India. Moreover, the natural resources of Caucasia were in themselves of vast value to either side in the war. For the Allies therefore to have left the Caucasus to take care of itself was impossible from the first signs of the retreat of the Russian armies. In whatever could happen, following upon that retreat, without some sort of definite Allied interference, the country would fall



The writer collecting water for washing and cooking purposes at a wayside railway-station during his escape from the Caucasus.

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Armenian military display in Tiflis.

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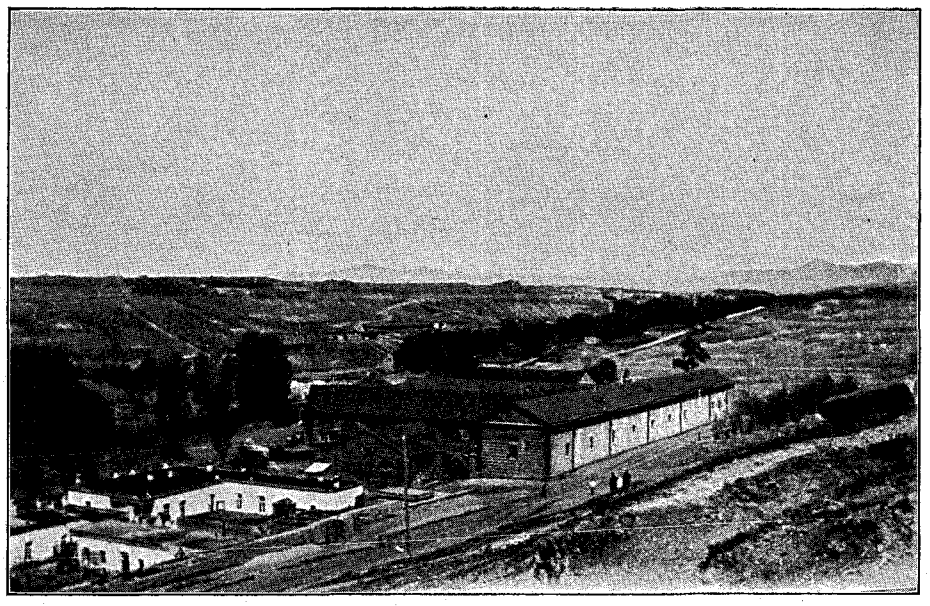

The arsenal at Alexandropol, beyond the trees.

into the hands of the Germans. It was quite certain that the Germans would have little care for the terms of their Russian compact of peace, and that with the Turks in possession of the treaty-given places of Kars and Batum, the Germans would utilize the country and its resources for their own particular benefit.

In this way the problem of the Armenians and Georgians, faced with their difficulty of opposing a combination of Turks and Tartars, became a problem as well for the Allies. The interest of the Allies necessitated an arming of the Armenians and the Georgians for a successful defense of the Caucasus, without and within, against any eventualities which could give the Germans access to the country. For the Armenians and Georgians any help which could strengthen them to meet the narrower problem of themselves against Tartars and Turks would be acceptable.

In the month of December, 1917, then, during the first beginnings of the Russian retreat from the Persian and Turkish fronts, representatives of the Allied nations were busy in Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, encouraging the Armenians and Georgians to arm for the purpose of taking the places of the retreating Russians on the two deserted fronts. Everything seemed at that time to be favoring a success to the movement. The vast stores of military materials which the Russians had collected in the Caucasian bases—ammunition, guns, clothing, food, horses, trains, everything, indeed, essential to such preparations—fell into the hands of the Armenians through their possession of the main town centres. Behind them stood the representatives of the Allies with advice and promises, so that there seemed to be no doubt at all that within the necessary time, of some two months, there would be both an army of these two Caucasian peoples ready, and money and leadership, which the Allies had given them the assurance of immediately sending, there at hand to consolidate a substantial opposition to any hopes the Turks might have of being able to advance and make the Caucasus their own.

In the month of January of this year the situation which, if it had been left alone by the Allies, might have been turning to the advantage of the Tartars and Turks, had thus taken a turn so much in the opposite direction that the Tartars' position was already becoming the one of difficulty and danger. For the Tartars within the Caucasus the rise of the Armenians to power meant a real national dan-

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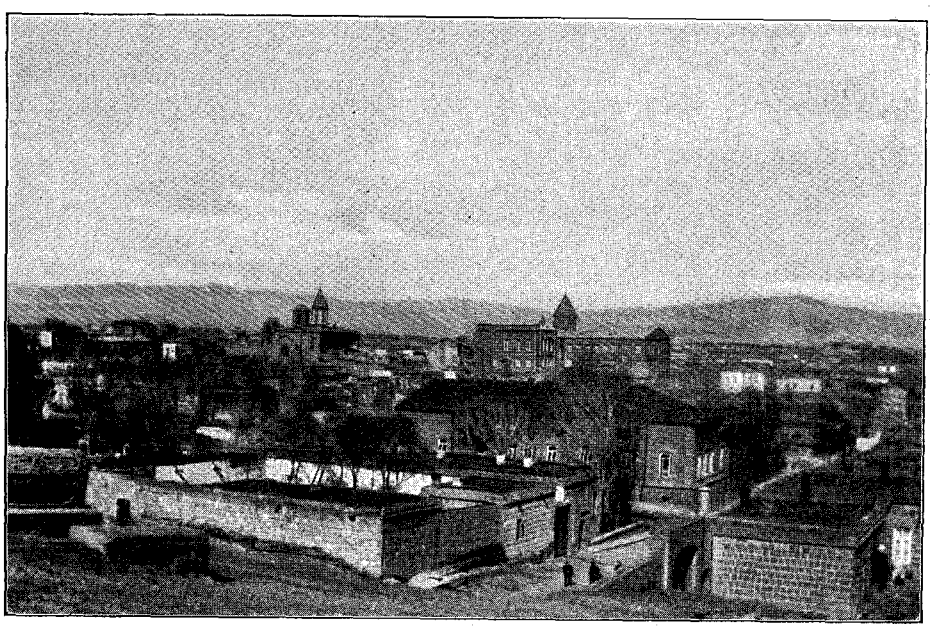
ger, for a natural hatred between these two peoples had been vastly enhanced during the recent years by the presence within the Caucasus of the remnants of the Turkey Armenians who, as refugees, were living evidence of the cruelties of the Mohammedans toward the Christians under them. No Tartar could miss the effect wrought by this wretched moiety of the Turkey Armenians upon their own neighbors, the Caucasian Armenians, and the possibility that the Caucasian Armenians would visit upon the Tartars a cruel revenge for the Turkish massacres was ever before their eyes. Not only so, but this rise of the Armenians, backed by the Allies, was too strikingly an attempt to cut off the Turks and Germans from a prize which they had calculated upon as falling easily into their own hands. It was something which both from the point of view of the Tartars and the wider point of view of the Central Powers must be immediately counteracted.

To meet, then, these wonderful—for wonderful in their rapidity and exhibition of patriotic zeal, on the part of the Armenians especially, they were—preparations of the Christian peoples under the guidance of the Allies, which seemed to promise a certain control of the situation, the Tartar leaders sought the readily given help of the Turkish and German agents who were already at hand and busy among the Tartar population. Money and arms were smuggled into the Caucasus throughout the months of January and February, and very soon the Tartars were ready for more open activity. That they were determined and able to make themselves a real power in opposition to the Armenian movement they proved suddenly in a most dramatic way. Seizing the railways along which the Russian soldiers were gradually making their exit from the Caucasus, they, toward the end of January, gained the upper hand in the conflicts which followed, and in a short time won possession of vast stores of military materials which these Russians were bearing back with them to Russia. The stroke was a master-stroke, for it not only gave them all they required of war equipment to meet the Armenian armings, but soon by their vigorous action they came to be possessed of the highways of communication which alone could give the Armenians connection with the outside world and access to the Persian front.

Toward the end of February there had thus grown to be in the Caucasus two considerable camps determinedly hostile



Town of Alexandropol, southern Caucasus.

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to each other, and each in varying degree dependent upon the help of external Powers. To the Christian nations had fallen the larger town centres in which lay the stores of the old Russian supplies, and in these they had created considerable armies of their own peoples under the direct encouragement of the military representatives of the Allies. To the Tartars in their turn had come, through their own bold action and assistance from the Turks and Germans, other vast sources of supplies and some considerable control over the highways upon which any successful defense of the Caucasus must inevitably depend. It will be seen thus that for the development of this situation in face of the now almost empty nature of the two fronts, and the certain approach of the Turkish forces toward the Caucasus, the deciding factor for the success of either party must rest with the external Powers which stood behind each of them. Should the Turks find no other opposition to their approach than the Armenians and Georgians congregated in the towns, with the Tartar forces harassing these Armenians and Georgians in the surrounding country and holding their lines of communication, then their successful progress would be assured. Should, however, the Allied Powers throw into the balance some substantial reinforcements, or even officer the dashing Armenian soldiery against the Turkish coming and against the Tartars, then almost as certainly the Turkish chance of gaining their Caucasian goal would be small indeed. Furthermore, any real success accomplished by the Allies with the Armenian and Georgian forces would not only put back the Turkish advance, but would almost certainly, by cutting off communication between the Turks and Tartars, result eventually in the driving back of the Turks and a flank support being given to the British on the road from Bagdad to Mosul.

The crisis in this situation came toward the end of the month of February. And this crisis led almost immediately to tragedy. The Allied nations failed in the support they had promised to the Armenians and Georgians. The promises of money and leadership given in December, and upon which all the preparations of the two Christian nations had been built up, and from which had grown such hopes and inspiration for these two peoples, never arrived. January went by, with all the local preparations rushing vigorously ahead; February came and went, with the continuation of these preparations in the face of rising difficulties. But throughout these two months not a coin came and not an officer appeared!

The absence and continuing absence of this external aid upon which all the hopes of the Armenians and Georgians had depended, while the Tartar preparations, obviously backed by the Turks and Germans, came more prominently into evidence as a considerable opposing force, led very soon to a breakdown of the consolidation of the Georgian and Armenian peoples. The jealousies which might have remained buried found their way to the top, and a fear of the greater power which naturally came to the larger population of Armenians, led the Georgians to look to the Tartars for some support. In this the German agents had their part, promising to the Georgians political rights as a nation should the Germans gain control of the Caucasus and the Turks become rulers of those portions which included the Tartars and Armenians. But almost certainly, even without this division in their ranks, the Armenians and Georgians alone would have found the opposition against them too great for their solitary powers. The rise of the Tartar strength and control of the internal communications within the Caucasus became more rapid so soon as it was evident that the Allies had failed to make use of the opportunity while it still remained to them to enter the Caucasus in support of their friends. Throughout the month of January the way *via* the Persian railway line, or through the northwest of Persia over the Caspian Sea to Baku, had remained clear for an approach of assistance. But when once the Tartars had armed themselves at the expense of the retreating Russians, and had come to a position of strength by which they were able to take control of the railways, these entrances were closed; and the later rising of the Azerbaijan of northwest Persia in sympathy with this Tartar success finally made any access to the Caucasus from without utterly impossible. When in the early days of March the be-

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lated hoped-for help attempted to get through from the Persian direction to join the Armenians in their city strongholds, these forces in Persia, with the Tartars' help, successfully drove them back. From that moment the fate of the Armenians and Georgians in their local danger was sealed and the chance of the Caucasus being held for the Allies made quite impossible.

The days of the month of March saw a rapid rushing on of the destined tragedy. Freed from any restraint by the knowledge that the Armenians were now deserted, the Tartars threw themselves with elated confidence upon the rear of all the Armenian forces within the Caucasus. They attacked the railways, swept across the plains destroying Armenian villages, ambushed parties of relief, disorganized all traffic, and in a few weeks had totally demoralized the Armenian forces from any possibility of making a strong defense against the approach of the Turkish army toward Erzeroom. By the third week in March Erzeroom had fallen. Within a few days the Turks drove the weakened Armenian soldiers from Sirekameech, the old frontier town between Russia and Turkey, along the line from Erzeroom to Kars and Alexandropol, and before the month was out had captured Kars. Meanwhile the Germans and Turks were descending upon Batum from the Black Sea, and soon carried all before them, after a mere rustle of opposition, so that in the month of April Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, was doomed. Only at one point in the Caucasus did events favor the Armenian cause. At Baku on the Caspian Sea, owing to a local alliance between the Armenians and the Russian Bolshiviki, a three days' battle in the first days of April saw the complete discomfiture of the Tartar forces in that city. It was the successful retention of this port by the Armenians and Russians which eventually made possible in the month of August the entry of the few British troops into the Caucasus at this point, and the partial control over the railway line running from the city toward Tiflis. But in so far as the immediate Caucasian situation was concerned, this April victory could have little effect upon the progress of the Germans toward Tiflis and the

Armenian soldiers guarding Tartar bazaar-stalls after a fight in Erevan.
These Tartars are collecting what was left of their property after the looting.

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Turks toward Alexandropol, for the Tartars still held control of all communications into the interior of the Caucasus.

Tiflis fell to the Germans in the month of May. Nothing was left to the Armenian Council in the city but to surrender. Rigorous conditions were given them. They were to evacuate the capital, and retire to the southern Caucasus, where the recognized Armenian religious and political centre of Etchmiadzin and the district round about was allowed them with a certain "independence." These terms, however, and even the idea of surrender and peace, found no support amongst the other Armenian army facing the Turks at Alexandropol. This Alexandropol army was composed of different materials from that of Tiflis. While the Tiflis Armenians were true Caucasians, and thus still nominally Russian subjects, those at Alexandropol were, on the other hand, almost entirely remnants of the Turkey Armenians, who as refugees from the Turkish massacres of two years before, had rallied to the call of their beloved leader, Aintranic, sworn to no alternatives but victory or death against their old masters, the Turks. Peace to these men meant but subjection once again to the devilish massacring Turks. When, however, the pressure of the Turks upon Alexandropol made any further defense of that city impossible, this Aintranic, taking full advantage of the Tiflis compact, moved with his army down to Etchmiadzin, and there continued to defy the Turkish arms.

Hence, as the year has moved on, this strange tragedy of the Caucasus has continued its course. At Baku, the gateway to the northern Caucasus, a few British troops have arrived to strengthen the Armenians and Russians still defending the city against the German-led Tartars. At Etchmiadzin, in the southern Caucasus, are the Caucasian Armenians, nominally at peace with the Germans and Turks, exercising some petty show of independence within a small and insufficient district. Beside these latter, and even amongst them, are their brothers, the Armenians of Turkey. These, however, have recognized no peace, are yet under arms fighting both Turks and Tartars; and believing still in the coming of the long-promised support from the Allied Powers, have gradually been pushing down the railway eastward toward the Persian frontier, where are situated the largest food-supplies of the Caucasus in Tartar hands, and where any movements of relief through the way of western Persia will the more easily be able to reach them.

OCTOBER SONG

By Arthur Davison Ficke

THE crickets sing
As though summer still were near.
But her retreating footsteps
Afar I hear—

And coming footsteps
Of the solemn fall
That soon shall silence
All.

Now on the borders
Of the doubtful time
Still let the voices
Of summery rhyme

Sing in the silence
Of the advancing fall
Before its slow shadows
Cover all.

Sing! of the sweetness
Of the honeyed days—
Loosed be all voices
In a golden praise

Of the gone season,
Of the flowers that fall,
Of the hush that sepulchres
All.

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BETWEEN THE TREATY PORTS

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

I NEVER see my waitress spreading the embroidered cloth I bought in Hong-Kong but the whole occurrence comes back to me, together with the remembrance of the sights and sounds of that hot May day.

The table-cloth—folded into a neat bundle—was under my arm as I stepped from the cool embroidery-shop into the blinding glare of Queen's Road. My head ached and I would never have joined the crowd gathered about some itinerant jugglers if it had not been for a charmingly dressed woman, accompanied by a Chinese servant, who stood watching them.

After fifteen months of following my husband's ship up and down the Asiatic station, my wardrobe had reached the state where it was wise, when possible, to ignore it; and the sight of such a dress as that woman wore was, at first, more of an attraction than the juggling. And, upon closer inspection, I decided that she justified the gown, for she was very lovely.

She hesitated, then smiling back at me motioned toward the jugglers. "The cleverest I've ever seen—they're really worth watching," she said.

They were. Soon I was completely engrossed by their remarkable achievements.

A rose-tree sprouted, grew, and blossomed in the middle of the street. A stork emerged from an egg, flourished, and flew away. The basket trick held us—loitering ricksha coolies, Englishmen, Chinese gentlemen, and a few women—absorbed in the glaring noonday sunshine, while my new acquaintance and I admired and wondered and her Chinese servant watched us with black, unblinking eyes.

There came a pause. The older juggler passed a small basket among his audience and, dissatisfied, handed it round a second time. The money was counted and divided.

I remembered my headache and thought of the cool hotel. "They seem to have finished," I said.

"No," she answered, "I rather think the best is coming. They're passing that basket again! I'll give them enough to hurry them."

She dropped a bill into the juggler's hand, and spoke sharply to him in Chinese.

"How splendid to be able to speak this difficult language!" I said admiringly.

She smiled. "It's easy to pick up—when you don't hear anything else for months at a time," she answered, and added: "You're an American, aren't you?"

I nodded.

"I haven't spoken to an American woman in years," she commented, and to my exclamation, "But you're an American, too!" she gave an unwilling "Yes."

"Look!" she cried hastily; "I thought so! They are going to do the rope trick."

I gasped. Already the two men were above our heads, climbing, hand over hand, up the rope that they had thrown into the air where, straight and taut, it stretched above them. Steadily they ascended, their arms and legs moving with automatic regularity; soon they were noticeably smaller, as on and on they went, up and up, higher and higher, then paused and stopped.

Far above us they hung motionless for a perceptible time, looking down with unwavering scrutiny on the crowd below; then upward again, until they dwindled to tiny dots—and disappeared.

I moved my head stiffly about to ease the cramp in my neck.

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"I can hear myself trying to explain this," I commented. "Every one will say that we were hypnotized. I've heard of this trick and how a photograph only shows a blank place where the jugglers should be."

"Can a hypnotized person take reliable photographs?" she asked, and turned to the servant. "You hypnotized, Et-san?" she questioned.

The servant shook her head, her eyes on my face.

"I wonder—*what they saw*—when they stopped and looked back," mused the mistress.

"Maybe they were wondering if we had enough money left to make a return trip profitable," I ventured flippantly.

She did not seem to hear me.

"I've often thought—how fine it would be—to get high enough above the fret and muddle of every-day living—and see what really is large," said the woman, while bitterness grew in her quiet voice.

The crowd had melted away; we stood alone beside the narrow street, and I was conscious that looking up toward the sun was not a cure for headache. The hotel seemed far away.

"I must go," I said, motioning to a ricksha coolie. "I'll see you again," I called back.

She smiled and nodded. Then, to my amazement, the Chinese servant spoke.

"Ye-es. Ple-ase! Goo-by," she cried, as I rode away.

Late that afternoon I, half-awakened from the deep sleep induced by the remedies that had routed my headache, lay stupidly listening to a partially comprehended murmur of voices from the screened porch almost outside my window; the big suite, next to my room, had evidently just been taken.

A woman's voice sounded. "I've gone over and over this, Jim," she said with a tired sigh. "You know that I love you, and that this separation will be almost more than I can bear. I dare not *think* of the days ahead for *fear* I won't have the courage to let you go. But you've been out here for two years, seeing nothing but frumpy women—of course, I seem attractive compared with them!

"Things in England may have changed—go home and see! If, after you've seen, you cable for me, I'll go to you—the happiest woman in the world. But I don't want happiness that doesn't belong to me fairly."

She paused; and, as no answer came, went on.

"I believe you love me, and that our separation will be a short one," she said gently; "but when you tell me that we can be married in Yokohama, and that no one in England will ever question who I was—if I hail from a remote enough place in America—I know better and so do you!

"Some one from San Francisco would meet me again. First, there would be a whisper; then people would stop seeing us and asking us to parties, and would forget to call. Then, if we stood our punishment meekly for two or three years, and behaved in a chastened way, your relatives would invite us to small dinners with carefully selected guests who 'wouldn't mind meeting us'!

"Could you stand those probationary years—alone with me?

"You've never been cut or had to take second place—and you'd hate and resent it. I *want* to trust you, Jim, but I know how changeable you are!

"At first you'd be defiant and independent—but after a while you'd begin to think that all your life—the things you have longed for during your stay out here—was spoiled because of me. And when people asked you, without me, you'd go!

"You needn't get angry. You have too much money—too great a position—for women not to run after you. The world is full of women who are fearfully agile in a case like *ours*."

A man's voice, sharp with exasperation, answered: "By Jove! if any one had told me that I'd not only ask, but beg, a woman to marry me—a woman who had—a woman I didn't have to—well! a woman who lived by her wits in a Chinese city, I'd jolly well have smashed their head," he said. "Here I offer you everything. I care enough for you that I *can't help* offering them. What do you want, anyhow?

"You'd love the English places, Maizie! Big houses, sloping lawns, great

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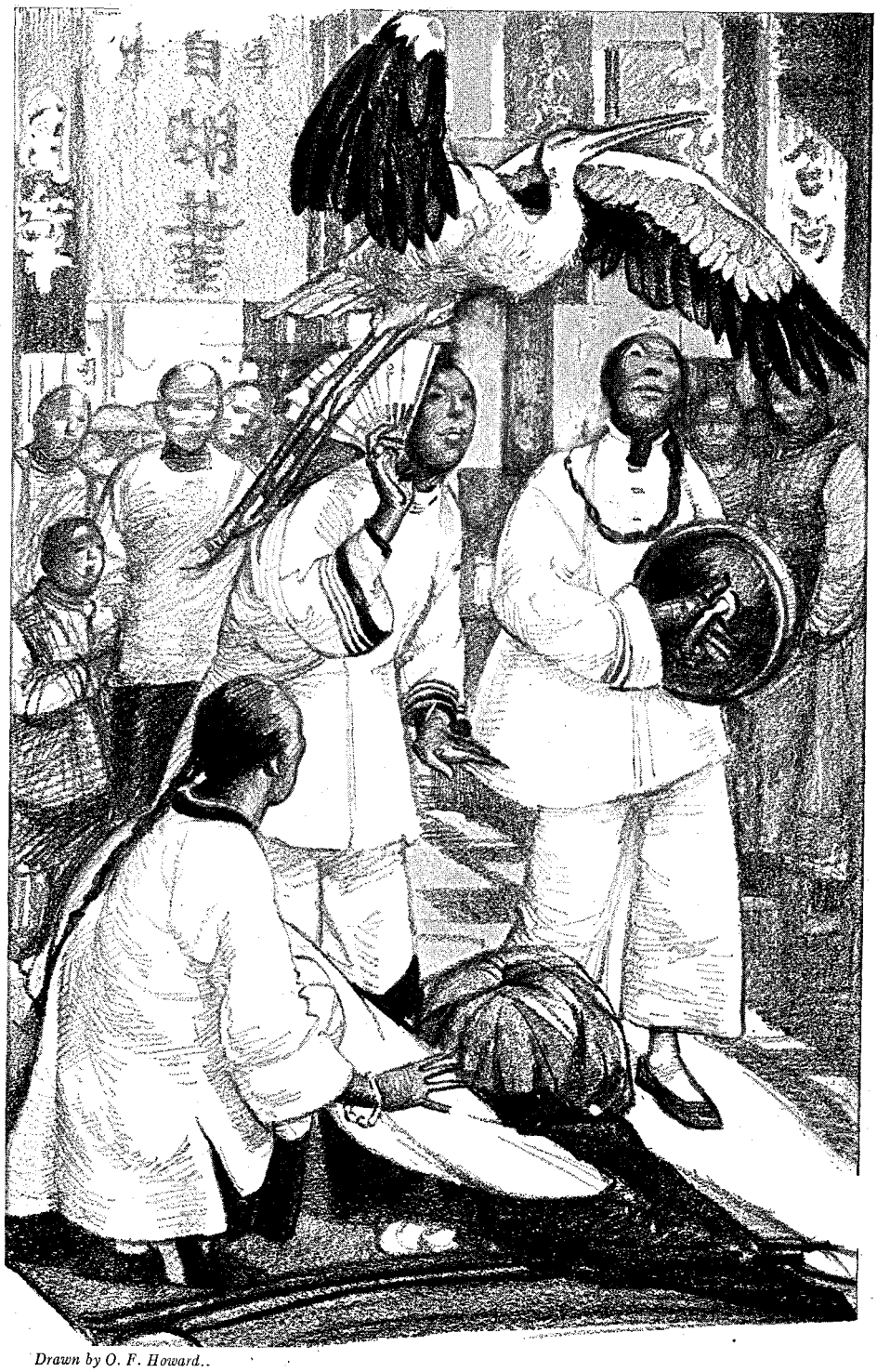

Drawn by O. F. Howard..

A stork emerged from an egg, flourished, and flew away.—Page 569.

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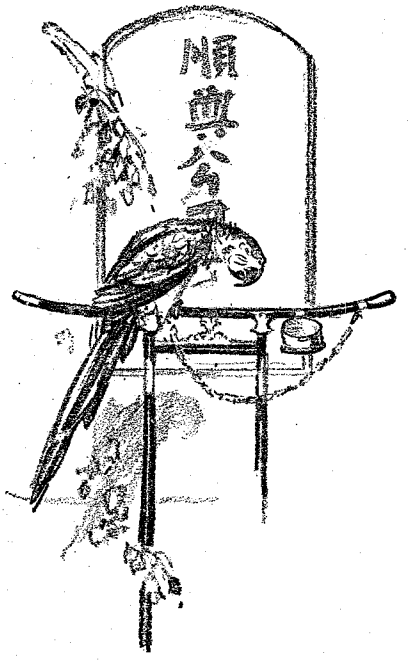
trees, and the old flower-gardens—a blaze of color against the walls and hedges."

She interrupted him sharply.

"Yes, and when our great-grandson showed visitors around the picture-gallery he'd get them past my portrait as quickly as possible! Can't you *see* him?" Her voice rose. "I won't spoil your beautiful future, Jim! I can bear staying here



From his perch by the steps a gaudy tethered macaw blinked solemnly in the heavy sunshine.—Page 574.

until you really know your mind; but if I went with you now, and you tired of me, and filled your life with things that left me out, and stopped caring for me——"

His voice was sulky. "I won't admit that I could stop caring for you. I've tried hard enough! For days after you told me that you'd lived with a Chinaman—I swore I'd never see you again. But I can't help myself—and if I should? You'd have three topping houses, and position and money——"

"My house and position here suit me," said the woman dryly. "As for money—I have more than I can possibly spend. Look at my pearls—these are only part of them! My clothes come from Paris; my bronzes, paintings and porcelains are finer than the viceroy's; and the money that bought them I made by my own efforts."

"Yes—but how?" he muttered.

"Honestly!" she answered with sharp defiance. "No one has ever tried to say that I wasn't honest. And I can't begin to spend all I earn—it *rolls* in!"

"You talk like an idiot," said the man roughly. "Either you can't or won't understand what I'm offering you. If I'm willing to take my chances with the future, you ought to be."

His voice changed. "Be reasonable, Maizie! I can't understand you, but I know that you're too fine to be hurt by apparent circumstances here. I love you because of qualities I realize you have—and can't describe. If you only knew how I've pictured you in my house—and coming along the garden walks. I'm thankful that my term of duty here is over so that I can take you away."

There was a sound of muffled sobbing.

"Don't cry, Maizie. This time tomorrow we'll have sailed. Et-san can send your things after you. We'll wait for them in Japan and go home by the Trans-Siberian," he said.

"No," answered the woman unevenly; "don't try to make me change my mind. But if you send for me I'll come."

"You'll never get the chance," said the man with grim emphasis. "Why do you want to stay behind? Is there some one else here? I might have guessed it!" he added with sudden suspicion.

She answered with spirit, "You know that's not true!" while exasperation grew in her voice. "*Can't* you understand what I'm trying to save you from? Go back among your own people—your mother, your sisters—get a perspective on me, on my life; then, if you still love me, say so."

The man's voice was ugly with jealousy.

"Of course there's some one else! I've been a fool," he said.

"Don't, Jim," pleaded the woman. "I'm trying to do right by you—to the best of my judgment—" Her voice broke in a sob. "If I only *knew!* To-day on

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Queen's Road I saw some jugglers do the rope trick. When they were high in the air they stopped and looked back at us, and I wished with all my heart that I could get far enough away from the muddle of my life to see what is *really* large. I've made so many mistakes. I've been so bitterly unhappy. Your

"She sat at one end of that—a revolver in reach of each hand! When any one tried to cheat or argue—!"—Page 576.

home, the peace and security of the life you offer me, seem like heaven! But they must be heaven for you, too. I must be sure! *What was that?*" she whispered.

"Some one in the next room," answered the man coldly, as I, aghast at my eavesdropping, hastily pulled down the window.

The Asiatic squadron cruised unapproachably along the Korean coast that summer, while I, not being able to follow them, spent the hot weather in the mountains of Japan. October found me in Hong-Kong again—en route for the Philippines, where the battle-cruisers were already engaged in the autumn target-practice.

"There won't be a passenger-steamer to Manila for six days," the agent told me, and, the thirst for Oriental sight-seeing still waxing strong, I left directions for my mail to be forwarded in care of the American consul and went up the river to "see Canton."

"What are the most typical Chinese sights?" I asked the consul when I went for my letters.

He suggested various temples and the nine-storied pagoda.

"This *isn't* my first native city. I spent last spring in the Yangtse valley," I reminded him.

"The feather-jewelry makers," volunteered the consul, mentally searching for novelties.

"I want to see a collection of porcelains, or an old garden, or an official's yamen," I admitted modestly.

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The consul ran his hand through his hair. "The sophisticated tourist—heaven help me!" he said, and hesitated. "I don't know why not—now," he mused.

"How would you like to see an A-number-one gambling-house—that is a palace?" he asked.

"Why—yes," I agreed, without enthusiasm.

The consul was nettled. "Hundreds of people would jump at the chance," he said shortly. "If you had come a month earlier—or later—you couldn't get in for love or money, and neither could I! No foreigner was welcome, but Americans were absolutely debarred. There's been a murder there; I have to go officially to inventory some things and to question the servants again."

"Why didn't they want Americans?" I asked with resentment.

The consul shook his head. "I never knew," he said. "I tried going there when I first came here—took a party of tourists one afternoon—Americans of importance they were. Well, say! It wasn't necessary to *order* us out; those people fairly fell over each other getting away, and the principal tourist said he wouldn't have gone for a thousand dollars—if he'd known! He seemed pretty upset and inclined to be snappy," commented the consul.

"Didn't you tell them that they were going to a gambling-house? Perhaps it recalled unpleasant experiences at home; I've read of several voluntarily nomadic careers caused by the investigators," I said, smothering a yawn.

"Maybe so," ruminated the consul dubiously.

"Anyhow, unless I can get a clew or pick a flaw in one of the servant's stories, I'll have to turn the place over to the old woman mentioned in the will. The interpreter and I are going there now; you can come if you like. The place is worth seeing," added the consul.

Conversation between ricksha passengers in a crowded Chinese city is impossible, so I succumbed uninterruptedly to the fascinations of color, outline, and sound as we jogged along the narrow streets with their enticing open shops and swinging, vivid, scarlet and gold signboards, or passed the incense-haunted stones of temple compounds, over which the great bell's reverberations echoed ceaselessly; but I evidently showed my disappointment when we drew up before a narrow door in the long blank wall.

The consul laughed. "Don't judge a Chinese palace by the hole that you get into it by," he advised, and knocked with vigor.

The gate opened silently and closed with uncanny quickness behind us. Ahead a white, marble-paved courtyard ended in the vermilion lacquer of a great door. Above rose a confusion of massive, curving eaves, on which bronze dragons writhed and twisted. Only the shrieks of coolies and venders in the street outside echoed across the brooding stillness and stirred the glossy leaves of the tall, blossoming gardenia hedges, while from his perch by the steps a gaudy tethered macaw blinked solemnly in the heavy sunshine.

"Oh!" I cried with fervor. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

The lacquered door swung ponderously back; several servants appeared. We went down a wide hallway paved with marble to where a heavy carved screen shielded a doorway. The consul spoke to an official stationed there and beckoned us into the great apartment beyond.

"Allee same-ee gammel-ing-room," announced the interpreter.

"How beautiful!" I cried with enthusiasm.

The room was panelled in soft fawn-colored wood that shone like dull velvet between brocade-mounted paintings by masters of the T'ang and Sung dynasties. Bronze incense-burners and sacrificial wine-jugs alternated with monochrome bowls on the old lacquered chests and cabinets. Long strips of mellow embroideries framed the windows and repeated the color of the great sheaves of lemon lilies and feathery eremurus massed in high jars on the wide sills. Only the long, bare teakwood table made a discordant note.

The consul nodded. "You'd know that a person who could own and run a place like this would be a mark for some one! One of the servants must have done it, but I can't catch them in a single

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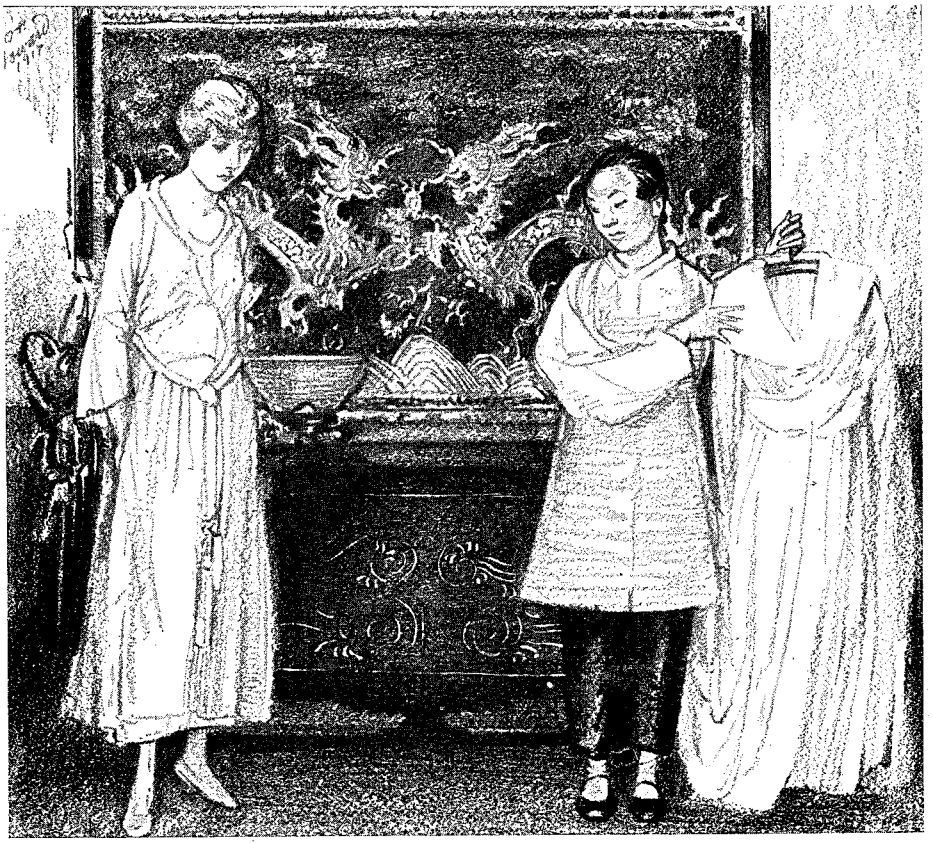
misstatement. The interpreter will question them again to-day. And we have to verify the list of these antiques—they are willed to a man in England. Do you want to walk through the place while we are busy? And if you see an old Chinese woman servant ask her a few questions. She's the one to whom the place is left—



For the first time in my life . . . I have more money than I can use. . . . Et-san lectures daily on my need of new dresses.—Page 578.

and I think she's the guilty person! She looks it—but sticks to her story," complained the consul.

I hesitated. "You spoke of a murder. Where is the—body?" I asked.

"Buried—two weeks ago," stated the consul, and turned to the interpreter.

Like all old Chinese palaces this was on one floor; behind the large room smaller rooms, furnished with magnificent antiques, large bare tables, and heavy chairs, opened on a long, wide hall that ended at a massive door hinged and studded with copper. It was locked.

I knocked, waited, and knocked again, feeling all the time that some one, unseen, was watching me. Then came a little sharp whisper of surprise and the sound of a heavy bolt being slipped back. The door opened and a Chinese woman stood against the light from windows beyond.

I felt abashed and apologetic. "I'm so interested—may I see these rooms?" I faltered.

The woman nodded, and stood aside to let me through the nearest door into a small library furnished with simple chintz-covered furniture. Around the walls the book-filled shelves rose to the ceiling, and the overflow was piled on desk and tables. Psychologists, philoso-

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phers, realists—peopling an entire world of books. *And all in English!*

The dining-room came next; then a tiny bedroom, bare as a cell, with its clean, painted walls and floor.

The Chinese woman had followed me and, as I looked up from the puzzling effort of forming a mental picture of the dead owner of this amazing house, I found her black, unwavering eyes fixed on my face.

Where had I seen her before?

As if in reply to my unspoken question she opened the door of a closet behind her and beckoned to me. I followed her, and there, first in the orderly row of garments, hung the lovely, unforgotten gray dress of my admiration on that May day in Hong-Kong!

"Why, yes!" I cried. "And you—your name is Et-san! I remember, because it was the first Chinese woman's name that I had ever heard! And your mistress—where is she?"

For answer she hid her face against her arm, while the difficult tears of an unweeping race stained the sleeve of her blue linen coat.

The consul's voice sounded in the distance.

"There really isn't much that *I* can do," he complained in loud discontent.

Quickly the Chinese woman lowered her arm and, turning, opened a narrow drawer. From beneath the neat piles of gloves she took a small book, bound in limp leather, and put it into my hand.

"You take—keep—allee time," she whispered. "My missee—talk and laugh—*with you!* Very lone-lee and sad—my missee. You keep!"

The book was under my arm when the consul came into the room and glanced at the open door.

"Now isn't that like a woman! Comes to see a Chinese palace and ends up at a closet full of French dresses," he said with disgust, and turned to the woman.

"I'll never believe you hadn't a hand in this murder—but I can't prove it," he said severely.

She did not answer.

"I suppose the steward and you will try to go on running this establishment—juggle it around between you?" asked the consul.

She gave me a startled glance. "I—no can—juggle," she answered sharply. Then, as we turned and passed out, she bowed, her eyes, heavy with tears, fixed on my face. "Goo-by," said Et-san, with a little sob.

Hardly waiting for the door to be closed behind us, I faced the consul and voiced my bewilderment.

"You said that this was a Chinese gambling-house—what is the American woman who wears those dresses doing here?" I demanded.

The consul seemed surprised. "*Doing here?* Nothing—at present!" he answered with dry emphasis. "When she *was here* she ran this gambling-house," he added.

I caught my breath. "'*Was here*'? What do you mean?" I asked sharply.

"She's dead—murdered, *I* think," answered the consul.

"But how did she get here?" I questioned abruptly.

We had reached the door of the large gambling-room and stood looking in. The heavy scent of the lilies blended suddenly with the waves of noise from the street outside, and the consul raised his voice to answer.

"She came here, eight or ten years ago, with a rich old Chinaman who had made his pile in San Francisco. He left her this place when he died," said the consul with a reminiscent attention to details. "She was the prettiest woman I have ever seen—but hard as iron and cold as a stone! I tried once to ask her a few friendly, personal questions. She never answered; just looked at me and, after I'd repeated the questions a couple of times, I realized that she wanted me to mind my own business," asserted the consul with grieved amazement.

"But a young American woman! How *could* she run this gambling-house alone?" I cried.

The consul pointed toward the long table. "She sat at one end of that—a revolver in reach of each hand! When any one tried to cheat or argue—! Only rich Chinese were admitted. Of course I don't approve of gambling," said the consul virtuously, "but if an American is going to do a thing I like it done like this!"

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"Why do you think she was murdered by the servants?" I asked, remembering Et-san's mute misery.

The consul was instantly belligerent. "She was shot with one of her own gambling-table revolvers," he said. "The servants say it was still in her hand when they found her. But she came to me a while ago about her will—left everything to that servant you were talking to! You'll never get me to believe that the old woman didn't know that she'd profit by getting her mistress out of the way," asserted the consul with irritable emphasis as he made for the door.

In the courtyard the interpreter stopped us. "Mail come—England side. One piece—for dead missee," he said, holding up a letter with a London postmark and the address "United Service Club" on opposite corners.

The consul glanced at it. "Take that to the British consul and have him return it to the sender," he ordered.

But he did not notice the little book held close under my arm because, as we went through the narrow entrance, we found the street blocked by a dense crowd, and the consul, returning from a protracted view of the cause of the congestion, urged me to stop and watch the performance.

"Some wandering jugglers—the best I've ever seen! You shouldn't miss them," he declared with enthusiasm. But I, pleading a proclivity for headache, refused, and left him standing enthralled, while above his head the jugglers, hand over hand, started on the initial stage of their unexplainable achievement—the rope trick.

I have it yet—the little book, holding on its small pages the records of quaint, preposterous transactions—procedures filled with so guileful an ingenuousness that they leave you divided between amazement and amusement. Business transactions; itemized lists of bribery and "squeeze" moneys paid to the dignitaries of the district—all the great names of the province flaunted across the narrow pages.

And also, in scattered, isolated paragraphs, it holds the meagre history of a soul's growth from the days when comfort and leisure were sufficient to the hour when, through suffering, her dazed mind came at last face to face with its ordeal and cowered unreasoningly before the engulfing loneliness of the years—that stretched ahead.

The first entry was made seven years ago.

"April, 1910.

"Cheong-li died to-day.

"How curious it is that what seemed the final step of my downfall is to end in wealth, leisure, and independence! I am to take over, and run, this gambling-house for myself. Cheong-li secured it to me months ago. I am unspeakably grateful to him.

"I am ordering books, and books, and books!"

"January, 1911.

"I wonder if my mother ever thinks of me? My cheap, silly mother! All my life, as a child, was spent with servants, while my mother went from luncheons to bridge parties, from dinners to the theatre. Anything—anywhere—that could keep her from her real duties at home, and stand between her and one moment of honest self-communion; and always bills—and lack of money.

"Only when I—a young, inexperienced girl—attracted the admiration of a man who was entirely unsuitable in every way but a financial one, did she ever show any interest in me.

"And after the inevitable crash I never thought of appealing to her. How could I *expect* her to understand my running away from a man who could provide me with automobiles and money to spend on all sorts of amusements? How preposterous she must have considered me in objecting to *his* diversions when *I* was so amply provided for!"

"December, 1912.

"The Viceroy entertained a party here last evening. I was notified that he would honor my establishment and a room was made ready. The Viceroy's losings were small; but his friends, among them, parted with three thousand taels.

"Early this morning a coolie came, bringing a carefully worded message which, when deciphered by my steward, disclosed the Viceroy's unabashed re-

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quest for the money his friends had 'accidentally left behind.'

"Added to this my diplomatic steward advised me to contribute an extra thousand as a mark of appreciation for the honor shown me by his excellency.

"And yet they say China is carelessly governed! I am glad that there is only one Viceroy allowed to each province."

"May, 1913.

"The steward was right. What might have been a serious blow to us was averted by the Viceroy's intervention.

. . . . . .

"It is pleasant to feel that when you shut a door no one *has a right* to open it.

"But why is it that success is so disappointing? For the first time in my life I can do as I like; I have hundreds of books; more money than I can use. And now I find it tiresome to read or spend! Et-san lectures daily on my need of new dresses."

"February, 1914.

"Books are cheerless things; when I read I am increasingly disillusioned. All of them tell you of mistakes and their bitter aftermath—but *not* of a better ordering of life and the avoidance of errors.

"And for life's achievement I find in them but two ideals: The dash for the open sea—The Great Adventure! Or the peace of a landlocked harbor.

"I will not have either."

"November, 1914.

"I have never known affection; it must be a warm and comforting thing to gather close to you. The shadow of a great rock——

"I have only known love."

"November, 1914.

"Was it even *love* that I knew?"

"May, 1915.

"Without asking permission that blundering American consul brought a crowd of tourists here to-day; it was in the afternoon and the unsuspecting gate-coolie let them in. My ex-husband and his newest wife were in the party and their embarrassment was diverting; but such a thing must not happen again."

"June, 1915.

"If I could live my life over I would not leave my husband. Youth finds unfaithfulness and disillusion intolerable—while experience is only amazed that it could be deceived again—and laughs at its own credulity."

"July, 1915.

"All life—excepting that of civilized man and a few animals temporarily domesticated for his use—ends in tragedy. The day that the most ferocious lion passes the zenith of his strength he goes down before some stronger animal; the lack of humanity with which a savage treats a wounded or stricken comrade has always been a matter for criticism among observant travellers.

"Outside of civilization nothing dies a natural death.

"But who is wise enough to know just where civilization begins—and ends?"

"November, 1915.

"Englishmen are, of all men, the most amused, interested, and attracted by that quality in a woman which they call pluck.

"My running this gambling-house has struck one of them as an amazingly sporting proposition."

"April, 1916.

"Never before has it been as lovely here as it is this spring. I neither read nor write."

"June, 1916.

"Jim sailed for England yesterday."

"July, 1916.

"I've been fretting because I am idle. To-day I arranged with workmen for designs for a large wing. I ordered some dresses from Paris—saw an old painting that Huang has for sale."

"July, 1916.

"Of all cheats love is the worst! *What is it?* Can you see, or touch, or hear it? And the pitiful, futile gains of love, what are they? The intonation of a voice—a smile—a whispered word! For these *veriest* trifles we forget all else, to gather, as a reward for our pursuit, a dull ache of heart and mind—and nothing else!"

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"August, 1916.

"*I did* expect you to write—but the mails have come in from Shanghai, Kobe, Yokohama, Darien, and London—many times. I know, now, that I never expected you to take me at my word. I overestimated my power over you by immeasurable miles.

"Knowing you as I did, Jim, I am infuriated that I cannot rid myself of this degrading sense of loss. Already, no doubt, you are wondering at your amazing recklessness, and thanking your patron saint that I hadn't sense enough to take advantage of my opportunities.

"Truly—a man loses his idea of proportion in the Orient—is it not so, Jim?

. . . . . .

"How pleasant a belief in idols must be! One could beat their fists against the pedestals of bronze or stone or lacquer gods and be greatly comforted thereby!

"I know that the ruin of my life is of my own making—and I can neither implore—nor blame.

. . . . . .

"Did you ever picture to yourself my life here, Jim? Even with high walls, I can never forget that I am in the centre of a Chinese city, and the noise of it beats like a monstrous pulse through all the hours of my day. Sometimes it is the shrieks of venders—the shrill command of a mandarin's bearers and coolies clearing the way before his chair—the wail of hired mourners in a funeral procession—the hopeless call of men staggering under crushing loads; and above it all the echoing boom of the temple-bell, and the clanging crash of the priest's cymbals—shattering the heavy air like splintering glass——

"At night—before me, around me—the monotony of clicking dice—the hideous wasp-like whirring of the wheel——

"*I am so tired.* I long for deep quiet—and never find it. *How* can I bear the long years—that stretch ahead?"

. . . . . .

"August, 1916.

"You will never know how near to yielding I was, when you spoke of your English gardens! Only by pulling you away from the subject could I go on.

"I can see them now! Daffodils and hyacinth, lilacs and iris—yellow and purple against the old gray walls. Shady rock-gardens, with maidenhair ferns; hovering butterflies and blue larkspur; darting dragon-flies; the drowsy hum of bees; the cold, sweet fragrance of Madonna lilies, ghostlike in the moonlight; the white sweep of rain scattering the roses. And larks—singing of endless summers—for how are they to guess that summer is soon over?

"I never wanted your houses or money—but most deeply I longed for your gardens."

"August, 1916.

"Why, if money is so easily plentiful to me, do I not buy and enjoy an English garden?

"Because, even to myself, I am a liar!

"The flowers would be just a background *for you;* the old walks a pathway bringing you back to me. I am *hungry* for the sight of your face and the sound of your voice."

"September, 1916.

"Poor old Et-san cannot understand why I spend no more week-ends in Hong-Kong. She assures me that the steward manages well in my absence, and tries to bribe me by promises of chance meetings with a pleasant American woman I talked with. And in the back of her stumbling, devious mind Et-san blames the change to the machinations of some jugglers we saw—that day.

. . . . . .

"The Chinese are the greatest gamblers in the world; but when Cheong-li and I started this place I made the rigid law that no one should be allowed to play who could not afford to lose. And I really believed that such a rule could be applied and enforced!

"Now I look with sick distaste at my paintings, my clothes, and my books. They are *mine*—but at what cost to some spendthrift who, perhaps, stumbled blindly through my door—into the night."

"September, 1916.

"At dawn this morning, when the last table was cleared and I had dragged my-

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self to my room, I sat by the window and watched the light slowly grow in the sky behind the hillside pagoda—and realized quite suddenly and clearly that I need not go any farther.

"How stupid—how unbelievably stupid I have been, not to know—that I need not suffer, or go groping on——

"Every night, I have sat with the keys to my deliverance at my hand—and never noticed! It is too funny!

"I laughed—until Et-san awakened, and scurried in to look at me."

"September, 1916.

"I have put my house in order to-day, with the making of my will; but I cannot think of any way by which I could give people back their money. Perhaps the bitterest thought connected with such money is that—I do not know whom I may have taken it from."

"October, 1916.

"I wonder if any one else facing their last day of life was ever as ludicrous as I?

"To the end I am a predestined daughter of havoc, and this day, which should be given up to great deeds and thoughts, is sliding by, punctuated by the usual small annoyances. Et-san—poor old soul—irritates me by hovering about. And never before have the street venders shrieked so unceasingly—or the scent of the gardenias seemed so deadly sweet——

. . . . . .

"I have juggled with life and happiness—and lost. When the game is over who cares to sit and look at the clean-swept table?

. . . . . .

"Will it be cold? Will I suffer? Can I look back? I should like it to be very still, and then—*never any more* to think or feel."

This was the last entry.

And so, when I see my waitress spread the embroidered table-cloth, I find myself remembering that hot day in Hong-Kong and the jugglers who looked back.

"It oughtn't to be possible for folks who have brains to waste their lives on things like this—to be used so commonlike—" says Janet, with grim, Scotch-Presbyterian disapproval, as she smoothes the cloth into place.

"Maybe they are forced to—by circumstances," I suggest.

But Janet, with a snort of righteous unbelief, relegates circumstances to the increas ngly large company of conditions about which she has no curiosity.

I am not so sensible. I shall always wonder *—what was in that letter the consul sent back?*

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THE REGULATION OF FOOD PRICES

By John Lambert Payne

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THERE are many angles from which the food problem may properly be viewed; but, in the final focus, it is reduced in very large measure to an issue between producer and consumer. All considerations are practically comprehended within that aspect of the matter. The community at large is sharply divided into these two classes—producers of food and consumers of food—and it has always seemed to me there would not be any problem, nor need of special and elaborate measures looking to regulation, if these two classes could get together. Having got together, they would at once realize that their interests were mutual. They would, by the impulse of common sense, agree to co-operate and to treat each other in a fair, friendly, give-and-take spirit, which is the supreme lubricant of life.

Left to themselves, they would probably come together upon a sound and satisfactory basis of exchange. What would be that basis? Leaving aside the details, which would readily be adjusted between friends recognizing mutuality of interest, it would inevitably be this: that the consumer should pay to the producer the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. There might be a conflict of judgment as to the actual cost of production, and there might also arise a dispute as to what should be regarded as a reasonable profit; but if these two classes met in the proper disposition, each earnestly trying to be just to the other, there is no reason in the world why they should not come to a working agreement of the character indicated.

Producers and consumers, however, do not get together. They have not met since the primitive days when the words "market" and "barter" had a definite and local meaning. Between them, holding them so far apart that they to-day represent two distinct spheres of human activity and interest, are the numerous agencies of distribution and all the complex machinery necessary for the operation of those agencies. Within the boundaries of operation by these agencies this whole problem with respect to food prices has arisen. This is not written in a spirit of reproach. Middlemen are indispensable. They render a useful and essential service. But we shall always flounder in a morass of mistakes in discussing the so-called law of supply and demand, unless we clearly see that human beings like ourselves make market prices, impelled always by the desire to gain. It is my life-work to analyze the problems of transportation, and for a long time I held to the notion that a freight rate was fixed on scientific principles of accounting. I now know that it turns wholly on what the traffic will bear. The same crude and unscientific law regulates—in so far as there is even the suspicion of regulation—the fixing of food prices. It is an error to assume that the relationship of supply to demand is studied by those who control the channels and agencies of distribution for the purpose of starting in motion those forces which are believed to fix, automatically and inexorably, the market charges for necessaries of life. The measurement of supply is merely a part of the process by which the probability of profits is gauged; and, of course, the primary producer and the ultimate consumer, both of whom are vitally concerned, have practically no voice at all in the matter.

There has been much speculation as to the salient cause of prevailing high prices for food. It is a popular belief, it might be observed parenthetically, that these prices are without parallel in history. As far as accurate data are available, it is certain that for some staples still higher prices obtained in 1809 and the years which intervened up to the battle of Waterloo. Then came a ruinous reaction. The causes which operated then were precisely the causes which are oper-

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ating now, namely, hinderances to ready distribution, a feverish demand, and the capitalization of human need. If one were asked to say concisely what has made possible the present food situation, as respects prices, he could express the truth in these four words: Lack of organized resistance. It is not sufficient to assert that abnormal conditions had suddenly arisen and that abnormal prices have been the unavoidable result. One must look for at least part of the cause in the absence of a countervail. I prefer to escape from even the suspicion of unsupported assertion by quoting the judgment of Professors Kellogg and Taylor, as given in their authoritative work on "The Food Problem," at page 17: "These terrible present prices of all commodities weigh heavily on consumers. The fundamental cause is certainly the unregulated way in which the extraordinary demand from our Allies and the European neutrals for all essential commodities has been met." That is the clear conviction of two prominent members of the Food Administration, corroborated a score of times by Mr. Herbert C. Hoover.

The serious searcher after truth will find it difficult, if not impossible, to identify the law of supply and demand as more than an incidental lever in raising some prices to their present level. The case of meats is sharply in point. To account for an advance of 100 per cent in beef and 120 per cent in pork during the past four years presupposes a proportionate diminution of the supply. The facts are to the contrary. The official statement of the Department of Agriculture at Washington shows that on January 1, 1914, there were 35,855,000 beef-cattle in the United States; while on the corresponding date of 1918 there were 43,546,000. The increase of swine during the same period was from 58,933,000 to 71,374,000. These figures also fit to the situation in Canada. Thus, while the available supply had increased by over 21 per cent in the case of both beef and pork, the prices of these commodities to consumers were advanced by more than five times that ratio. In other words, if the general conception of the way supply and demand operate automatically on market prices had been given effect we should have seen beef and pork selling below, rather than far above, the quotations of 1914. We must search for some other cause.

Mr. Hoover has told the people of Great Britain that they may cease to be anxious about the availability of food in the United States and Canada. He has assured them that in particular there is an abundance of pork. The figures given in the preceding paragraph have made that clear. I was recently told by one of the foremost authorities on this continent that Canadian and American farmers have so many hogs they are perplexed what to do with them; yet—and my point will be obvious—when a contract was given by the Allies in July for about 100,000,000 pounds of pork, the packers declared the swine would cost them two and a half times what they could have been bought for in 1914.

Say what we may, spread out statistics as we will, the fact remains that the chief operating cause in raising food prices has really been negative in character. There has not been any serious or co-ordinated opposition. This suggests the psychological influence which has gripped us all. Under circumstances at once unprecedented and appalling, it is almost instinctive to look compromisingly on other things that are extraordinary. The disturbance of the normal in business affairs has led to the unquestioning acceptance of the abnormal in all respects. We have been taught by the history of events to expect high prices as the inevitable and logical outcome of war. What has always happened in the past we take it for granted must happen again. This accounts in part, as has been said, for the passive attitude of those who have been pinched by high prices for foods. To this sedative effect on public judgment has been joined the spreading of money in widely scattered streams over the whole country as the result of war activities. Prosperity has moved side by side with the woe and waste of the great conflict, and busy gain-getting people have not paused to haggle about prices. This popular passivity has created the exploiter's opportunity, and he has taken advantage of it with ruthless avidity.

If Professors Kellogg and Taylor, sup-

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ported by Mr. Hoover, are right in their judgment as to the principal cause of high prices—and I cannot see any escape from concurrence—then it follows that what has happened has been wrong and was avoidable. Had the whole field of food production, distribution, and selling been subject to intelligent and adequate control, as a matter of common and approved policy, there can be no doubt that the distressing situation which followed the outbreak of war would have been prevented. The upward movement had attained almost irresistible momentum, however, before even the somewhat homœopathic effort now being made to assert control was begun. It would have taken a decade of synthetic work to prepare for the special strain and pressure of war conditions. No preparation of any sort whatever was made. On one hand, the forces in control of supply, with their exchanges and other machinery, were highly organized; on the other, there was not a trace of organization on the part of consumers. Nor was there any government agency acting in their behalf. Is it surprising that wholly unwarranted and unjustifiable increases in market prices took place swiftly, and with cruel results to the common people?

Criticism is seldom useful unless it is constructive in character. The bitter experience through which consumers are passing will not have been in vain if it leads to the sound and scientific treatment of the food problem in its broadest aspects. Hitherto we have been most unscientific in our methods. When the first upward trend of prices began in 1896, we applied the antidote at the apex rather than at the base of the trouble. We poured water on the roof to quench a fire which was burning in the basement. That is to say, we fattened the pay envelope of the sufferers instead of making a resolute attack on the need for higher wages. It was surely unsound to strengthen the power to bear rather than to lighten the burden; for in so doing we set in motion a persistent process of reciprocal leverage by which the higher cost of one thing raised the cost of another. Thus was begun what has been aptly described as the "vicious spiral"; and it is now going to be very difficult to do what would have been comparatively easy of accomplishment before the prevailing scale of prices had been established. But the task is not impossible. To say otherwise would be to deny the power of a free and enlightened people to co-operate for the common good. There must first be a definite realization of underlying causes, and then sound thinking in relation to a possible remedy.

Is it practicable to regulate the production, distribution, and sale of food on the cost-plus-a-fair-profit basis? The answer must be in the affirmative. If it has been possible to fix and maintain the price of wheat at $2.21 per bushel—without reference to the fairness or unfairness of that figure—it should also be possible to fix and maintain the price of any other necessary of life. It is said, chiefly by interested parties, that price-fixing in England, France, and Germany has been a failure. That is undeniably true, in part; but only in part. Taken as a whole, without going into a wearisome mass of details, the measures adopted by those countries to deal with the food situation have been reasonably successful. If they had failed utterly, it could not be said in reason that all other efforts in the direction of control would fail by reason of some inherent defect in the principle. On the contrary, we need not travel far afield to find a number of very satisfactory efforts at regulation. What happened in connection with the staple commodity of wheat affords an apt illustration. Between the grower in Dakota and the consumer in New York stand four agents of distribution—the buyer, the railway, the miller, and the baker. One of these intermediaries, the railway, is subject to absolute control. It was not permitted, despite the license assumed by other distributors under the abnormal circumstances of a world war, to charge an additional fraction of a cent for moving wheat or anything else. There was stability, created and maintained by law. Surely it is not unreasonable to assume that the other three agents in the chain of distribution could also be made answerable to legislative authority.

The need for such control will be obvious to all who recall what happened in the winter of 1916–17. While the railways

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were held to stationary freight tolls, the wheat-buyers ran riot at Chicago and Winnipeg. Without the slightest interference on the part of anybody they raised the price of wheat, the control of which they had got at $1.51 according to Mr. Hoover's calculation—at $1.49 according to mine—to the unmatched figure of $3.28 per bushel. This they did, let the truth be frankly admitted, very largely by sales to each other. There was an urgent demand from the Allies, of course; but England, at least, looked on passively, without getting practically any deliveries at contract rates, while this wild exploitation of war needs was going on. Out of this situation, created beyond a doubt by unchecked greed, grew the subsequent action of a committee of Congress in fixing $2.21 per bushel as the price to be paid for the 1917 crop. The facts are all plainly on record, and they cannot be ignored in an unprejudiced discussion of this vital question. They show, if nothing else, the serious consequences of lack of resistance to forces which are capable of doing great injury to the people at large.

There are many who will suggest that a fundamental difficulty lies athwart the pathway of price regulation because of the assumed impossibility of ascertaining the cost of producing staple foods. That difficulty, while real, should not be regarded as insurmountable. As has been said, by common consent we regulate freight rates, telephone and telegraph tolls, and so on. We do not permit these public utilities to plead the law of supply and demand as a ground for fluctuating charges. Nor can it be said that their authorized charges are primarily fixed on clear evidence as to the cost of service. It will probably surprise those who have not studied the subject to be told that no railway in the world knows what it actually costs, directly and indirectly, to haul a ton of freight between any two given points. There is an unavoidable and considerable element of purely arbitrary assignment of charges to the final operating cost. I make bold to say, after very considerable investigation, that accounting methods can be as safely applied to wheat or potato growing as to transportation. In short, it ought to be easier to find the cost of growing a bushel of wheat, speaking broadly, than the cost of carrying passengers between, say Chicago and New York. Farmers could be supplied with a simple system of bookkeeping which would enable them to report to some central bureau all the data necessary to determine, with sufficient accuracy for the purpose, the cost of production within defined zones. It would be found, moreover, that a vast amount of experimental and useful work has already been done along these lines by state institutions scattered over this continent.

The imperative need for positive action is accentuated by a vivid realization of the basic relationship of food prices to nearly all other prices. The war has taught us that much, if we did not know it from prior experience. This affinity is so close that one is warranted in saying everything is dear because food is dear. The enhanced cost of living has for two decades been the accepted reason for advancing wages. Higher wages have been at once reflected in the cost of production. When the price of all commodities had been raised far enough it was time to start this circular process all over again. Round and round it has gone, and every one must see that it will continue to revolve until an effective blow is dealt at the motive power beneath.

Part of our trouble in the matter of high prices is undoubtedly due to an imperfect system of distribution. There is no central body charged with the duty of planning and directing the correlation of supply to demand. A rather extreme illustration will make this clear. I can name two points, less than fifty miles apart, as between which there is at nearly all times a difference of from 20 to 60 per cent in the price of such staples as beef and eggs. The cost of transportation between those points is not more than one per cent of the market value. Such anomalies I have found to exist all over the country, and instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. It therefore becomes abundantly clear that a very useful work could be done, resulting in substantial economy, by merely dealing with the matter of supply and demand in an organized way. At present everything is

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left to haphazard, or to the service of the middleman, who is concerned only with his profits. In fact, scientific distribution would go far toward reducing and equalizing prices. It is scarcely secondary to the suppression of undue profiteering.

Although the practicability of regulating food prices may be conceded, there remains the important question of expediency. Sumptuary laws cannot be made effective without the consent and co-operation of an overwhelming majority of the people, and, while the experience of the past four years has done much to promote helpful thinking, it might be prudent to avoid either hasty or drastic action until further educative work had prepared the way. There would seem to be no good reason, however, why the functions of the Food Administration should cease with the declaration of peace. We shall not be acting sanely if we permit the food issue to revert to the unsatisfactory position, as respects legislation, in which it stood in 1914. We have been shown to what harmful lengths profiteering and hoarding can be carried in the absence of restrictive authority vested in some competent tribunal. If we have learned our lesson we should see to it that both preventive and positive measures are provided for the scientific treatment of a matter which goes right to the core of our community life.

The utter futility of high prices as means to an end is one of the strongest arguments against them. They do not increase the supply by a single ounce. In so far as they stimulate production, looking ahead, they are unjust to immediate consumers. Scarcity is not in itself a sound reason for advancing the price of any necessary of life; the only just ground is an unavoidable increase in the cost of production. We must get that fundamental economic principle deeply embedded in our brains if we are to make real progress in this matter. Indulge in casuistry as we may, it was poor patriotism to make the Allies pay in proportion to the urgency of their need; and our defense dissolves entirely when we realize that while we made the Allies pay we also made every defenseless consumer in our own land pay. If that were all, it would be bad enough; but when we find that in raising the price of food we at the same time raised the price of everything else our blunder approaches the gravity of a crime. Yet that is precisely what has happened. It could not have happened if there had been in existence a tribunal with adequate power justly to regulate prices.

It would be lamentable, probably calamitous, if there should develop a feeling of hostility between producers and consumers. Nevertheless, there is danger at the present time of such a situation. One may agree with nearly all that Mr. Charles Moreau Harger wrote in the August issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE regarding the price of wheat, and still see a great deal to be said on the other side. I do not wish to obscure the real issue by going at length into the general case with respect to wheat; but it may serve to clarify the public mind by pointing to two vital facts: First, the higher cost of labor and machinery means no more than seven cents per bushel on a 2,000-bushel crop; and second, this higher cost is in large measure due to the price of wheat and other foods. That is to say, the price of machinery and labor is directly affected by the price of wheat. Those who assume that twice the cost of labor and farm implements justifies a double price for the product fall into serious error. A full equipment is not bought annually. Machinery lasts for from five to twenty years, and $60 laid aside each season provides adequately for renewals. It is an essential factor in democracy that, as far as may be practicable, a common burden should be distributed equitably over the whole people; yet there can be no shutting of eyes to the plain fact that the war has brought very material gains to farmers. While high prices to producers have borne heavily on consumers, there is, nevertheless, much to be said in defense of the former. They have often been poorly requited in the past for arduous and sustained toil in the isolation of rural life. No one can deny that they have been cruelly choused at one end of the line of production and sale and consumers at the other by avaricious and unscrupulous middlemen. All that is true; yet the fact

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remains that farming has not been a poor business, on the whole, and when city-dwellers are smarting under the squeeze of abnormally high prices for foods it is perhaps only natural that they should look with envious and resentful feelings upon those to whom such high prices go. Back of that attitude of mind on the part of consumers are three convictions: First, that these benefits to producers are not wholly earned; second, that very high prices were avoidable; and third, that means should be found promptly for relief, looking especially to the future. It is particularly with regard to the third view that this article is written.

It should not for a moment be thought that the suggestions here offered looking to price regulations are in any sense one-sided. The interests of both producers and consumers must be safeguarded. Farm products have not always commanded a fair price, and there may come a time when such an undesirable situation will recur. When the war is over, for example, no one may say what will happen in relation to such prices as are now obviously inflated. Grave reactions are probable. Therefore, producers should welcome protection against low prices quite as readily as should consumers against exorbitant prices. This aspect of the matter cannot be too strongly emphasized, and if I have alluded in the main to high prices it is because they are the conspicuous feature of existing conditions.

There can be no doubt, let me repeat for the sake of emphasis, that producers have suffered quite as acutely in the past as have consumers from the utterly unscientific and unjust system which had grown up in respect of food. Therefore, no plan designed to create control can have the faintest chance of succeeding unless it is founded in absolute justice. There will always be room for argument as to what is absolute justice; but what I mean is, that fair play should be as readily given to the producer as to the consumer. The former should probably always get the benefit of the doubt. This matter has engaged my thought for the past three years as has no other matter of public concern in my whole life, and I have accumulated a vast amount of data in relation to it. Four conclusions have been irresistibly forced upon my judgment:

1. That the sane and scientific regulation of food prices, within reasonable bounds, is practicable.

2. That the present defective system of food distribution is remediable.

3. That cost plus a reasonable profit would be just to producer and consumer alike.

4. That the general cost of production is easily ascertainable.

The world's social progress has many times hung in the balance while a battle has raged between those who said, "It cannot be done," and those who said, "It can be done." Few reforms have proceeded smoothly from the start. It took many years, for example, to bring railways under control and create stability of freight rates. It should not be expected that the organization of food production and distribution, with some measure of check on prices, will meet with few and inconsiderable hinderances. The thing that is vital at this moment is the making of a courageous and prudently planned commencement.

Amid the welter of war our elastic democracy has enabled us to do many things expeditiously which would have been preceded by tedious parleying in other days. In the fine and responsive spirit which has been developed by tribulation we may readily move on to great and far-reaching reforms—reforms which will have much to do with the contentment and welfare of the common people. If we are now clearly convinced by the lesson of bitter experience that we have neglected to provide proper safeguards against the needlessly high cost of food, we should proceed without flinching to definite action. The way is open. We are not lacking in either sagacity or power of co-operation to do what is necessary. As the cost of food subsides, the cost of other commodities will follow; and by that road, and that road only, helped by a resolute determination to live less elaborately, will we solve the paramount problem of the high cost of living.

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McCARTHY

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

THE coasting-steamer *Libertà*, carrying mail and a small cargo, came to rest in the harbor of Magella. Rusty and battered as she was, she drew all eyes from the shore, for her erratic schedule only brought her to Magella once in every two or three months. As soon as her dingy shadow was made out on the horizon the United States consul put off from shore in a motor-launch. The excited little craft churned in circles around the *Libertà* all the way from the entrance to the harbor into the roadstead. Then it snuggled up against the big ship's ungainly side, and the consul went aboard.

While he was climbing up the rope side-ladder, very neat and brisk in his alpaca jacket and white linen trousers, some one hailed him from the deck.

"Hello, you United States! Is there a hotel in this God-forsaken burg?"

The consul strangled a feeling of aversion before he answered. He didn't like the voice, and he didn't like the face that peered down at him over the rail. But he was willing to overlook almost any incivility to speak English. The consul was homesick.

"Why, yes," he said, stepping on to the deck and taking off his hat, "there *is* a hotel—of a sort. But if you're coming ashore, I could put you up more comfortably at the consulate. I'm the consul here."

"I'm coming ashore," the other answered, touching the brim of his panama hat with his fingers, "for as long as it will take to do my business, and no longer. I can't understand a word the dago captain of this ferry-boat says. How long does she tie up here?"

"It's uncertain. The *Libertà* doesn't run on a regular schedule, you know. She usually leaves in three or four hours. Is there anything I can do for you ashore?"

The other man fumbled in his pockets. "Look here," he said, "my name's Dittenhof—I'm one of Stein's agents. Here are my credentials"—he gave them to the consul—"and my card. O. K.?"

"O. K.," said the consul briefly. "What do you want in Magella?"

"*Who* do I want, you mean," Dittenhof answered. He was smoking a cigar, and now he shifted it from one corner of his mouth to the other. "I'm after a man called McCarthy, Timothy McCarthy. I've been after him for three years. There's only one reason why that cinder-toasted town over there looks good to me—McCarthy's there, and I am going ashore just long enough to get him."

"McCarthy?"

"That's the man. I'd be much obliged, Mr. Consul, if you'd help me to get him aboard this afternoon. Before I get my man nothing looks good to me but the end of the trail; when I get him nothing looks any good at all but little old New York. If I have to wait more'n twenty minutes on this crust of hell you call Magella, I'll wither up and die. And I've got a wife and kid at home. Have a cigar, Mr. Consul?"

The consul turned away hurriedly. "No, thanks. I have some business with the captain, and I'll come back for you. Wait here."

While he waited, Dittenhof blinked out across the blazing harbor at Magella. The little city was not alluring in the colorless, noonday glare. It rimmed the harbor, a narrow white semicircle, dwindled into wooded suburbs at one end, and at the other stopped abruptly where a very long beach thrust a protecting arm around the harbor, and shut it off from the sea and the trade-winds. Dittenhof did not know that Magella would be magnificent at sunset, backed as it was by volcanic, ash-gray, treeless mountains that floated in the heat-fumes, evanescent and detached as clouds. He only saw that the place was as hot as blazes, and, as he re-

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marked to himself, as "dead as Hector." Swarms of native boats had put out from the shore to attach themselves to the *Libertà*. Baskets of fruit and flowers were being hoisted up from them to the lower decks, and, just below Dittenhof, a naked boy, as thin and dark and glistening as an eel, dived for pennies. Dittenhof threw a quarter to him, but the boy missed the bright piece of silver and came up, gasping and cursing, to beg for more.

"You're a piker," Dittenhof called down to him. "Dive again!"

The boy clambered back into his boat, balanced himself a moment in the bow, and then shot into the transparent water like a flash of phosphorus. For a second or two his oddly distorted and foreshortened body hung below the surface. When he came up again he had the quarter between his teeth.

The consul, coming back from the bridge, found Dittenhof emptying his pockets into the harbor, as excited as an amateur gambler playing the *petits chevaux*.

"Gets 'em every time!" he shouted. "I threw a dime as far as I could reach, and I'll be damned if that boy didn't catch it *between his toes*."

The consul was not inclined to be interested. "I'm going ashore," he said. "I can't talk about McCarthy here. If you'll come with me to the consulate perhaps I can help you."

"Much obliged," said Dittenhof. He followed the consul down the ladder to the launch and stowed his suitcase under the seat before he settled himself in the shadow of the awning. All the way across the harbor he talked.

"This is something like," he said, taking off his hat to cool what turned out to be a perfectly bald head. "First breath of air I've had since I stepped aboard that stinking barge at Rio. I've been all over the world in my time—I've travelled behind huskies in the Yukon; I've drifted down the Amur, in eastern Siberia, on a mud-scow; I've crossed the Atlantic on every kind of a hull from a wallowing oil-tank to a cattle-wagon, and once I chaperoned a cargo of rice out from Pekin in a Yankee five-master that had seen better days. But for sheer laziness, for confounded, stuck-up condescension give me that rat-trap"—he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the *Libertà*—"out there. We came down from Rio stern foremost, with the engine skipping one beat in every three, like a man with fatty degeneration of the heart. She wheezed and whistled as if her lungs would break, and for all she moved she might have been anchored to a mountain. The captain sat on the shady side of the deck playing 'one-two-three' with the first officer. Mr. Consul, I have slept until my brain is ossified." He lowered his voice. "Do you know what it is," he asked, "to *pray* for a typhoon?"

The consul laughed and swung the launch in a long curve toward the shore. The little American flag at the bow flapped in staccato, brittle reports. Magella came nearer, rushing toward them across a narrowing strip of water, the low, white houses suddenly standing out separate and distinguishable—the customs, the twin campanili of the cathedral, the long quay with its double row of clipped trees and, over by the market, a flat, red-roofed building topped by a flagpole bearing another American flag (a languid one, hanging loosely in discouraged folds) that was undoubtedly the consulate.

"I will take you ashore at the customs," the consul said. "I've persuaded the captain of the *Libertà* to wait until nightfall. Will you have lunch with me?"

"Much obliged," said Dittenhof, taking his cigar out of his mouth for the fraction of a second. "I will. But what about McCarthy? I'm after McCarthy, Mr. Consul."

"I'll get McCarthy for you," the consul answered.

He brought the launch up to the slimy, broken steps of the customs wharf and stepped ashore. Dittenhof followed, swaggering a little. He imagined that he could amuse the consul at lunch. It wasn't every day, he fancied, that one of Stein's agents came to Magella.

Lunch was served almost immediately in the courtyard of the consulate. The table was set under a striped awning that cast a yellow glow over the white cloth. Dittenhof, who had "cleaned up" and changed his collar, felt electrical with well-being. He found the consul uncom-

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monly polite, the lunch was good, and he was treated with a sort of deference he wasn't at all used to, but that he knew how to appreciate. He laid himself out to be entertaining. The consul was not a talkative man; beyond saying that Magella had a large Italian population, and that there were some American-owned gold-mines fifty miles back in the mountains, he had nothing to tell the agent. Dittenhof supposed that any man who lived that sort of a cat-in-the-sun existence would grow taciturn. He clinked the ice in his tall glass and grew condescending.

"A nice place you have here."

The consul glanced around the court—a blaze of flowers everywhere, a patch of sun, a square of intensely blue sky overhead, a parrot swinging in a hoop, fluffing out his gorgeous green plumage.

"Very nice," agreed the consul. "But I sometimes get hungry for my own soil."

"Little old New York!" sighed Dittenhof, closing his eyes as if he visioned something ineffable. "The crowded streets, the noise, the big hotels, the theatres—every time I go there I swear I'll never set foot out of it again. It's my idea of a good place to be. Funny, Mr. Consul, how that town gets a hold of you! Coming down from Rio this time I said to myself that if it weren't for McCarthy I'd jump overboard and swim back. But I've never gone after a man that I didn't bring home. Never. It's a sort of professional etiquette, I guess. I'm one of Stein's man-hunters. I was the agent who ran down Mike Ciaranfi."

"You don't say."

The consul lit a cigarette and tipped his chair back against the wall. He was studying Dittenhof as closely as he dared and changing his opinion about the agent's face. Without the fat cigar and the panama hat there was something about him that was not unlike a clown. He had a thick mouth, but all the rest of the face was well cut. Grotesque thatched eyebrows shadowed his eyes as if the hair on his head had somehow grown in the wrong place. He looked, the consul thought rather incoherently, like an intelligent, very vulgar egg. "If the food is making him amiable," he said to himself, "and only the food, he may be a brute when his stomach is empty. I'd best tackle him now."

"I've been on McCarthy's trail for three years," Dittenhof was saying. He had an orange on a fork and gesticulated with it. "He led me from Idaho to Pueblo, and I lost him there. I picked up his tracks again at Columbia, New Mexico, and trailed him to Mexico City. Then it was nip and tuck to Panama and I lost him again. That was two years ago, Mr. Consul, and I've been nursing a hurt pride and a reduced salary ever since." Dittenhof took a large bite out of the orange. "I got the scent again at Rio, in December. It's been a long wait," he said, "for little old New York!"

The consul tipped his chair forward again and put his elbows on the table. He looked very steadily at Dittenhof as he spoke. "I know McCarthy," he said. "He is the man you're after. I know why you're after him."

"The hell you do."

"He took ten thousand dollars out of the National Chemical Company's cash-drawer in February, 1913, at Evansville, Idaho. He had been in the company's employ five years and was considered perfectly trustworthy. He did come here to Magella from Panama two years ago. But he isn't here now; he is back in the mountains. You couldn't find him if you set out after him, for he didn't leave his address. Generally speaking, he has gone to the mountains. If you know anything about the Santa Cristina Range, you know that you might as well look for a needle in a hay-field. I advise you, Mr. Dittenhof, to go back to New York without McCarthy."

Dittenhof pushed his plate half-way across the table. "Know all about him, do you? Know his crime, do you? Why in hell didn't you tell me so an hour ago? Know where he's gone, do you, and let him go, did you? A damned fine American consul you are! Floating an American flag over your castle and giving a criminal the glad eye for a slipaway!"

He grabbed at the tall glass and took a sputtering drink. "By God," he said, eying the consul as if he were seeing him for the first time, "you're a cool one. What d'you think your job will be worth when I get this story to Washington?

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Hungry for your own soil, are you? Well, you'll be well fed on it!" He threw his napkin on the table and pushed his chair back violently. "When I go to New York," he shouted, "I'll take you with me! And McCarthy."

"Sit down a minute," the consul said; "I haven't finished." He raised his voice just enough to catch Dittenhof's attention. "I have something more to say about McCarthy. Besides, you haven't finished your coffee."

Dittenhof sat down again. His thatched eyebrows had sprung half-way up his forehead, and his eyes were round with amazement. The consul spoke immediately, before the agent had time to open his mouth again.

"When I tell you all I know about McCarthy, you may change your mind about me. You may and you may not. That is the chance I'm taking, for McCarthy."

"What I don't understand," said Dittenhof in a thick voice, "is why you said anything to begin with. It's one thing to spring a trap—but to spring one and then to walk into it yourself——"

The consul looked at the tip of his cigarette in a meditative way. He did not seem disturbed or perplexed. "It's a question of ethics," he began. Then, apparently, he changed his mind. "It's a question of imagination, imagination entirely. . . . If you are willing to listen to me, Mr. Dittenhof, I will tell you what I know of McCarthy."

Dittenhof grunted. He took a cigar out of his breast pocket (where he carried a row of them, like torpedo projectiles), bit off the end with a vicious snap of his teeth, and, lighting it, puffed with his thick lips pursed and his eyes half shut. He looked sulky and indifferent.

"Go on," he said.

"It's a long story. It has nothing to do with McCarthy's crime. I don't know what led to that, or whether he was entirely guilty or only partly so. I don't care. The McCarthy I have had to deal with turned up here two years ago with a gang of workmen, some of them Italians, some niggers, the rest Portuguese, to work the Columbia mine over in that range of mountains you saw from the harbor. . . . You say you have never had a failure, Mr. Dittenhof. It is hard to tell a story like this to a man who has never failed. But I'll risk it.

"When Timothy McCarthy came to Magella he was striking out for a new destiny. He had stolen ten thousand dollars and had spent all of it in wiping out every trace of his flight. You know how long that lasted. He was only twenty-eight and he was a vagabond, a mean fugitive; he had broken a law, defied a commandment, and come through a proud man, still vigorous, still unscathed. I think he looked upon it as a narrow escape. An escape from something in himself which undoubtedly exists, but, once experimented with and found dangerous, discarded and forgotten. I can't put it any clearer than that. McCarthy is no more capable to-day of committing a deliberately conscious, cold-blooded crime than you or I. That part of his life was an adventure with the basest part of his nature. It hurt him, but the lesson itself, harsh as it was, passed like a fugitive pain. It didn't cut him off from people, or life, or from being friendly with the whole universe. McCarthy is an uncommonly friendly fellow.

"Perhaps I can put it better. He was startled by the reverse side of his crime. The crime itself was an adventure: what it led him into, directly after, was something like madness. He came out of it to find that he was sick to death of stealthiness, tired of secrecy, and that all he wanted was a chance to live again. He didn't look upon life as if it had cheated him out of his only opportunity—he was too simple for that, and too young. He came down to Magella with that boatload of half-breeds (just after he had satisfied himself that you were shaken for good at Panama) with as clean a heart as you'd ask for in your own son. When he set foot ashore, it was as if he were being born again to a fresh world; it was an imaginative peculiarity of McCarthy's to be able to cast out the unwieldy, grotesque suffering his crime had cost him, and to take up something perfectly new with his spirit intact and unharmed, like a child after punishment. If he were a man of any complexities, I wouldn't be so sure of him. While it lasted his remorse was mortal;

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when it was over he had forgotten it as completely as an incoherent dream.

"He went at once to the settlement at Columbia, a huddle of houses and shacks grown up around a mine—gold, of course—owned and worked by an American company that keeps a superintendent on the spot and an agent in Magella. McCarthy was as lost there as he would have been in East Africa or among the ice-wastes of the 'farthest south.' A short rack-and-pinion railway climbs up from Magella as far as the first plateau of the Santa Cristina Range; beyond, you either go to Columbia astride a burro or in one of the buckets of the rope-haul system that leaps from the plateau over a five-thousand-foot mountain, then swings across a canyon on the other side, and dumps you into Columbia without any ceremony. Most people prefer going by burro.

"The town slides down the sides of a deep gulch and is always wrapped in a cloud of pungent, ash-colored dust. It is a pleasant and perfectly unreasonable vagary of the American gentlemen who own the mine that it should be run by American labor—that means the exclusion of native labor, of course. Swarms of 'Americans' are sent down, by those amiable idiots who have never been within two thousand miles of Magella, to dig the Columbia ore out of the mountain. I believe McCarthy was the only genuine American in the lot; he stood out in that collection of Sicilians, Portuguese, negroes, and Chinese like a magnificent specimen of mankind from another planet.

"You've never seen him? He looks much younger than he is, probably because he takes things so easily. You would say he was twenty-five or thereabouts. He gives you the impression of being, physically, a very trustworthy fellow—he handles things well, is competent with machinery, a first-rate horseman, and absolutely reliable in a pinch. He has clear, steadfast eyes, bright blue in color, and curiously lashed with very black lashes. Best of anything about him you would like his buoyant good humor, his imperishable boyishness, his absolutely hearty laugh. He has a way of throwing his head back and shouting with amusement that makes it worth while to tell him your best story. He is friendly, healthy, and sane, like a man who has always run up against the best in people, and who has been saved from disillusionment by some special, personal providence; the sort of person you instinctively protect from your own bitterness.

"At the risk of giving you the wrong impression of him, I'll say he is like a child; imaginatively, well—lacking; in every other way a decidedly capable fellow. He wasn't at Columbia more than six weeks before he proved that.

"The company's agent at Magella is a friend of mine. His name is Georgio Bianchi, an Italian who came to Magella from Genoa about thirty years ago. He was a railroad engineer and was sent out here to put the rack-and-pinion road over the Cristina—some Italian company that went broke and left him high and dry, without a cent, and with his rack-and-pinion railroad half finished, winding up as far as the plateau, and scarring the mountain slopes as uselessly as a thorn-scratch across a lovely girl's cheek.

"Bianchi, wild dreamer, incorrigible spirit, started out after the gold the Italian company had failed to get. He prospected all over the Cristina like a lonely forty-niner—the most romantic and picturesque figure imaginable. He staked out the Columbia claim, borrowed money to get to New York, and came back in two years not only with his dream capitalized but with an American wife. Like so many Italians, he had charming manners, a very poetic, highly sensitive mind, and could have wheedled blood out of a stone.

"He is agent and part-owner of the Columbia now, and lives here in Magella. I'll show you his house; it lies above the city, where he can see the whole magnificent sweep of the harbor from his front door, and from his porch at the back look straight up the hair-line of his railway, and perhaps make out the rope-haul as far as the mountain-top.

"He lives there with his daughter, Frieda—the loveliest woman in Magella; for some of us, certainly, the loveliest woman in the world. She is the sort of woman who won't take any half-portion of affection; she expects you to like her superlatively, and she makes it worth your while. She knows more about friendship

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than any man I've ever run across. I dare say in New York you wouldn't give her a second glance, for she isn't conspicuous in her loveliness. The secret of her beauty is in her immaculate skin, the smoothness of her bright hair, the quiet candor of her eyes, and in something fresh and resolute about her that is like a cool breath of air across a summer sea.

"Old Bianchi's position has never been very comfortable in Magella on account of the American capitalists' boycott on native labor. It is hard to explain, at least Bianchi found it hard to explain, how two or three millionaires in Chicago had become possessed of the idea that the Magellans are shifty-eyed, lazy, incurably dishonest savages, a million times worse than the Mexican *peon*. Bianchi's 'American' labor has cost him an everlasting lot of trouble. He would have liked to employ nothing but Magellans, and to send the imported 'citizens' flying, but capital, back in Chicago, said 'No,' and Bianchi had a wholesome respect for authority. The Magellans naturally could not understand, and there was an element of the population distinctly hostile to Bianchi and the Columbia.

"McCarthy came to Magella with a ship-load of men who had been herded by the company's representative from the four quarters of the globe. Some of them may have had their first papers, but the majority hadn't even a word of English. They came on the *Libertà*, so you can imagine what they did when they got ashore—it was hell and damnation for two nights in Magella—saloon riots, shootings, rows with the natives over some of the women. All of it hard to put up with.

"It was then that McCarthy turned up conspicuously. He helped Bianchi gather together the loose ends of that pack of vile humanity and start them off to Columbia, taking his place as a person of authority as naturally as if Bianchi had appointed him officially to superintend the job. When it was necessary to use his fists, he used them, but for the most part he used his own brand of persuasion—a straightforward confidence that every one, these men like other men, would find his way agreeable. Bianchi couldn't conceal his astonishment. I saw him when the affair was over, looking very dejected and depressed.

"'I would have been killed, I tell you,' he said, 'if it hadn't been for a man who calls himself McCarthy—one of the Americans. I actually sent him away in charge of the others. It was night before last, at Franchi's Tavern down near the beach, that I ran across him. The police had got me out of bed to tell me that my Americans' (Bianchi made a wry face) 'were terrifying the city. Came up to my door and rattled on it with their silly little swords as if I could settle two hundred men single-handed!'

"Frieda, who never takes anything tragically, laughed. 'It was distressing,' she said. 'Papa screamed at them from his bedroom window, and the police screamed back at him. Finally, he got into his clothes and went down to the city—like a little David.'

"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed. 'You didn't go alone?'

"'What else could I do?' cried Bianchi, spreading out his hands. 'I was technically to blame!'

"'Conscientious papa,' Frieda said, squeezing his arm.

"'I went to Franchi's, where they said things were going from bad to worse. I might just as well have tried to stop the turning of the world by sticking my toes into the ground! Franchi's was a wreck, and the whole lower quarter of Magella pushed in at the doors and windows to avenge themselves on our men. I did an absurd thing. I got inside and began to harangue that seething riot of arms and legs. I don't believe a word I said penetrated the uproar, but one of the Magellans—a man I've seen before, a low sort—caught sight of me. He rushed at me. Terrific, I tell you, for an old man like me. The fellow was half crazed with drink and hate, his face twisted with it, and he had a bottle raised over his head ready to catch me across the face. I heard some one yell, "Look out! *Look out there!*" and I was caught from behind and thrown aside. McCarthy told me afterward, rather ruefully, that he had no time for apologies! He got the Magellan by the throat in his rush—caught him flying and bore him down under him. After that, it looked to me as if the whole roomful

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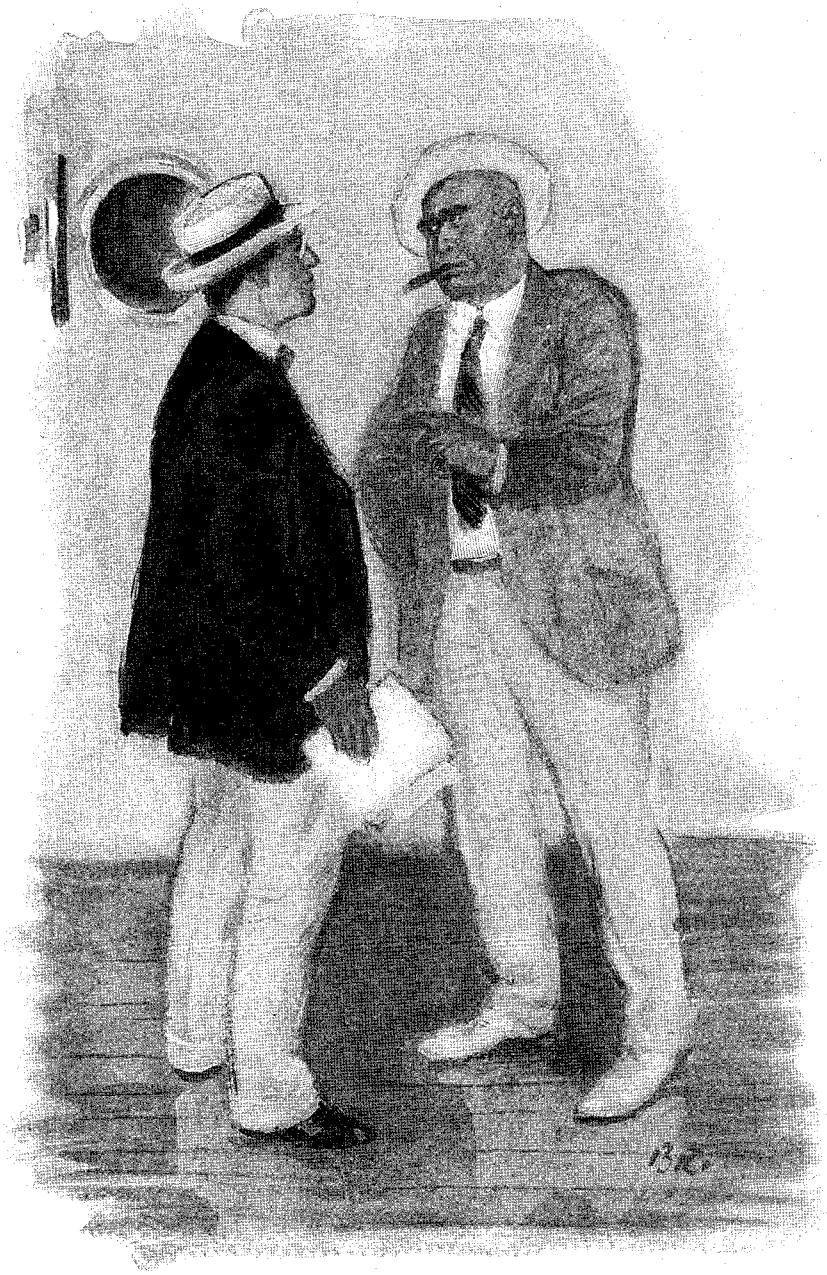

"I'm after a man called McCarthy, Timothy McCarthy."—Page 587.

fell on top of them. McCarthy kept rising out of the seething struggle with his hands still gripped around the Magellan's throat. Magnificent! He pushed, drove, pulled, squeezed his man out of the door into the street before he let go. Then he came back for me. I believe,' said Bianchi with the most intense embarrassment, 'I clung to him like an old lady. I recollect his bringing me home tucked under his

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arm, crooning to me—oh, yes, crooning to me! I must have been half dead.'

"They did not tell me then, but Frieda had been waiting up for her father. She had put some sort of a warm wrap over her nightgown, and had gone out into the garden where she could look down across the roofs of the city. The night was calm and very hot, and the string of lights along the Esplanade scarcely flickered in the still air. Frieda walked up and down the garden across the thick grass, wrapped in the heavy scent of the sleeping flowers. The harbor was perfectly black, save where the Capo turned with deliberate strokes a long finger of light that pointed now this way, now that, along the horizon. Intermittent heat-flashes played low in the sky, like the lurid reflection of some distant conflagration. It was in that garden, when McCarthy brought Bianchi home, that those two splendid young people met.

"I won't say that they loved each other at first sight, but it very nearly amounted to that. McCarthy saw in Frieda the purity, the fine uprightness he had almost missed, and Frieda found in him the gayety and youth none of us had been able to give her.

"When I saw them together, I realized how hopelessly inadequate we had been, and how pathetic our middle-aged capers must have seemed to that girl with dreams locked away behind the quiet candor of her eyes. There were some of us who had been foolish enough to believe that she was satisfied. They seemed to have been cut out for each other from the beginning of all eternity—both tall, built on heroic lines, her head a scarce inch below his, both buoyant, resolute, and self-confident.

"I can fancy their meeting in the dark garden, searching for each other's faces in the thick shadows, as eager as blades leaped free of the scabbard to the encounter. Bianchi, benignly unaware of all this, was grateful and voluble. McCarthy laughed and introduced himself to them.

"'My name is McCarthy, William McCarthy,' he said, and in dropping the Timothy, he made his first and only concession to the past.

"Old Bianchi, in an excess of gratitude, offered McCarthy a cigarette. It was the sputtering light of his unsteady match that showed Frieda and McCarthy to each other. When it went out, in a sudden puff of hot wind that scurried along the garden, they were as irrevocably bound as two souls can be. They smiled in the dark, both a little unsteady and tremulous, while Bianchi chattered. It was their magnificent lot to have been born, to have lived, and to have come together at last.

"This is a love-story, Mr. Dittenhof. . . . McCarthy went on to Columbia and disappeared for a while. Columbia had seen stranger things than a decent, well-mannered young American digging for gold when by all rights and appearances he should have been spending it instead. A camp like that is a sort of Foreign Legion—no questions asked. McCarthy was safe—forever—if he had chosen to be. But he told me that he used to climb up the gorge at night and sit looking across the Cristina toward Magella and the sea, thinking of Bianchi's daughter, Frieda, and whispering to her through the wide stillness as if his breath could reach her and call her to him.

"He said that he was so sure she would come that he always wandered down to the little Plaza in front of the superintendent's house at noon, to see if she were there. Always. And at night he sent out his vibrant messages to her, his youth calling to her youth. It was wonderful—but she heard him. During those months, all through a sultry, blazing hot summer, she listened to McCarthy's whispering. I am convinced that she reproached herself for missing their daily, ghostly rendezvous at the Plaza.

"Finally, she persuaded Bianchi to take her to Columbia. Half-way across the mountain they were caught in a storm, one of those black, violent squalls that open a deluge of water on the earth out of a terrifying sky full of lightning-flashes and terrific thunder-claps. The trail up the gorge, when they finally got to it, was a rushing torrent of muddy water; the earth was beaten flat by the violent impact of the rain. Bianchi said afterward that he had never been more impressed by the magnificent ruthlessness of nature. Frieda rode ahead of him and kept turn-

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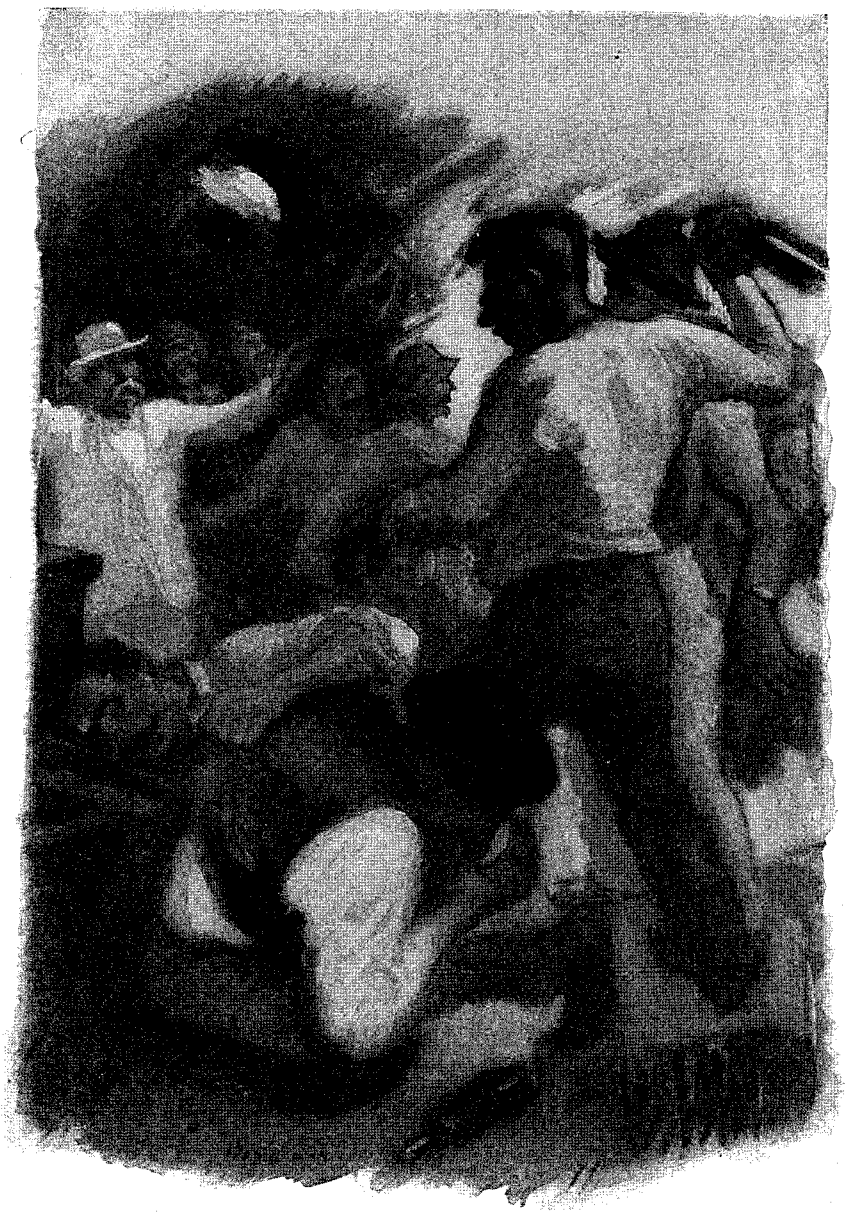

"One of the Magellans . . . caught sight of me. He rushed at me."—Page 592.

ing in her saddle to shout encouraging things through the din. He had no idea why she wanted to go to Columbia! Even when they splashed into the Plaza, drenched, shaken, utterly fagged, and he saw McCarthy start forward to seize Frieda's bridle, he was baffled. If he had heard what McCarthy said to Frieda——

"'I knew you would come!'

"'I knew you wanted me to come,' Frieda answered.

"Nothing complex there!

"After that, because Frieda was more than usually radiant and joyous, some of us had to be told. McCarthy, whom Bianchi had put in the way of advance-

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ment at Columbia, came often to Magella and I saw a good deal of him. It was to me that he unburdened his secret. We were coming down from the Bianchis' together, one evening, when he suddenly told me all about himself.

"'My name is not William McCarthy,' he said abruptly, 'I'm Timothy McCarthy.'

"We were on the Esplanade. I remember that the band was playing at the Casino, some crashing, spasmodic Wagnerian overture. I thought I had misunderstood.

"'Not McCarthy?'

"'Timothy McCarthy. You probably read all about me in the newspapers.'

"He met my astonished eyes with the most boyish embarrassment. It was impossible not to be sorry for him.

"'I never heard your name before,' I assured him.

"'I stole ten thousand dollars. That is why I'm here.'

"'But Frieda—' Frieda was the first thought I had, of course.

"'That's why I'm telling you. She doesn't know anything about it. You know how she is—she never asks questions. I'm McCarthy to her, that's all. But this thing is real; I haven't a clean record. I am not going to excuse myself. To begin with, it was silly bravado—after I did it, it was too late to go back. I had to run—anywhere. I felt like a chicken with a panic. No remorse—no, really—only disgust. I had been such a fool, such a damned fool. I knew I could never do it again—but who would believe that? I didn't see why I should give myself up. Better a new country, and a new success, than the four walls of a cell and the worst sort of failure. Who would believe that I was safe, absolutely safe? But I was!'

"I stopped him. 'Look here, McCarthy, d'you know what you are saying? D'you expect me to keep still? Good God,' I demanded violently, 'are you asking me to decide for you?'

"'Yes,' said McCarthy, 'I am. You've got to tell me what to do—what I ought to do.' He looked at me very soberly, with his face gone white. 'Whatever you say,' he assured me, 'will be all right.'

"Have you ever had quite that sort of thing put up to you, Mr. Dittenhof? I told him I would see him in the morning and left him abruptly. It was absurd and magnificent; it was grotesque and heroic. McCarthy had handed me his crime, the whole of it, to dispose of as I saw fit. Once in possession of it, I could no more get rid of it than a cripple can rid himself of his hump. The knowledge of it was mine; the sorrow of it, the pity of it, the weight of it were mine. If there should be a mistake, if he *weren't* safe, then that was to be mine, too. McCarthy, big, healthy, unimaginative, likable animal, had shaken off his load when I left him on the Esplanade that night. I walked away from him already bent under it—I've had it ever since. McCarthy squared his shoulders, and went to the Casino to listen to the band. I daresay he whistled *Che gelida manina* under cover of the brass horn. Wasn't Frieda his, and splendid, unspoiled, untainted life?"

The consul paused a moment with his eyes fixed on the gaudy parrot swinging in the sun.

"You will have to deal with me, Mr. Dittenhof," he said presently in a quiet voice. "McCarthy has passed out of our jurisdiction. I gave him absolution—who else was there to do it? From a priest or from a friend, hasn't it the same value? He married Frieda and they have gone away on a sort of claim-staking honeymoon over behind Cristina. Not a shadow, not a regret, not even an unspoken question between them."

The consul got up from the table. "I will have to excuse myself," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "for an hour or so. If you want me for anything, you can catch me at the customs wharf at six o'clock. I'll wait there."

Dittenhof nodded, but he said nothing. He was looking narrowly at the ashes on the end of his burnt-out cigar.

The sun went down with tropical suddenness in a bank of orange mist. The consul, standing on the steps of the customs wharf, looked across the harbor at the *Libertà*. Her rusty sides blazed in a conflagration of light, and thick, black streamers of smoke gushed out of her funnels and smudged the sky. The consul wondered how much longer she would

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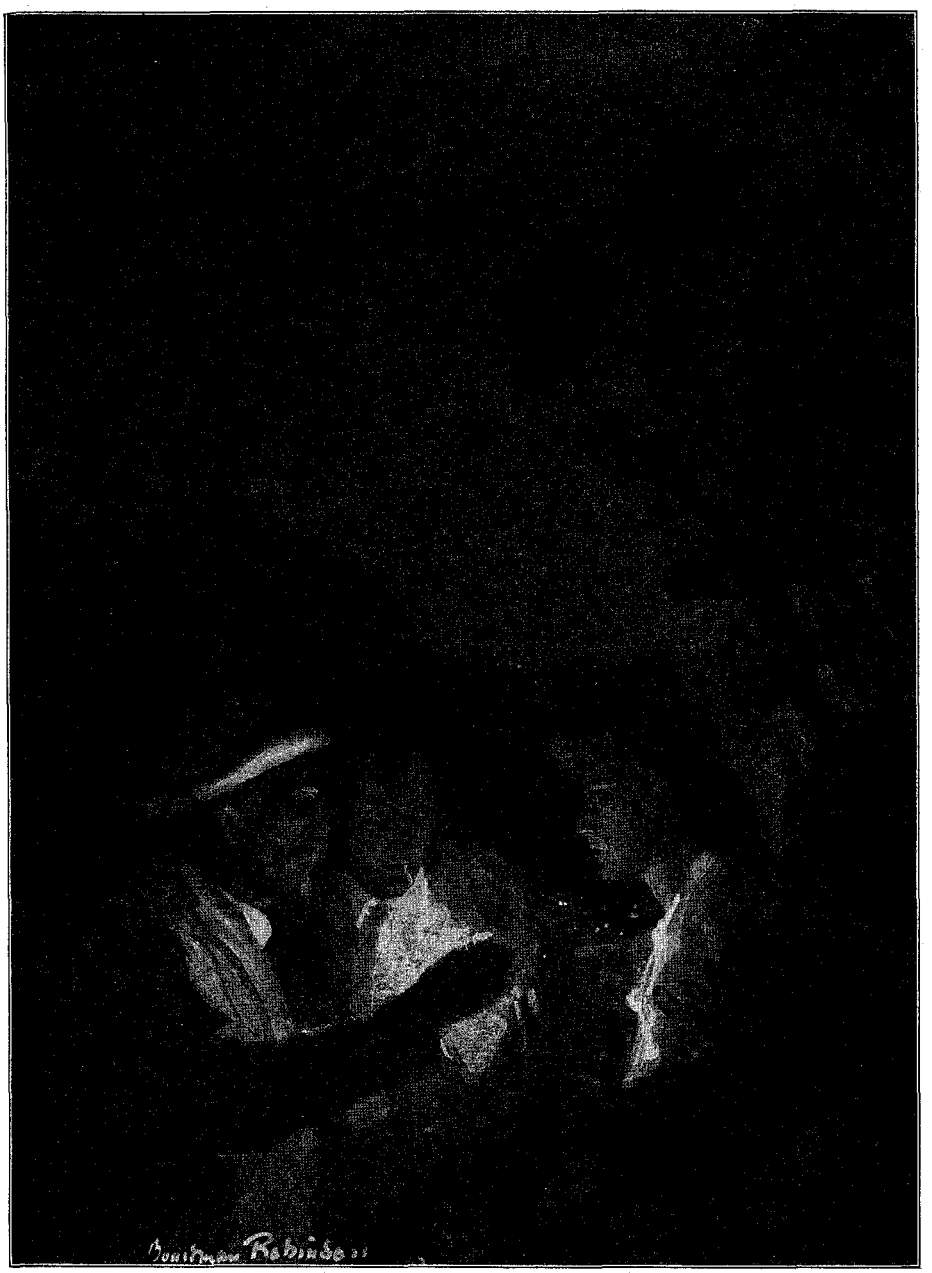

It was the sputtering light of his unsteady match that showed Frieda and McCarthy to each other.—Page 594.

wait. He could see two white figures on the bridge, and people swarming up the rope ladder from a cluster of native boats. Ten minutes perhaps——

"Good evening," some one said behind him.

It was Dittenhof with his suitcase in his hand.

"I had a hard job finding you," he said in a loud voice. "Can you get out to that sea-cow in time to put me aboard?"

"I guess I can," said the consul.

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Dittenhof settled himself in the stern of the launch holding his suitcase on his knees. The slim little craft churned the water, leaped ahead, pointed straight as an arrow for the *Libertà*. The American flag danced and crackled in the breeze.

"A nice city you have here," said Dittenhof, after an awkward silence.

"Very," agreed the consul. "But I sometimes long for home."

"Look me up when you come to little old New York. I'll give you the time of your life."

The consul answered with unexpected warmth. "I certainly will!"

All the rest of the way they did not exchange a word. Dittenhof clambered up the steep sides of the *Libertà* and, as far as the consul was concerned, disappeared. He did not even turn to wave his hand.

Dittenhof stood by the rail and looked back at Magella across a widening strip of water. A little launch flying the American flag bobbed toward shore. Lights were coming out, a whole string of them, along the Esplanade. Behind the city the great wall of the Santa Cristina towered against the sky, the fantastic, unreal peaks still plunged in the orange rays of the setting sun. A cool mist rose out of the sea like the first caressing touch of night.

"Failure!" Dittenhof said under his breath.

He lifted his panama hat and waved it in a wide, generous sweep toward Magella.

"UP THERE"

LETTERS OF A FLYING CADET KILLED AT CAMP BENBROOK

BY ROBERT D. GARWOOD

Late First Lieutenant, R. F. C., author of "Victims of a Submarine"

WHEN a torpedo from a German U-boat sank the steamship *Verdi* it awakened in the heart of Able Seaman Robert Daniel Garwood a desire to help make this world a fit place in which to live. Garwood, a young Cornell man, contributed to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1918, the story of his adventurous trip of nearly two hundred miles in an open boat to the rock-bound north Ireland coast. It was then that he determined to enlist.

Defective vision barred him from the United States army, but filled with an honest determination to get into the fight he took the first train for Toronto, where he was accepted in the Royal Flying Corps as a student aviator.

Few American youths have found their lives so crowded with adventure as Garwood. Though he was only twenty-three when he died, his letters indicate the honest conviction he had of the justice of the great cause. While he did not succeed in making the "Huns pay with interest," he gave his life as only heroes can.

The following letters were written while he was in training in Canada and later in Texas, where, the day after receiving his commission as a first lieutenant, his machine crashed to the ground while flying at Camp Benbrook, Fort Worth, Texas.

ROBERT GARWOOD'S LETTERS

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov., 1917.

DEAR FATHER AND ALL:

My papers had been returned here, so I was examined this morning. I was A-1 in every respect except the color test, but that was sufficient to get me rejected. They were very nice about it but could not waive the regular U. S. yarn test. They quite assured me though, that my

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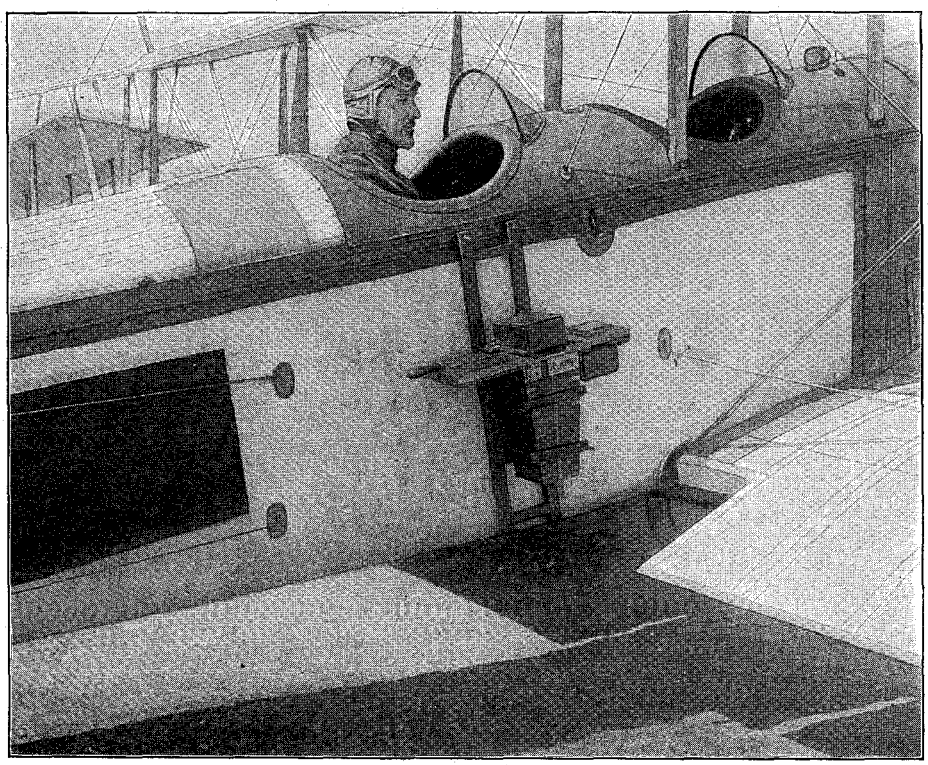
chances of getting into the Royal Flying Corps (Canada) were good.

I have wired Pitt of New York to see if he has saved me a place on the *Vestris*. If I get a reply by eight o'clock to-night that he has, I shall leave for New York at once and get aboard in the morning. But if I do not get a favorable reply, I shall leave to-morrow for Toronto to take the Canadian Exam. The Canadian Service is fully as good in every respect as is the U. S.

Love to all.

BOB.



Robert Daniel Garwood, first lieutenant Canadian Royal Flying Corps.
Shown in the photograph is one of the aerial cameras in use at the front.

Toronto, Nov. 6th.

DEAR FATHER AND ALL:

I arrived this morning and was sworn in this afternoon. After being measured for uniform I was sent to the University of Toronto Barracks for to-night. I shall probably be sent out to Long Branch for infantry work to-morrow.

BOB.

Camp Borden, Tuesday Night.

DEAR FATHER:

I am a little tired tonight after a hard day's work, but will write a line. I got moved up from Flight 8 to Flight 2 yesterday and today got my first crack at final Examinations. I stood 100% in each, wireless and machine gunnery and I am up in drill work, so I shall almost surely be among the bunch sent into the University of Toronto some time this week or next Monday *at latest*. I am glad to be going in, for it means that I shall get to Texas sooner, possibly by New Year.

Fort Worth, Texas, Jan. 30th, 1918.

DEAR FERD:

I must confess to being negligent about writing this time but that is because I have been mighty busy shifting around. I was in the School of Military Aeronautics in the University of Toronto for

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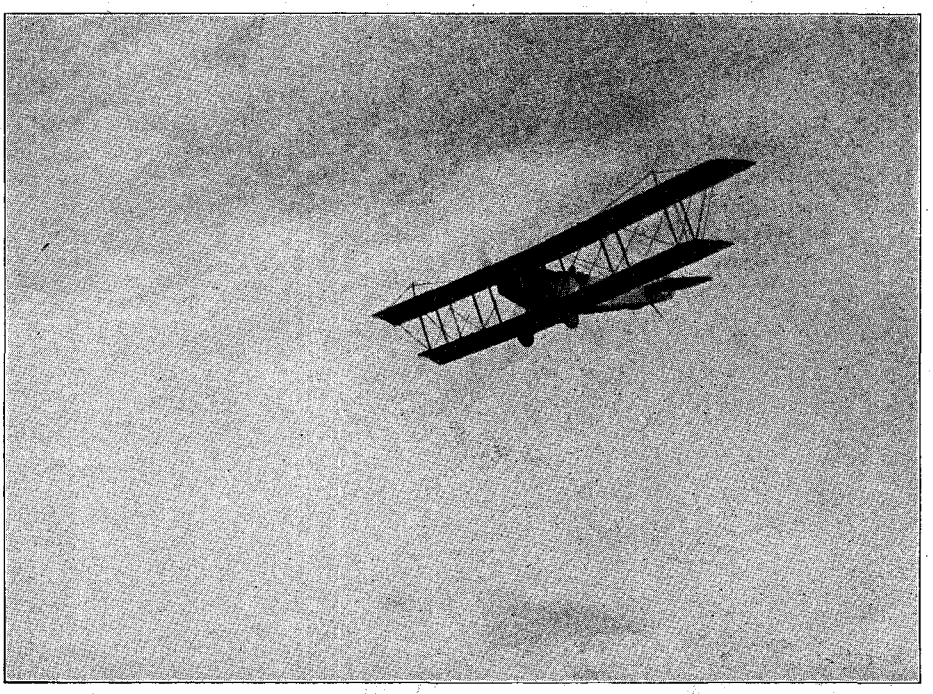

Vernon Castle flying at Fort Worth, Texas.

five weeks. Then on January 19th, I was sent down here for flying.

I had a "joyride" the day after arriving here and started flying at once. Made my first Solo flight after only 90 minutes' instruction. I can now wheel one of the old busses up and down the sky from morning till night and enjoy it. I was up this morning sporting around the sky about 3,000 feet above the outskirts of Fort Worth before the sun was up. It is a beautiful sight to see a Texas Sunrise from up there.

Even my first flight was not much of a thriller. There is very little consciousness of height—the earth merely looks like a big flat map which slips along far underneath. They have averaged more than six crashes per day since I came here but it is astonishing how few get hurt. Men scramble out of completely demolished machines unhurt. Two machines crashed together in a cloud here yesterday though and killed the three aviators. It was a rather peculiar accident though collisions near the ground are too common.

I received the magazines you sent me. I have had many complimentary letters about the article but the best one from Prof. Bretz. I had a letter to-day from Rodgers, second engineer of the *Verdi*, who had just read the article. It was the letter you forwarded.

Regarding another article on "Sky-piloting" I have had no time or opportunity to write it but I surely have material for a good one. I shall try to get at it before going across.

Fort Worth, Feb. 6th, 1918.

DEAR ANNA AND ALL:

I was up sporting around the sky about 3,000 feet above Fort Worth yesterday morning when the sun came up. It is beautiful to see a Texas Sunrise from up there. It is exhilarating to sit up there so far above the earth and feel master of one's own machine; to flit about from cloud to cloud at will.

I had a bad crash when I came back and pretty nearly demolished a machine but came out unhurt and went right up again to 3,500 feet. One never thinks of danger in this game but I am going to be careful and don't expect to crash again. They

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never reprimand a person at all here. Crashes are too common but very few get hurt.

I am getting along much faster than I thought was possible, so I should be back in Toronto to get my Commission within four or five weeks.

Fort Worth, Texas,
Feb. 10th, 1918.

DEAR FERD:

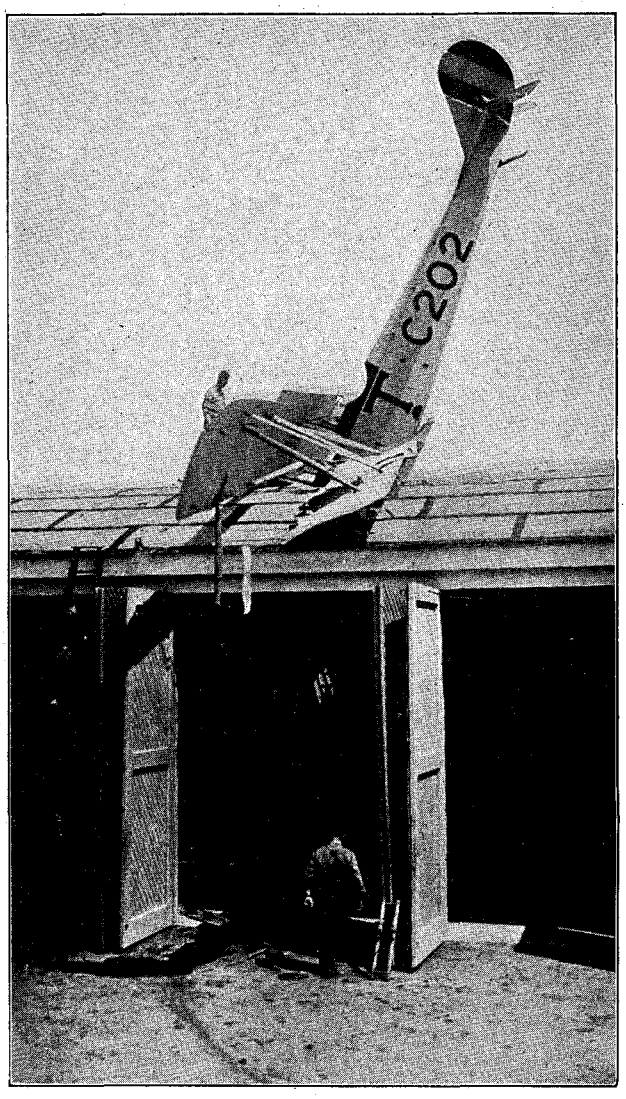
Freeston's article in the January SCRIBNER'S is, I believe, about the best thing of its kind that has yet been written on "Flying." Thanks for the copy which I received in my mail. I take it that you're the guilty party. I'm becoming something of an adept at the art of driving a bus. It isn't nearly so difficult as one unfamiliar with flying is apt to believe. When you once leave the bumps behind it's like driving an automobile over smooth ice. You are almost tempted to forget that Mother Earth lies about four thousand feet below and that her soft spots are few. But then you don't forget. It is too much fun where you are.

Did you ever, when you were a child, wonder what kind of a hole in the ground the sun hid itself in each evening at dusk and then try to figure out why it was that it seemed to come out of an entirely different hole the next morning?

Yesterday morning I wheeled the bus up cloudward just before sunrise and suddenly found myself looking from a height of about six thousand feet, straight in the direction of the hole from which "Old Sol" was just beginning to poke his nose. Away I went, full speed ahead, determined to find out what manner of place it was.

I must have covered ten or twelve miles before I fully realized that I was pretty much of a kid after all and so I banked and then dove to about two thousand feet with the old bus headed for camp.

It was bumpy down there so up I came again and the first thing I knew I was making as pretty a landing as you



The remains of a plane which in falling has crashed through a shed.

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could imagine right in my own front yard.

These Texas Sunrises are wonderful. You should see one from six thousand feet up. There's something about one that makes you feel so small, so young.

I am going to send you another article before long. That is, if I can possibly find the time to do it. It will be a long time, however, before I ever get another thriller like my Submarine experience. I'm going to make the —— Huns pay for that party with interest.

Fort Worth, Texas, March 4th, 1918.

MY DEAR PROF. ORTH:

Your most welcome letter reached me a few days ago but I have been away on pass for about a week so delayed answering. Thanks for the comment on my SCRIBNER article. SCRIBNER'S have been after me for a long time to give them something on Flying. But I have delayed writing it for them as I have preferred to wait until the completion of my training, which is now practically at an end. They have even gone so far as to suggest a title, "Up There," but I deem that hardly appropriate for an article describing the process of making a *military* aviator.

I have not broken a single thing since my third hour of Flying but I have narrowly missed connecting with the Great Reaper a couple of times. And no one need worry now about my neck being broken this side of the Atlantic for I have finished up all my solo flying (3 hours) and they won't let me fly any more. I have now only to put in a couple of weeks at the School of Aerial Gunnery before being commissioned and sent across. Over at the S. of A. G., where I am being posted to-morrow, an officer pilots the machine, while the Cadet stands up in the rear seat and plugs away with a Lewis Gun at a kite towed by another machine. With the cadet in that position the machine loops, spins and does Immelmann turns by the dozens.

I am most enthusiastic about the flying and especially eager to get to the real work of killing fat Huns. I have done about everything that these machines will do. The loop and the Immelmann Turn are quite simple and give scarcely any thrill; but one gets a real thriller out of a Spinning Nose Dive, or a stall. I went up to seven thousand feet a few mornings ago and came down four thousand feet in successive stalls. There is a good Elementary description of the various stunts in the article by Freeston in the January SCRIBNER'S.

I am including a couple of pictures of myself. Will you give one of them to Prof. Hull? One shows the actual aerial camera in use at the front. Prof. Bretz already has one snap of me. And may I ask you to share this letter with Profs. Hull and Bretz? I was glad to get Prof. Hull's letter too and I shall write him soon.

Sunday, Feb. 19th, 1918.

DEAR ANNA AND ALL:

We have been having rotten flying weather for a week past and have had a pile of accidents. I suppose you read of Vernon Castle's last trip here Friday. I was on the field when he fell in trying to avoid a collision with a cadet. He was a wonderful flier and has seen a lot of War service. It seems too bad that he had to get killed by falling about fifty feet in one of these "aeronautical Fords." I happened to be watching two other cadets who took their last fall this last week. Most of the accidents are due to inexperience. But rarely does a man who has done fifteen or twenty hours solo get killed. Since the crash I had in my third hour of solo, I have not broken a single thing, and am all through here except for five hours of flying in which I must range artillery on targets by wireless, drop bombs and take a few photographs from the air. After finishing here I shall have to go to Camp Hicks, another of our Camps north of Fort Worth, and do about three weeks' work in aerial gunnery. I shall probably go to Hicks about the 26th.

I have finished all my flying tests in 81 Squadron and am now in 83 for the above work. Among other tests I had to go up 3,000 feet, do two figure eights, shut off the motor and spiral down, landing in a 100 foot circle; then do an altitude test, a 180 mile cross-country flight and three hours of formation flying.

Formation Flying is most interesting,

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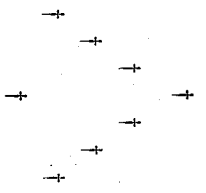
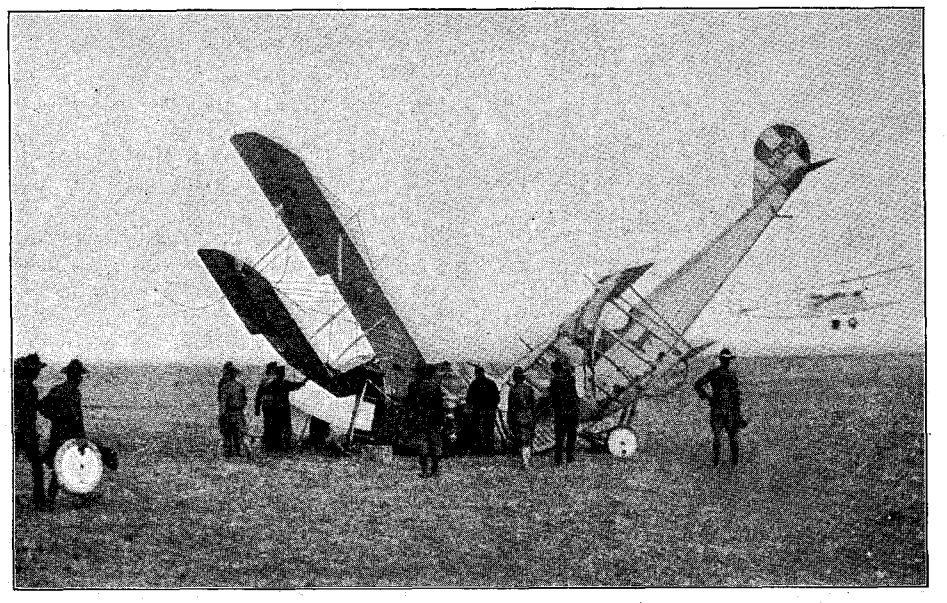
though very hard work. We fly very close together in a shape like this:



I did all my flying in No. 1 position, on the left.

Went up for my altitude test last Sunday noon. The air was very bumpy up to 2,000 feet, then I struck smooth air up to nearly 5,000. At that height it got so misty that I could see only a little of the earth directly beneath me. At 6,000 feet I got into a bad cloud where the bumps nearly threw the machine out of control. So I dived and made off to the northward, where I could see the sun shining down through a rift in the clouds. I made for it and got up through, and there I saw the most impressive sight I ever witnessed. The sun was shining down brightly on a vast ocean of clouds which rolled and tumbled below me. Only occasionally through a hole in the clouds could I catch a glimpse of the earth, now more than a mile and a half below me. The machine was still climbing steadily, but at 7,600 feet I got into another cloud where the bumps were so disconcerting that I gave up my cherished ambition to get to 9,000 feet, and dived. I spiralled down to about 4,000 feet over Lake Worth and did several figure eights and diving "S" turns before starting for home. I was in the air for nearly two hours and spent probably two-thirds of that time in climbing.

I am perfectly at home in a machine now and could pull out of a tight pinch if necessary. Five times already I have had motors stall on me in the air, twice when I was less than 500 feet up, but I have made good landings every time. The higher one flies the safer he is.



A head-on collision.

Camp Hicks, Texas, Mar. 11th, 1918.

DEAR FATHER AND ALL:

I presume you have begun to wonder by this time what has happened to me. I went on pass for five days, when I finished up my flying. That was two weeks ago. I was transferred to Hicks last week and have spent most of the time since in the hospital. I had quite a little attack of bronchitis and lost my voice almost com-

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pletely for a few days. But I am at work again now and feeling O. K. again.

I suppose you will be relieved to learn that I have finished my solo flying on this side of the Atlantic without mishaps. So many do get killed down here that one who gets through alright can almost be called a survivor.

I am in the School of Aerial Gunnery where everybody spends the last three weeks of his cadetship. We go to school a week, on the machine-gun ranges a week, then in the air for a week. But our flying here is all done with an officer who pilots the machine while the cadet handles the guns in firing from the air. They have forbidden stunting in dual machines so there is practically no risk in this little flying that I have yet to do.

So far as I can see, I shall leave here on March 27th and arrive in Toronto on the 30th.

I have a birthday next Tuesday. Wish I could be home for the occasion, but I shall be there shortly after. I do not expect much time off. I can see from what is happening here that something big is coming off soon on the other side. And I am anxious to be over there.

I am mighty keen about the flying game. It has come easy to me. I can do almost anything that these machines will do—loops, spins and Immelmann Turns by the dozen. Wish I could borrow a machine from the Curtis people in Buffalo long enough to fly home. I could make it in an hour, do a few stunts and fly back. My commission in the Flying Corps might get me a machine. I would like to show you a little good flying and incidentally take Bill and George for a ride.

Camp Benbrook, April 12th, 1918.

DEAR MISS LYND:

While packing up my belongings preparatory to leaving Texas for Toronto tomorrow, I came across this unsealed letter in the dressing-table drawer written to you by my chum and roommate Cadet Instructor Garwood, who with one other boy came from Camp Hicks with me to instruct Cadets in flying. We had a nice room between the two of us. I gathered up all his belongings and handed them in. He had a lot of lovely pictures and photographs. I myself have a snap of him. I have known him quite a long time and I must say that he was one of the most gentlemanly fellows that I have met. Needless to say his death was deeply felt by me and all the other officers in camp. His disposition was one that gained him a lot of friends.

If there is anything that I can do, or give you any information on, you call June 6663 and ask for me. You may get me or write,

Yours very truly,
LIEUT. W. P. ENDERSBY, R. F. C.,
86th Squadron, Camp Borden, Canada.

Benbrook, Wed. night, March 27th, 1918.

DEAR MARY:

I hope you were no more surprised than I was at the news of my being held as an instructor. I had had even no intimation that I might be made an instructor until yesterday noon.

I was mighty disappointed at first, as I have been counting for so long on seeing you next Saturday, and I am so keen to get over-seas. But I am now quite reconciled to it and as keen to start instructing.

Forgetting for the moment my duty at the front, let me tell you some of the selfish benefits of being made instructor. In the first place, I have been assigned to B. Flight, 84 Squadron, "Castle Squadron." When Benbrook moves North April 14th, our Squadron is moved to Armour Heights all of which means that I can spend almost every night at "home." Every night might prove too much of an infringement upon Mother Hodgens' hospitality, but certainly I can see you as often as we mutually like, and I call that privilege worth waiting for for a couple of weeks.

I came from Hicks today, and am now living in Officer's quarters, eating at officer's mess and acting, or trying to act, an officer's part. It is like coming from Hell into Heaven. We eat like kings, have a batman between the three of us, and best of all, the men are a fine congenial lot.

I have a little more flying which I shall do in the morning to earn my commission. I shall have my wings on yet this week. All my fine clothes must wait in Toronto until I return.

When I do go over it will probably be as a first Lieutenant with more pay and

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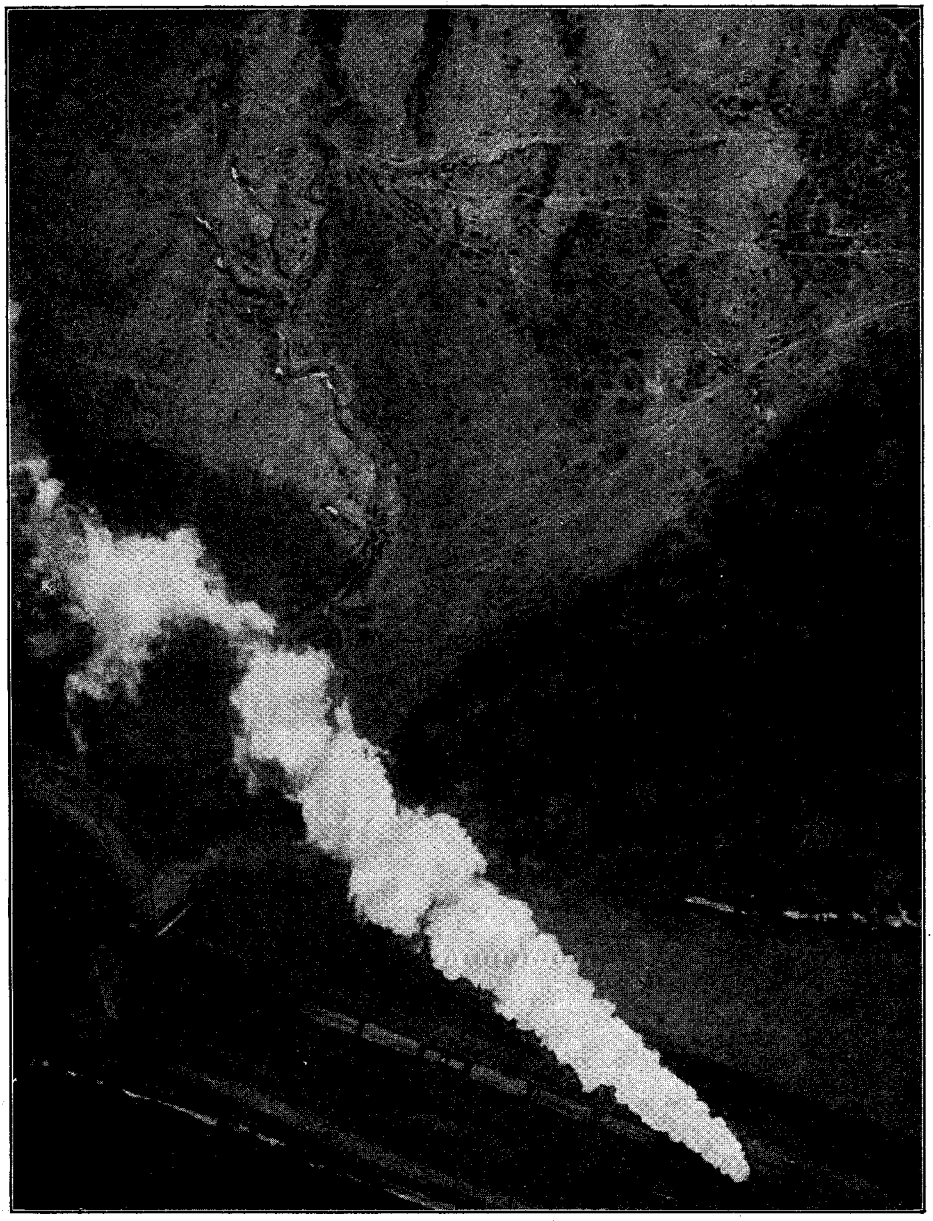

Photograph of a train taken by Lieutenant Garwood while flying at Camp Hicks.

some assurance that I shall get a scout (fighting) machine. All the experience I get here will be mighty valuable to one at the front. I get good pay ($7 per day) as an instructor and I need the money. Moreover I shall have leisure to write a few articles.

You surely were good to write so many fine letters. I am sorry, Mary, but your last box of candy never came. I have received only two boxes of Laura Secord and one other. Never mind, Mary, I appreciate the spirit in which it was sent. Don't try to send me any more as I have everything one could desire to eat now, even to 4 o'clock tea.

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I am on early flying, so must turn in.
Love to yourself and Mother Hodgens,
BOB.

2 Lieutenant R. D. Garwood,
84 C. T. S.

TELEGRAMS

Fort Worth, Texas, 3/27/18.

W. J. GARWOOD.

Am commissioned and held at Benbrook as Flying Instructor will return to Canada with the unit April 12th will not get overseas before midsummer notify Hulbert immediately to forward mail to Benbrook.

ROBERT. 8.57.

3/28/18.

W. J. GARWOOD.

Deeply regret to inform you your son Cadet Robert Daniel Garwood instantly killed in aeroplane crash about ten fifty A. M. today Accident due to spin

O C 43 Wing, Field Number three.
2.55 P. M.

Among Garwood's effects was found a diary from which the following extracts were taken.

This was the same diary that he carried strapped to his waist when the *Verdi* was torpedoed and he was cast into the sea. It was from this that he hoped later on to draw the material for a book.

Tuesday, Jan. 22.—After an interesting trip of three days length via C. P. R. Wabash & M. K. T. we arrived just before noon today at Ft. Worth, Texas. About forty of us were assigned to the 43d wing, Camp Benbrook. The motor transport was not sufficient to transport all of us to camp at the same time, so seven of us stayed for a few hours at Ft. Worth, where we feasted on turkey and "saw the city." In the middle of the afternoon we were taken by motor truck to the camp, which is situated about ten miles south west of the city. Just outside Ft. Worth we passed through Camp Bowie, an enormous American cantonment. Long before we reached our own camp we could see literally dozens of aeroplanes circling about it. After going through the usual formalities of entering a new post, the seven of us were assigned to a tent, which will be our home for some time. The tent is quite commodious but unheated and we have only candles for light.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.—I took my first flight this afternoon—a joy ride with Lt. Ballough. We went up about 2000 feet, did a couple of stalls, vertical banks and side slips. I was a little surprised at the lack of thrills. There was no sensation of height. The earth seemed like a big map which slipped along steadily underneath.

Friday, Jan. 25.—I was sent out for early flying. With scarcely any verbal instruction I jumped into the front seat of Lt. Ballough's machine and up we went. At about 1000 feet he shut off the motor long enough to tell me to take the machine. We wobbled a bit at first but I soon caught the knack of straight flying. Then he illustrated a turn and gave the machine over to me again. I put it through about twenty right and left turns, rising to an altitude of about 2000 feet. Lt. Ballough then began throwing the machine into side slips and telling me to bring her out. He had to come to the rescue the first couple of times but I soon learned to right the machine. We were by this time several miles away from the aerodrome. He headed the machine around to indicate the direction of the aerodrome and then told me to steer for home. I could see a few white specks on the map below, way to the eastward, and for these I headed the machine—starting to descend gradually. When we got close over the aerodrome we could discern several other machines hovering about, so I was a little relieved to have him once more take control and bring the machine down. He gave me some very helpful suggestions after we had landed and climbed out.

One is compelled to be so intent upon the operation of his machine at first, that he never thinks of height or danger. Great fun!

Tuesday, Jan. 29.—This has been a big day for Camp Benbrook. No flying. A few of us took a walk over to a nearby ranch and watched the steers driven in. In the afternoon several hundred visitors came down to watch the athletic contests and the stunt flying. The Camp was wide open to visitors. In between the

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An unusual photograph of the ground and an airplane taken from a plane flying at a higher altitude.

athletic events, the crowd was kept in good humor by a U. S. Military Band from Camp Bowie. Late in the afternoon three fliers in close formation came over from Camp Everman, hovered about for a while, and then alighted. Shortly afterward, Capt. Vernon Castle and Lt. Wilmot went up and did some wonderful stunt flying. They looped, did spinning nose dives and Immelmann turns in rapid succession.

Tonight we had a big programme in an improvised theatre, in which Vernon Castle again figured prominently. He was most clever in the rôle of a rookie cadet out for "Early Flying."

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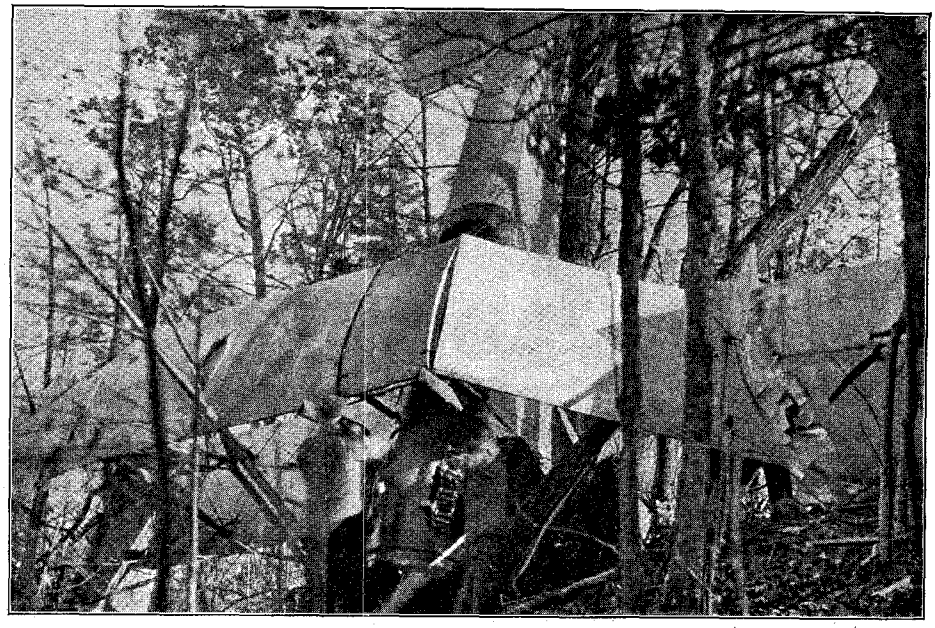
Thursday, Jan. 31.—I went up with Lt. Ballough at 4:20 this afternoon and practised a few landings. Then came the big event which happens once in the life of every aviator—the first solo flight. Lt. Ballough asked me if I could take "her" up, and when I answered in the affirmative he climbed out of the front seat and said "Let her go." I opened the throttle wide and grabbed the joy stick as though I had owned it for twenty years. The machine climbed rapidly over the hangars. When the altimeter indicated about 800 feet I threw her into a steep bank and turned west. I had scarcely flattened out again over a big gulch to the west of the Camp when I began to encounter bumpy air, which gives one the sensation of driving a buggy over a stone pile. Only for an instant did I realize that I was alone and it was indeed a queer sensation. I climbed up to about 1000 feet and circled about over the aerodrome to land with the wind. I brought her down to 700 feet, then shut off the motor and dived steeply. I made a very fast landing, but got down without mishap; taxied into the hangar and climbed out.

Sunday, Feb. 3.—I had my first real crash this morning. The wind was so strong that it blew off my goggles as I was Taking off. When I came to land my eyes were so watery that I could not judge the distance and I crashed into the ground nose downward. I saw it coming, but too late, so by throwing up my arm saved my nose from being broken on the cowling. The machine was left standing nose buried in the ground, tail high in the air. After climbing out I saw at a glance that the propeller, the undercarriage, and both bottom planes were wrecked. I sat down at the nose of the machine, lit a cigarette, and waited for "Hungry Liz" (the ambulance) to come up. Soon the O. C. taxied up and shouted "What the hell kind of a landing did you make?" I answered, "I didn't land at all, sir, I just arrived." I stood by the machine until it was taken into the hangar and the damage estimated to be $1500. Then I climbed into another machine and went up to 3500 feet. I found it so bumpy even at that height that after forty minutes I came down again. I was up again this afternoon for forty minutes and found



Caught among the trees.

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it still so bumpy that I quit for the day.

Ballinger had a bad crash today but was not injured. One machine caught fire at about 1000 feet this afternoon. He came down behind a small hill out of sight, so I do not know whether the cadet was burned.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—I was up for three hours this morning finishing up my time in the elementary training squadron. I finished at noon, after having the motor stall three times, while in the air. The last two times I barely succeeded in getting back to the aerodrome.

I got a pass at noon and spent the afternoon and evening at Fort Worth, but did not see anything more exciting than a murder, on Main Street.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—Today has been a jinx for the R. F. C. There were seven quite bad crashes on the aerodrome before breakfast and during the day six more crashed inside the aerodrome and three outside. Early in the forenoon two machines collided and shortly afterward two more crashed into them, so that four machines were piled up in one heap. No one killed or even seriously injured today so far as I know.

I was on the range most of the forenoon. Upon coming back at noon I was sent up for my altitude test with instructions to go as high as I could. The air was very bumpy at 2000 feet but smooth from there to 4500 feet. At 5000 feet I began again to encounter bad bumps and had difficulty in seeing the ground on account of a heavy haze. At 6500 feet I got into a heavy cloud and had difficulty in keeping on an even keel, so I dived below it and made off to northward where it appeared to be clear. High over Lake Worth, I made for a rift in the clouds. At 7500 feet I could see an ocean of clouds drifting below me, while here and there through an opening, I could make out the ground. The sun was shining brightly up there when I first broke through the clouds, but I soon encountered higher ones and the bumps were so disconcerting that I gave up the attempt to get higher and dived. I spiralled down to about 4000 feet over Lake Worth and did several figure eights and diving stunts, then opened the throttle and headed for home. When I landed I found I had been up for two hours, and probably two thirds of that time was spent in climbing up to 7600 feet.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—This has been my biggest flying day yet, as I have been five hours ten minutes in the air. Was up for one hour and thirty five minutes before breakfast, in formation. I got in the wash of the leading machine twice and was forced to dive to avert disaster.

Just before noon, Murray, Stanfield and I started off on our cross country flight in open formation, my machine leading. Soon after passing over Lake Worth at an altitude of 2500 feet I spied Hicks, our first stop. We all circled the aerodrome and landed together. After a fifteen minute stop we took off and started for Everman. The air was very bumpy and my motor was working badly so I had difficulty in getting to a safe altitude. The other machine went ahead of me, but I kept plugging along and passed over the eastern outskirts of Fort Worth at an altitude of 1500 feet. After nearly an hour I reached Everman and spiralled down over the village. Stanfield and Murray had gone too far to the west so I landed as soon as they.

At Everman we tanked up and started for Cressen. We all cut a few figures over the town and started down to land. This time Stanfield was about 500 feet beneath me. I followed him down intending to land after him, but he had scarcely touched the ground when his machine went up on her nose and then over on her back. I changed my intentions quite suddenly and shot up again. I circled him a couple of times until I saw him climb out of the wreck. Sure that he was unhurt, I climbed up and flew back to Benbrook in haste to report the accident.

Though I had already been in the air four hours ten minutes, they permitted me only to get a lunch before starting for Cressen. It took me but half an hour to get there. When I landed Murray was already there. He had landed in Joshua and had dinner before resuming his journey. After lying around for half an hour on the grass, we flew back together.

Friday, Feb. 15.—Our long series of

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fatal accidents came to a climax this morning when Vernon Castle, our most famous and most popular flier, met his death. At 7:40 this morning while descending with R. Peters, an American Cadet, he tried to avoid a collision with a machine driven by Battle, sideslipped to the ground and was killed. The machine was a complete wreck, but Peters escaped with only a black eye.

Tuesday, Feb. 18.—Though it has been a very bad day we have done considerable flying. I went up this afternoon first on ground strips. A whole series of strips were put out at the station and I had to send down by wireless the meaning of each in full. I was sent up to do a prearranged "shoot" to arrange artillery on a known target under conditions approximating as nearly as possible those at the front. From an altitude of about 2800 feet, I sent down by code the exact location of each of the bursts which our supposed battery fired at the target.

The mere work of flying has become so automatic now that I can devote all my attention to the bursts, wireless, and ground strips.

Friday, Feb. 22.—I went up at 6:30 A. M. to take panneau and was successful. Then after breakfast I went up to do my bombing test over again at M station. The clouds were so low that I was unable to work at all at 2000 feet, so came down to 1500 feet and even there was in clouds half the time. The machines were dodging in and out of the clouds rather thickly so it was dangerous work. On one occasion two machines dived out of a cloud just ahead of me and passed like two streaks—one on either side.

Just before I finished bombing, the clouds began to break away. It was a beautiful sight to see patches of the landscape brighten up below. At last the clouds passed and the whole landscape below was flooded with morning light.

Saturday, Feb. 23.—Lt. Hall let me take a machine at 5 P. M. to put in some time. I flew over Texas University then dived and inspected the trenches in which the Camp Bowie soldiers play war. After that I flew north to the Lake and followed a very tortuous road around its edge for several miles.

I climbed to 2200 feet and began doing figure 8's when some 81 squadron machine started to follow me around. Mutually we started manouvering to get on each other's tails. We zummed, dived, and banked around for several minutes, as if in actual battle. But, as the sun was going down, I dived and made off toward the aerodrome, he following "on my tail."

Tuesday, Feb. 26.—I was in the air continually for two hours and twenty minutes before breakfast. It was fine flying. I climbed up to 7000 feet and did a few stunts coming down to 4000. Then I took a big look around the country, chased a train for sport, and dived on a few farm houses. I had to come down, out of petrol at last: but it was a real joy ride and an appropriate last solo ride for some time. I have now put in all my time and am ready for transfer to the School of Aerial Gunnery.

Thursday, Mar. 21.—I was transferred to Hicks with 15 others on March 6th. Living conditions here are not nearly so good as they were in Benbrook. The course here is of three weeks' duration. The first week is spent in school practicing with the Lewis gun, Vickers gun, Ring Sights and C. C. Gear until one attains expertness in each. At the end of the first week each Cadet is put through a series of oral examinations, and if successful in these he is sent to the ranges. The range tests are most interesting. Each Cadet gets practice in Lewis and Vickers stoppages, deflection, disappearing targets (surprises) moving targets, shooting down balloons, spacing, clay-pigeon shooting and other tests which aim to develop in him speed and accuracy in using machine guns under every conceivable condition. In one test the Cadet is put into a basket which rides along a cable strung between two towers. As the basket moves swiftly along, the Cadet fires with the Lewis gun at a stationary or moving target. At the end of a week on the ranges, the Cadets are given rigid written exams and, if successful, are then posted to aerial work. Here the Cadet gets his first experience at anything approximating actual fighting conditions at the front.

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THE SOLDIER'S IDEA OF "THE FOLKS BACK HOME"

By Lieutenant Harold Hersey, A. G. D.
Author of "The Faith of the Man in the Ranks"

IN the army a man's point of view necessarily undergoes a complete change. The basic conceptions of human society are reversed. Family, the duty of holding business positions, economic competition on varying scales, ordinary social conventions, these fundamentals of the average life are at one stroke done away with for practical reasons. In their place we have iron-bound discipline that refuses to recognize sentiment, a superdevelopment of the sense of duty, a worship of obedience to authority for no other reason than itself, a new clothing, a regular and systematic existence, a lack of informality in social usages, the absence of womenkind, relatives, older friends of the family, a world whose boundaries are always in sight. Such a distinct change cannot help but work a revolution in the soldier's mind. As a recruit he is conscious of the sharp differences. He is swept into the current without any regard to his previous life, his feelings, or his intellectual baggage. Laborer and clerk alike go through the mill. There is no other possible way for the system to work. It is a system developed gradually out of ages of necessity for a definite purpose. It has proven successful. It cannot recognize the importance of an individual's desires. Such recognition would mean its prompt destruction. Each recruit, therefore, must fight the battle for self-sufficiency. He must take what he finds, adapting himself to it no matter how hard it may be.

In civilian life the individual depends upon varying conditions. If he is strong-willed, he may succeed; if he is weak, he is gradually or rapidly sifted to the bottom. He must render certain hours of his day to an economic plan, the rest of the time being his own, wherein he can do pretty much as he likes. The average American goes to work at 8 or 8.30 A. M. and is through around 6 P. M. A good 90 per cent are employed in the service of others. These are the rank and file of society and constitute the rank and file of the military machine. They have simply taken up their lives under a new plan, which acknowledges their previous existence to the extent of trying to give them work which fits their qualifications. There is a distinct and advanced movement in the army to-day to endeavor to adapt each man to his special ability so far as possible, but where the overwhelming number is needed for the greater task of actual warfare, this ideal condition cannot always hold true. Already specialists are given ample opportunity to prove their worth in this selected work. As the size of the army increases, it will be more and more possible for the specialist to drop into the task for which he is best fitted. In this connection there is little difference between the soldier and the civilian. Each is given his chance. But here the likeness ends. The new object of the man's existence makes him forget self, where previously he had been prone to think only in terms of self. Regular hours for work are done away with. It is no longer possible to throw down a position and seek another at will. He is face to face with duties, and his much-vaunted rights as a voter and a citizen have disappeared. What he gains now must be earned, and by the sweat of his brow. The most minute details of his existence are governed by a power that knows of no excuses or reasons for failure to conform to the system.

With these conceptions clearly in our minds, we can begin to study the formal aspects of the soldier's psychology. There are a number of subjects awaiting intelligent explanations. In this paper I hope to take up one of these, one that has been sadly misinterpreted and indistinct-

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ly grasped. Now that the novelty of a peaceful nation being swept into war is wearing off, and we are settling down into the stern task of whipping a desperate foe, we should begin to appreciate the truths of our men in uniform. We should strip our minds of any false values or ideas. We cannot afford to ignore the truth no matter where it appears, no matter how viciously it strikes our illusions. It seems to me that the soldier's idea of those at home, if painstakingly explained, will do much to clear up the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past and make it easier for those behind us to offer intelligent aid and assistance. No matter how many theories the family possesses, if they are impractical there is no need of endeavoring to force them down the throats of the "boy" in uniform. We have been witness to many unintelligent but praiseworthy attempts to assist soldiers. Most of them have proven abortive, due to the fact that those who conducted them were inefficient, unsympathetic, and prone to moralizations. I have read many letters from "doting" parents to the men at this station, and a large percentage of them displayed a pitiful misunderstanding of the changed psychology of the persons to whom they were written. They were tender and conveyed a generous idea of the firm spirit of sacrifice of those who wrote them, but they only unsettled and made harder the task of the soldier.

No matter how firmly we feel, we cannot afford to "lay waste our powers" these days. We are turning into a saving nation, just as the French did under the influence of the War of 1870. It is for a good reason. We must, in consequence, save ourselves all unnecessary failures and experiments. The object in view permits only one thing—concerted energy for a successful termination of the war. Any other conception is intolerable. Any plan which helps this must be considered carefully from every angle.

The man in uniform looks back upon his prior life with a mixture of emotions. It is not unfair to admit that there is a large element of sentiment in this. The soldier has a strong sentimental side to his nature. With the increase of physical and mental stamina there is a corresponding enlargement of purely personal feelings. I recall going through the barracks out in the Philippines as a mere boy, and having the men show me their belongings. Each one had a little box at the foot of his cot wherein were stored the pitiful stock of his treasures. There were pictures of the family, perhaps a mother, sister, or other relative, and more often of some girl. Added to these were small packages of letters, which they read over and over again, and keepsakes of various kinds. The same holds true in every nook of military life. The soldier clings like a big child to such mementos. It would be wrong to underestimate their importance. Around them hovers his entire mental picture of those at home.

We are not prone to discuss these things much in the army, so it is said, but a confession is good for the soul; we do. Even among the officers there is an omnipresent discussion of sweethearts, mothers, relations, friends. Men would go mad from the monotony of their existence without some outlet for emotion. Even such a casual study as this cannot except the warmth of men's feelings. To play upon the one string unendingly would be tiresome, ridiculous. Out and beyond the surge of work that goes on from reveille to taps, there lurks always the voice of home like the refrain of a remembered tune. It comes out at the most unexpected moments.

The soldier at first pours a steady stream of letters home. As he becomes accustomed to the routine of his new life, he fights hard against a loneliness of spirit.

The strange faces, the unaccustomed harshness, the development of the physical, these things are in the nature of a temporary shock. Typically, we ignore this initial stage as much as possible. The recruit is the subject of laughter. His crudeness, his difficulty in learning how to drill, his uniform, it is all amusing to those who have passed through the game. It seems harsh at first, but in reality it is the most sensible, the most practical way to treat the recruit. There can be little gentleness shown where men are so busy.

Gradually the environment begins to sink into the recruit's mind. He grows accustomed to the life. Strange faces

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have become familiar. Friends develop. He is part of some little clique of chums. The letters home become more scarce. Pretty soon there is a loud clamor from a sweetheart or a mother demanding letters.

It is natural that in the beginning his thoughts of home are almost maudlin in their feeling. He visualizes clearly the old familiar sights. He dreams of the day when he will return. He wonders what "they" are doing at such and such an hour. Now bear in mind one fact. This sentimental regard never changes, it is only submerged beneath an exterior of increasing strength of character. Its very suppression is indicative of the amazing tenacity with which it continues. Nothing is ever quite like that ideal of home. Through every hardship, every wait for action or duty, it runs like the motif of a book.

I have often listened to the men talking among themselves. Their conversation is not of the kind that would go well in a drawing-room, to say the least. Around it and through it, nevertheless, there runs the thread of reminiscence. One man reaches into a pocket and brings out a picture, a token, a letter, and another tells a long story of his last visit home.

And the delivery of mail. There is the pulse of the whole matter beating sharply directly under one's hands. Those at home would never let a day pass without a word if they could see the look in the faces of the men who do not get their mail. Here and there is a man who has no one "back there"; he may seem hardened to the superficial observer, but the opposite is true. He is slightly bitter. He is rapidly on the way to a crude disillusionment. Also, the matter of mail has received the intelligent attention of General Pershing. Soldiers are in their turn cautioned to write home frequently. The ties are kept up. The man is encouraged to keep in touch with his family, his lady-love, his friends. He is a better soldier when he is contented. A good fighter is not one who goes into battle calloused and disheartened. He is apt to be reckless, to endanger his own life unnecessarily as well as the lives of his comrades. An intimate connection with those at home is one of the fundamentals necessary to his make-up just as health, plenty of sleep and food are other vital matters.

His conception of home grows into an idealization of the finest kind. The faults, the shortcomings, fade out and in their place is substituted a generous feeling of love and veneration. An impatience, a high regard for courage, a burning patriotism—these are some of the things that the recruit learns to admire. He endows the home-folks with the same qualities. Naturally there is no one just like his own mother or sweetheart. There couldn't be. Consider, therefore, what this man is going to expect when he returns. Ah! there is another story to be enacted in hundreds and thousands of homes when the war is over.

To the soldier the people at home dwell in a kind of dream life. The contrast is so great that it is hard to understand how people can remain out of the difficulties of war and not be happy. We have the frequent illustrations in magazines of the soldier dreaming of the home, the people in it. It is self-evident.

A common occurrence among soldiers is a half inclination toward pessimism when mail is not delivered. I have already mentioned this, but I wish to call attention to the fact that such a condition leads the soldier to believe that he is forgotten by his relatives and friends. His conception of home being an ideal one, where life means contentment, he cannot understand how such neglect can result. It is no easy matter to pull away from American shores in a transport, believing that one may never return. Such an hour has a permanent effect upon the spirit. The emotions are carried to a high pitch. Everything normal becomes abnormal for a time. The slightest concern takes on an ominous color.

The contrast of the present existence with the old one is sharp and conducive to thought where previously the matter had been neglected. The ordinary mortal is not prone to going into contrasts of life. He is content to let things remain as they are. Put him in an utterly new environment and he is able to compare. Now let the environment be completely the opposite of the former. One was an easy proposition where the weaknesses were condoled, where sympathy was always at

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hand, where friends were; the other is strange, exact, dangerous to an extreme. It is unnecessary to say more.

If this is realized, I am sure that those at home will not neglect their duty to keep in continual, intimate touch with the man in uniform. It is not necessary to send things. The government has prescribed exact rules for the sending of packages in order to keep down the flow of useless material being sent daily overseas. It is necessary, however, to let the soldier know exactly what is going on at home. The little details, the daily happenings, the lighter type of social gossip—these and other matters of a like nature should be with him "overseas" in exactly the same way as they would be if he were not in service. His mental state is of vast importance. He thinks of home continuously, no matter how busy or how arduously dangerous his labors are or where he is. Pictures, letters, small tokens—the intimate touch with the loved ones. We need not be sentimental about the soldier or weaken him, but the "folks back home" must not forget him for a day, and they must let him know it.

THE FRENCH NAVY IN THE ADRIATIC

BY ROBERT W. NEESER

Author of "The Submarine in War," etc.

IF the part played by the French navy in the Adriatic Sea has not been generally understood, this has been due not to any lack of initiative or activity on its part, but rather to the silent manner in which it has carried out its allotted task. Since the first days of August, 1914, the French army has had its operations in the field described in daily bulletins, but the navy, though doing proportionately as much work as the army, work upon which the very existence of the army often depended, said nothing. This was not because its vessels remained inactive, but because the information which the public desired to know might also have been of value to the enemy. For this reason the operations of the French navy have been only imperfectly pictured in the official communiqués which have emanated from the Ministry of Marine in Paris. Month after month passed and still there was nothing to report except that "the fleet continues to blockade the entrance to the Adriatic."

The outbreak of hostilities found the French navy fully imbued with the doctrine and fully prepared by its training for the "grande bataille en haute mer"—the achieving of great victories in fleet engagements—and this policy was that outlined in the orders which Admiral de Lapeyrère received from the minister of marine on August 10, 1914, on the eve of his departure for the Adriatic. But if the French commander-in-chief expected to surprise the enemy on the high seas, he was destined to be disappointed. The Austro-Hungarian fleet felt itself too inferior in strength and in numbers to venture beyond the protection of its shore batteries and mine-fields, and persistently refused to depart from the reticent strategy which, during the present conflict, has characterized the operations of the Teutonic navy at sea.

In this the Vienna admiralty showed its appreciation of the geographical advantages which it possessed in the fringe of islands that dotted the Dalmatian coast from Pola to Cattaro. Sweeps of the Adriatic Sea were possible from time to time, but it was extremely difficult, if not dangerous, for the French squadrons, deficient as they were in patrol and mine-sweeping craft, to remain long in those waters, when at any moment they were liable to be surprised by enemy flotillas

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issuing from the channels behind the islands along the eastern shore. The policy of prudence therefore dictated the establishment of a line of blockading ships off the Straits of Otranto, with Malta as a base. This was the plan of operations adopted by Admiral de Lapeyrère, and it was due to his wise decision that the French navy was able to immobilize the enemy's forces for over two years without needlessly exposing or sacrificing its own vessels.

The naval campaign in the Adriatic opened auspiciously when the French fleet of fifteen battleships, six large cruisers, and thirty smaller ships, appeared off Antivari on the morning of August 16th, and surprised the Austrian light cruiser *Zenta* while engaged in laying mines in the offing. But this was the only occasion when the French naval gunners were able to demonstrate their ability to hit the target as they had been taught in practice. In spite of the repeated appearance of the French squadrons in the Adriatic, the enemy refused to come out, and this and other demonstrations served no other purpose than to expose the vessels needlessly in waters with which the French officers were not familiar, due to the fact that "our ships had never before penetrated into that sea." It was in the course of one of these periodic sweeps that the dreadnought *Jean-Bart*, flying the flag of the commander-in-chief, was struck by a torpedo fired from the Austrian submarine U-12. Fortunately the damage caused by the explosion was comparatively light. The water-tight compartments held until the ship was able to reach a safe anchorage, and the fine dreadnought was saved to the French navy.

The presence of the enemy's undersea craft, and the lack of sufficient scouts and torpedo-boats to combat them, was the signal for the withdrawal of the larger French naval units from the Adriatic. From that moment, the line of the blockading cruisers and battleships stretched from Otranto to the Island of Saseno, on the Albanian coast. It was the beginning of a long and weary vigil, which was to continue without interruption for almost a year. Back and forth the vessels cruised, keeping the sea in all weathers, while the smaller craft, the submarines and the destroyers, sought the shelter of the inhospitable shores of the islands of Paxo and Antipaxo, near Corfu. All the vessels had to coal at sea, whenever the weather conditions allowed, and once a month the schedule called for a visit to the British naval station at Malta in order to allow the overworked crews a little liberty and rest on shore. From time to time the fleet ventured into the Adriatic in order to escort the transports laden with supplies and munitions destined for the Montenegrin and Servian armies in the field. On these occasions the battleships and cruisers were well flanked by destroyers, and during the unloading of these precious cargoes the latter often penetrated far north of Antivari in the vain hope of falling in with some Austrian war-vessel. "What are we doing?" wrote an officer in the squadron. "We are filling our lungs with fresh salt sea air, but never do we get a glimpse of the enemy, and very likely we will never get into action until the day when we ourselves become the target for one of his submarines, against which we have not the slightest protection, not even the shelter of a friendly anchorage," and this condition of affairs continued throughout the winter of 1915, when the harbor of Navarin was placed at the disposal of the Allies by the Venizelos ministry.

The most tragic incident of the blockade was the loss of the *Léon Gambetta*. This cruiser formed part of the light division rendered famous in René Milan's admirable little book "Les Vagabonds de la Gloire." Her regular station was near the Italian side of the Straits of Otranto, but on the date of the disaster the French blockading vessels had been withdrawn further south because of the report that several of the enemy's submarines were in the lower Adriatic, and the possibility that their appearance was merely a covering movement behind which the main Austrian naval forces might attempt to force the passage in order to join the German cruisers in the Dardanelles and thereby jeopardize the safety of the large troop convoys then en route for Gallipoli.

About midnight on the night of April 26–27, 1915, the lookout on the *Léon Gambetta* reported a sailing vessel approaching the cruiser. She was evidently

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bound for the Adriatic, and this called for an examination of her papers by a boarding officer. A boat was lowered for this purpose, and Captain André of the *Gambetta* was awaiting the return of his officer, when, at twenty minutes after midnight, the war-ship was struck by a torpedo, which penetrated the dynamo-room and instantly plunged the vessel into darkness. A few seconds later a second torpedo exploded in one of the boiler-compartments. The engines stopped and the cruiser began to settle. On the bridge Captain André gave the orders to assure the safety of his men, while he himself quietly awaited death at his post of command. For the majority of the ship's company, there was little hope of rescue, the explosion of the first torpedo having disabled the wireless, thus preventing the sending out of the S. O. S. call. Only a few of the boats could be lowered owing to the heavy keel of the cruiser, and these were soon filled with men. "Be steady, my children!" called out the captain. "The boats are for you! We officers will remain!" Perfect discipline reigned to the last moment. The men quietly obeyed the orders of their officers, who seemed to be everywhere, encouraging and assisting the sailors. Slowly the great cruiser began to heel. Rafts, spars, and other floating material were thrown overboard, and those who could not find places in the boats were ordered to save themselves on them if they could. "Courage! We die together!" rose the cry from the bridge, where Admiral Sénès, Captain André, and their officers were still clinging to the bridge-rail. Then the *Léon Gambetta* turned and disappeared beneath the waves amid cries of "Vive la France!" from those on board.

Not an officer survived the disaster. Out of a total complement of 821 souls, 684 brave officers and men were lost. The conduct of every man of the lost cruiser had been heroic, that of their officers magnificent. "Nous autres, nous resterons!" will forever remain the watchword of the French navy.

Despairing of being able to reach his adversary on the surface, Admiral de Lapeyrère decided to engage him with his own weapons. Already in the fall of 1914 had the French submarine *Cugnot* succeeded in entering the harbor of Cattaro, but her presence was discovered before she was able to attack the Austrian battleship moored in the outer harbor, and it was only by the merest chance and the skilful handling of her commander that she managed to escape from the patrol-vessels which were sent in pursuit.

The *Curie*, which attempted to penetrate into the military port of Pola, in December, 1914, was not so fortunate. Her appearance in the midst of the Austrian battle-fleet was made under circumstances which were little short of dramatic. To quote from the narrative of a French naval officer: "The *Curie* had cruised the length of the Adriatic to reach the waters before the naval station of Pola. Above the stone wall of the breakwater could be seen the Austrian dreadnought *Viribus Unitis* and *Tegethoff*, which had so often refused the challenge offered them by the French ships. Prudently the commander of the *Curie* waited in the offing until some vessel should appear to pilot him through the dangerous mine-fields. He had not long to wait. At dawn an Austrian destroyer started to enter the harbor, and the *Curie*, unobserved, steamed in after him, although there was little chance even as victor, of her ever coming out again in safety. Like the *Cugnot*, the *Curie* found her diving rudders entangled in the meshes of a steel anti-submarine net at the very moment when her heroic venture was about to be crowned with success. For a long time the submarine struggled to free herself in order to be able to fire her torpedoes, but in vain. After several hours the electric power began to fail, the full charge of the accumulators having been exhausted in an effort to escape from certain disaster. In this moment of trial, the commander of the submarine decided to come to the surface in order to save the lives of his men.

"On shore, a garden-party was in progress. The Austrian admiral was entertaining the officers of the fleet and their families. There was no reason to suppose even the possibility of a sudden intrusion by the French fleet, which at that moment was known to be far from Pola. Besides, were not the forts at the entrance of the bay capable of disputing the pas-

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sage of any venturesome French war-ship? On the lawns of the arsenal were gathered the ladies, the officers in their showy uniforms, the military and naval bands, when suddenly a cry of terror interrupted the gay scene. A strange submarine was seen to emerge in the naval harbor, its hull covered with the tell-tale net. The periscope, torpedoes, and tricolor colors came to the surface not far from the anchorage of the Austrian dreadnought *Viribus Unitis*. The shore batteries opened a murderous fire, the marines rushed for their rifles, and the crew of the *Curie*, who had started to abandon their vessel, found themselves swimming for shore in the face of several well-directed volleys, which wounded the captain and killed the second in command." Even the Austrians were obliged to admire the enterprise and heroism of the French sailors, and one of the survivors has recorded the fact that the Austrians were generous enough to cheer their defeated foe before they were marched off as prisoners of war.

Without again venturing into the enemy's harbors, Admiral de Lapeyrère's submarines maintained a vigilant patrol of the Dalmatian coast. Their base was situated at Plateali Bay, where their wants were looked after by the old battleship *Marceau*, recently converted into a mother ship for submarines. The plucky little craft would leave port regularly, generally in tow of some larger vessel, in order to economize as much fuel as possible, save time, and rest their crews. In the Straits of Otranto they would cast off their tow and proceed to cruise under their own power off the enemy's ports, where, constantly subjected to attacks from the Austrian destroyers and hydroplanes, they patiently awaited the enemy's larger ships and cargo-vessels. That they so often were obliged to return empty-handed was not due to any lack of initiative on their part—on the contrary, their commanders invariably did more than was asked of them—but to the ability of the Austrian spies to find out the movements of the French vessels and report their presence to the authorities at Pola and Cattaro. How well informed they were kept is shown by the fact that whenever unforeseen circumstances prevented the French undersea craft from carrying out their reliefs promptly, or obliged one of them to leave her station, that moment was always the one chosen by the enemy to send his vessels to sea.

No account of the submarine operations in the Adriatic, however, would be complete without reference to the brilliant record of Lieutenant Cochin, who in the submarine *Papin* carried out an enterprise of daring, which, perhaps, has had no parallel in the war. While cruising off the Austrian coast, the *Papin* found herself in the middle of a dangerous mine-area. Without hesitation, Lieutenant Cochin proceeded to pick his way through the mine-field, cutting the cables of more than one hundred mines as he went, and destroying them after he had set them adrift.

The entrance of Italy into the war on May 23, 1915, brought about an important repartition of the allied naval forces. In deference to the wishes of the Italian Government, the naval operations in the Adriatic were confided to the Italian navy under the command of the Duke of the Abbruzzi. Several divisions of French destroyers and submarines, and a few British cruisers, were assigned for service with the Italian naval forces, but the greater part of the French fleet was relieved of the heavy duties which it had discharged so enterprisingly and so well, and was withdrawn from the Adriatic.

Italy's participation in the war also greatly influenced the naval campaign in the Adriatic in another respect. While Italy remained neutral, the French navy had been obliged to operate far away from its home bases, Toulon and Bizerte, but now the conditions were reversed, and it was the allied naval forces who found themselves well within reach of their enemy. This opportunity the Italian and French torpedo flotillas were not long to overlook. In July the French destroyer *Bisson* carried out a brilliant operation against Lagosta. Lieutenant Le Sort had been intrusted with the dangerous mission of cutting the telegraph-cable under the enemy's guns. He not only accomplished this duty successfully, but in addition discovered and destroyed an important submarine supply depot which the Austrians had established there in spite of the efforts of the French to pre-

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vent them. Nor was this the only instance when the Italian commander-in-chief found occasion to commend Lieutenant Le Sort. A month later the *Bisson* accounted for the first Austrian submarine sunk in the Adriatic by the Entente navies. The *Bisson* was steaming in company with two Italian destroyers when she sighted the submarine running on the surface. Lieutenant Le Sort immediately left his consorts and steamed at full speed in the direction of the enemy. The crew of the U-3 afterward said that their captain had been in no hurry to submerge, as he was certain that "there would be plenty of time later." But in this he proved to be mistaken. Within ten minutes the *Bisson* opened fire at three thousand yards. The first two shots fell short, but the third struck the submarine fairly and exploded in her engine-room. The accuracy of the *Bisson's* fire must have impressed the Austrian commander with the necessity of exercising a little more caution the next time.

In the meanwhile the Italian naval forces were busily engaged in affording protection to the transports which, great and small, were arriving almost daily at Medue. In this the Italians no longer had the co-operation of the destroyer flotillas which the French admiral had previously loaned them, all the French vessels having been recalled to cover the important convoy movements which were then in progress toward Salonica, and the Italians found great difficulty in performing this duty unaided owing to the near proximity of the Austrian base of Cattaro. The roadstead of San Giovanni di Medue, exposed to attack both from the air and from the sea, pretty soon became untenable. The warnings of raids followed each other so rapidly that the crews of the warships and merchant-vessels often remained for days at their guns. These successes encouraged the Austrian flotillas to even more daring deeds. During the night of November 23–24, 1915, a small convoy was destroyed within sight of the coast. Three days later the French cargo *L'Harmonie* succumbed to a joint attack made upon her by enemy submarines and aircraft. On December 4th, eight hostile vessels appeared off San Giovanni and destroyed three vessels at anchor and the French submarine *Fresnel*, which was ashore on a sand-bank. About the same time the Italian transport *Re Umberto*, and the destroyer *Intrepido* were sunk off Vallona by mines.

But the Austrians attempted to repeat their successes once too often. On December 29th word was received at Brindisi that the cruiser *Helgoland* and five destroyers had just bombarded Durazzo. An allied division composed of the British cruiser *Dartmouth*, the Italian scout *Quarto*, and a group of French destroyers, was immediately sent in pursuit, while another force was ordered to steer a roundabout course in order to cut off the enemy from the north, and if possible drive him toward the Italian shore, where he was certain to be intercepted by the first division. The movement was well planned, and very nearly succeeded. As it was, the Austrians did not escape unscathed. Off Durazzo one of their destroyers, the *Llka*, was destroyed by a mine, while the *Triglav* was so seriously injured that she had to be abandoned. This was the last raid attempted by the Austrian light squadrons in those waters.

And it was fortunate that this impression was conveyed to the enemy so forcibly, for early in January, 1916, it became evident that the first duty of the French naval forces was likely to be the withdrawal from Albania of the retreating Servian and Montenegrin armies. One of the most important military expeditions that took place in this connection was the seizure of the Island of Corfu on the morning of January 11, 1916, by the cruiser division under Vice-Admiral Chocheprat. Seldom has there been witnessed so well-executed a disembarkation. Within a few hours every man, gun, and animal brought by the vessels of the squadron had been landed, and so quietly had the admiral's orders been carried out that when the marine guard appeared at the gates of the German Emperor's palace and roused the janitor of the Achilleion from his sleep, that worthy unsuspectingly protested: "It is too early to visit the palace. Come later."

By the end of February, one hundred and fifty thousand Servian troops had been transported to Corfu and Brindisi,

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not to mention the twelve thousand civilian refugees who could not be left behind. It was impossible to risk any of the large transports in this service, so that only trawlers—of which the Allied navies by this time had been able to commission quite a number—were available for the evacuation of all those unfortunate people, assisted by every torpedo-boat, patrol-vessel, and vedette that could be spared from the main fleet. The Austrians made no attempt to hinder the evacuation, "and it was thanks to their lack of initiative as well as to the enterprise, courage, and devotion of the French sailors and merchant crews," wrote Captain de Cacqueray, who was in charge of the operations off the Albanian coast, "that we were able to surmount all our obstacles and save the Servian army."

History alone will be able to render full justice to the results accomplished by the silent work of the French navy during its long watches off the Straits of Otranto. In spite of the difficulties which it experienced due to the lack of scouts and of bases within proximity of Pola and the Austrian fleet, the French navy maintained an effective blockade of the Adriatic. The battleships alone are held to have steamed over six thousand hours, while the destroyers were under way no less than twice that length of time, a record which the other belligerent navies have yet to surpass, and one of which the French people may well be proud.

"ON ACTIVE SERVICE"

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

(R. S., August 12th, 1918)

By Edith Wharton

He is dead that was alive.
How shall friendship understand?
Lavish heart and tireless hand
Bidden not to give or strive,
Eager brain and questing eye
Like a broken lens laid by.

He, with so much left to do,
Such a gallant race to run,
What concern had he with you,
Silent Keeper of things done?

Tell us not that, wise and young,
Elsewhere he lives out his plan.
Our speech was sweetest to his tongue,
And his great gift was to be man.

Long and long shall we remember,
In our breasts his grave be made.
It shall never be December
Where so warm a heart is laid,
But in our saddest selves a sweet voice sing,
Recalling him, and Spring.

August, 1918.

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THE NECESSARY GUARANTEES OF PEACE

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE
Senator from Massachusetts

ANY one who, before the end of August, had seen fit to declare in the language of the old almanacs, "about this time we may expect" a strong German movement for peace, could have earned reputation as a prophet very cheaply and with slight risk of failure. The grounds for this prediction now in course of fulfilment were sufficiently obvious. The third great attempt on the part of the Germans to reach Paris had disastrously failed. The offensive, moreover, had passed to the Allies, and the German armies were then and are now being steadily forced back with enormous losses in killed and wounded, in prisoners, in guns and in war material. It is therefore not surprising that Germany has already begun a strong movement for peace in order to secure if possible the territory which she has seized and the property which she has stolen. For this movement, backed up by all the machinery of German propaganda, we ought to be prepared in mind and spirit and in all we say and do just as much as our armies must be supported and prepared for the German attacks upon the field of battle.

The first step for preparation is to understand thoroughly German methods of propaganda, and very few people know in detail what a vast organization Germany has built up, both before the war and since it began, for these purposes. Any one who wishes in some measure at least to realize the extent and power of German propaganda should read an article in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1918, reprinted in the *Living Age* of August 31, by Mr. Lewis Melville upon "German Propagandist Societies." It is impossible to give here even a summary of an article which fills nearly twenty pages of the *Quarterly Review* and which even then is admittedly incomplete. Not only does Germany have official propaganda proceeding from special bureaus of the Foreign Office, the War Office and the Admiralty, but it has also a press department for the purpose of influencing neutral countries, presided over by the well-known Catholic member of the Reichstag, Doctor Matthias Erzberger. These government agencies, powerful as they are, form, however, but a very small part of the organizations devoted to the promotion of German interests abroad. Some of the latter, formed long before the war for industrial and commercial purposes, have devoted themselves in the last four years exclusively to aiding the war. The most important perhaps is the German Oversea and Transoceanic Service, now divided into two societies, which furnish news, pictures, pamphlets, and material of all sorts in all languages and in all countries.

In addition to this there are other industrial and commercial associations with like aims and special organizations for most of the countries of the world, all working toward the same end. There are separate societies, for example, organized to carry on propaganda in Turkey, Bulgaria, Asia Minor, China, India, the countries of South America, and all this in addition to the general work being done in the United States and in the Allied countries. This vast and intricate machinery for affecting public opinion has shrunk from no expenditure and from no form of treachery and corruption. The army of agents, informers, spies, and criminals thus employed is led and directed by ambassadors, ministers, and officers of high military rank. Where, for example, they have had no friendly newspapers they have not hesitated to subsidize or even to buy outright newspapers which would serve their purpose. They

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have innumerable agents and the propaganda is not only of the most insidious but of the most poisonous character with a system of organized falsehood which it is difficult accurately to describe or even to imagine. It appears in the most innocent forms as well as in the most flagrant lying.

There are elements in almost every country to which it can appeal, some of them disloyal and avowedly in the German interest and pay; others of the pacifist variety which either intentionally or innocently permit themselves to be used by the German Government. It is not easy always to distinguish them. There are newspapers, pro-German before we entered the war, for example, and obliged thereby to change their attitude, which are still working in the interest of the Prussian autocracy. They distinguish themselves by exaggerated accounts of Allied victories and by violent support of the administration; they froth at the mouth with zeal, but always you will find on the heels of their declaration of military successes the sometimes open but usually furtive suggestion that now is the time to make peace. This of course is as helpful to Germany at this moment as open support was before the United States entered the war. The German hand is felt also in all kinds of business and commercial interests, and many of them are used quite unconsciously to promote the purposes of Potsdam.

How effective this foul propaganda has been is made painfully evident by its success in Russia, where it found because of popular ignorance a peculiarly congenial soil, and where it has brought about a so-called government headed by its own agents, which has drenched the land in the blood of murdered men and women, which has thrown the country into anarchy and for the time being at least wrecked it as a military factor. The Italian retreat at the Isonzo was due to treachery, brought about by the same unscrupulous and infamous methods.

It is necessary therefore in the presence of this German peace movement to be alert and on guard. The only way to deal with it is to know exactly what we mean to do and pay no heed to anything except our own defined purpose. No suggestions of peace coming from Germany officially must be considered at all, and no attention should be paid to anything said by the Kaiser or any public man in Germany or Austria-Hungary. No peace worth having will ever come in that way. We must dismiss entirely any thought of a peace which involves any discussion or negotiations directly or indirectly with the rulers of Germany.

We must also remember that the peace propaganda will appear in endless and unsuspected forms. It will lurk in press despatches which Germans originate, it will be found in the news from the marts where gossip and rumors are dealt in, like Amsterdam and Berne and Copenhagen, and where German agents are always at work. Concealed under a veil of glittering patriotic generalities it will be found in pacifist speeches and resolutions, in harmless-looking pamphlets and articles in magazines and newspapers.

There is only one safe rule and that is to pay no heed whatever to any talk of peace no matter from what source it emanates which proceeds on the old and customary theory of making a peace by negotiation, discussion and bargain between the contending nations. The present situation is one which transcends all precedent and custom. As this war differs in its stake, its magnitude, its miseries, destruction and sufferings, from all other wars so must the peace which ends it differ from any peace ever hitherto made except those which followed absolute victory by one side and required no written instrument for their conclusion and acceptance. *We must in a word make up our minds to this proposition, that this war can be rightly ended in only one way and that is by imposing upon Germany the terms of peace upon which the Allies and the United States agree beforehand.*

I have felt strongly that the one object to which we now ought to devote, as a nation, every possible energy was to win the war, and that talk and discussion of peace simply distracted attention and were harmful and retarding to the great overruling task of driving the war forward to complete and quick success.

This applies equally to discussions at this moment of what we shall do after the war is over in the way of leagues to en-

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force peace and of commercial arrangements and questions of that sort, which are of great importance no doubt and must be considered at the proper time, but which now ought to be set aside for the greater object of complete victory in battle, which is an absolute condition precedent to any peace or to any policies and arrangements to follow peace.

Let us begin by defining quietly but clearly and strongly in our own minds as a people what we mean to win in this war and what will constitute a victory which will justify the sacrifices of life and treasure which we are making. We all say we must have a just and righteous peace, but what is that just and righteous peace to be? We are to make democracy safe. Just there an adjective is needed. We desire to make *true* democracy safe, and by true democracy we mean democracy as we understand it and not as it is understood in Russia. We must also define safety by details, by knowing what conditions will secure it, what hostages we must take, what bonds we must exact. On this point of safety too we are all agreed, but in exactly what does that safety consist? We are all of one mind too that the peace we make must be a lasting peace, but how shall we make it lasting? These generalities are all admirable. No one quarrels with them, but they do not help us at all when we come down to determining how we shall meet the German propaganda and secure by arms what we must have.

I have already said that I have no sympathy with peace discussions at this time, but I think it of the utmost importance that now and not later we should define precisely what we mean when we speak of peace. We must have, I repeat, both safety and a lasting peace as well as one that is just and righteous, and a peace can only be lasting and give us and our allies and small states and races real security by making it impossible for Germany to enter upon another war. There is not one of the nations opposed to Germany which does not desire peace or which would think for a moment of entering, or be permitted by its people, to enter upon a new war of conquest or aggression. Germany, carefully educated to regard war and slaughter as a national industry, is the only country which would bring on another war, and therefore Germany must be made incapable, physically incapable, of again involving the whole world in a war to defend and preserve their freedom and independence. No ordinary treaty with Germany would be of any value, for Germany has announced that treaties are to her scraps of paper, to be broken whenever she sees fit to break them. Therefore we must impose upon her such physical and territorial conditions as will put it out of her power to attack the world again.

I recently made a speech in the Senate on what I called the Essential Terms of Peace, but the title was not happily chosen, for it suggests the old method of peace-making which rested on the theory that nations would observe treaties when solemnly entered into, a theory which Germany wholly denies and disregards. The terms of peace which I suggested were in reality only a partial list of those securities which we must have in order to demonstrate that we have won by the sword a lasting peace and one which will render Germany harmless and her observance of a written treaty a matter of indifference.

If some dangerous ruffian is brought by superior force to sign a written promise that he will not assail unoffending citizens, the unoffending citizen is safe until the ruffian disregards his promise, which he is likely, especially if he is a subject of the Kaiser, to do at any time. But if you handcuff the ruffian's arms behind his back and put and keep him behind bars and stone walls it does not matter whether he signs a pledge or not, the law-abiding unoffending citizen is safe from his assaults. Four years ago Germany broke out like an armed lunatic and assailed all the peaceful nations of the earth. Her purpose was world conquest, her methods savage cruelty and wanton destruction. Our business is to put her back into a padded cell within her own boundaries, where the Germans can do anything they please to each other but out of which they cannot again rush forth upon an innocent and unoffending world. How is this to be done?

In the first place we must restore Belgium—not only to redress a great wrong

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done to a brave people with guaranteed neutrality but because, if Germany held Belgium or had any control over it whatever, it would give her a great advantage from a military point of view in again attacking both France and England.

Luxemburg must be added to Belgium thus freed and restored, because Luxemburg must never again become a German stepping-stone.

Alsace and Lorraine must go back to France, without conditions and without deduction, not only because it is just and right to restore to France what was taken from her in 1870 but because it is essential to our own self-protection that the iron mines of Lorraine, which are said to contain five-sevenths of the German iron, must be taken from Germany forever. Without those mines she would have found it difficult to prepare for this war. She must never have control of them again.

The Italia Irredenta—all those areas where Italians predominate, including Trieste—must go to Italy, not only because it is just and right but because in that way, as a measure of self-defense, we must make it more difficult for Austria, the German tool, to invade Italy, and in this way we shut Austria out from the ocean and make the Adriatic safe and free.

Montenegro, Serbia and Roumania must all be restored to full power and independence; again not only because it is just and right but because it will keep Germany out of the Balkans.

The Allies must see to it that Albania is cared for and that Greece is made secure.

We must have a free and independent Poland occupied by the Polish people. It must be a large Poland, including all areas where the Polish people are now dominant, not a small, incomplete Poland with a Hapsburg king which would be a German Poland for which the friends of Germany are now laboring openly and secretly both here and abroad. We must have a Poland powerful enough to serve not only as a barrier to German advance to the East but also as a protection and help to Russia. It must be a Poland with access to the sea so vigorous that it will be able in central Europe to repel all assaults upon freedom and civilization as in the bygone centuries it flung back the invasion of the Turks.

We must have a free and independent Czecho-Slovak state and a free and independent Jugo-Slav state. They are entitled to it as distinct nationalities and they will form an absolute barrier to Germany's movement to the East. There are 26,000,000 Slavs in Austria, more than the Hungarians and Germans combined. They hate and loathe Germany and yet that vast body of population has been used and killed off as soldiers to promote Germany's purposes. She must never have the opportunity so to use them again. They must be lifted up to a position where they can stand not only as freemen governing themselves but as a protection against German ambitions and the desolation which those ambitions have brought upon the world.

Bulgaria must share the fate of her German owner; and Turkey, not only in order to thwart Germany but on account of her own crimes, must be expelled from Europe. Constantinople must be made an international city under the control of the Allies so that the Straits of the Dardanelles shall ever be open to the commerce of the world.

The oppressed people of Asia Minor, the Armenians and Syrians, must be protected and Palestine must never again return to Turkish rule but, by general accord with the announced British policy, must be turned over to the Jewish people to protect the holy places of both the Jewish and the Christian religions. The independent Arab kingdom of Mecca must be recognized and sustained.

Russia must be entirely redeemed from German control. No part of Russia must be allowed to remain in Germany's hands. We cannot permit that vast country to be used by Germany as a source of supplies which would enable her again to enter into war. It will be the duty of the Allies to see to it that the rights and freedom of the Lithuanians, the Letts, the Esthonians and the Finns are guarded and cared for, not only because justice demands it but because we must see to it that Germany has no control of the Baltic.

I know it will be said that such arrangements as these will break up the Empire

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of Austria-Hungary and practically destroy Turkey. So much the better for the world. Our administration has done nothing more thoroughly to be commended than in joining our Allies in recognizing the Czecho-Slovak National Committee as representing a belligerent nation, for this will of necessity be extended to Poland and to the Jugo-Slavs, and will thus assure the dissolution of the Austrian Empire. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished and which must be brought about at all hazards. Of what value is the house of Hapsburg and its heterogeneous possessions to mankind? To divide it as I have outlined is to take from Germany her strongest support in a world war, and the object that we are aiming at, the one object to be attained, is to make it impossible for Germany to attack the world again.

As for Turkey, it has been a plague-spot for centuries and the sooner it is wiped out of existence the better for humanity.

These conditions must be arranged by the Allies when the war is won and then forced upon Germany. Let us discard forever the idea that we are going to end this war by negotiating with Germany around the council-table. If we do our object is unachieved. No treaty to which Germany would agree when admitted to a share in its making could justify in any degree the sacrifices we have made or compensate us for the miseries she has brought upon the earth. We, the Allies and the United States, must determine what we are going to do and then impose our conditions on Germany without discussion or debate. Then we shall have a just and righteous peace. Then we shall have a lasting peace.

At the same time we shall be able to exact not full compensation, not adequate redress—that is impossible—but some measure of compensation for the wrongs Germany has done and the crimes she has committed in the lands which her armies have overrun. So far as possible the things which Germany has taken, like works of art and articles of value, must be restored. This work can never be complete, for Germany combines in happy proportion the methods of the lowest city thief with those of a barbarian conqueror, and the pecuniary compensation which must be made to Belgium and the other countries cursed by the German presence must be sought in her colonies. Those colonies should be taken from her because they would aid her in developing a navy and a commerce which might again threaten the peace of the world.

In the operations of the last few weeks, in the magnificent victories won by the Allied armies and by American soldiers, we can find every ground for hope. The offensive has passed to us, but above all things let us not be deluded by an optimism so natural at this moment.

We cannot get the peace we must have if we stop half-way. We can never get it if we stop at the Rhine. We must beat Germany to her knees. In the simple phrase of our soldiers and of the average American, which covers everything, we must go to Berlin and make peace there.

The road is long and hard but we must march over it in triumph unless we are willing to hang our heads in shame and admit that our best-beloved have died in vain. We must beat Germany on her own soil if we are to impose upon her the conditions which will alone secure our future peace and do some measure of justice to the nations and the people whom she has wronged. This is no easy task. There is much sacrifice to be made, much hard fighting to be done, and to that we must make up our minds and for that we must prepare. If we do not, if we fail to carry it through to the point where Germany is rendered incapable of again entering upon a war of conquest, our sacrifice of the lives of our chosen youth will remain wholly unjustified. We must see to it that the world shall again be a fit place for decent, law-abiding free people to live in and we can only make it fit to live in by rendering it impossible for Germany to interfere with it. In the words of the great American commander, we must have an "unconditional surrender." Nothing else will give us the great objects for which we fight. Nothing else will protect the world and save humanity and civilization.

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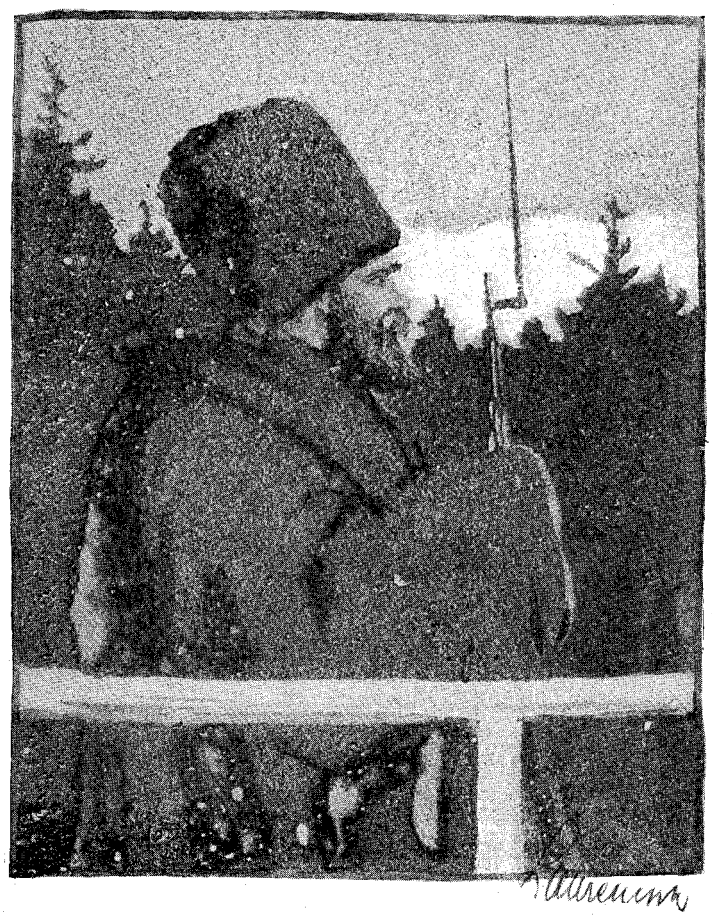

The Russian guard before a prison-camp in which the Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians were interned, which is situated in eastern Siberia.

The picture was drawn by an Hungarian officer, a prisoner of war in this camp.

THE SIBERIAN CHAOS

BY JOHAN W. PRINS, A.M., LL.B.*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AT present the happenings in Siberia are just as important as the developments at the western front. In the west it is the struggle of millions against millions—a question of a few kilometres of barren ground wrested from the enemy, with the aid of the most modern guns which the genius of mankind could invent. In the east it is an old-fashioned warfare of a few Cossacks and a few mutineers—a little war where no prisoners are taken, or if taken, mutilated. But here not a few kilometres are at stake. Hundreds of miles of territory are involved, the biggest of all countries. It is what a well-known American journalist called "The Race for Siberia."

From the west Germany will penetrate

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into Siberia, from Vladivostok the Allies are advancing, and all along the Trans-Siberian are the different groups, fighting at intermediary points, anxiously looking to west and east to see if help will really come.

The first day of quietness after the Bolshevik revolution, last November, I left Moscow for Vladivostok. The trains were overcrowded; not only the small compartments but the narrow corridors running alongside were so full of people that not a dog could pass through. Thousands of soldiers were returning to their homes, officers trying to escape to Manchuria, civilians fleeing the anarchy in the big cities.

With ten to twelve people and a heap of baggage we spent days in a small compartment, six by seven feet, windows frozen, doors shut, men, women, and children jammed together, prisoners in their little cell, yet never losing their patience, always good-humored.

Through the endless plains of Siberia the train rolled on and on, days and days, with only now and then a city of importance. A beautiful country, this Siberia, with black, fertile soil which might produce a harvest big enough to feed many Allied countries, but comparatively few acres have felt the iron of the plough. Patches of mingled birches and pines covered most of the land. On the broad rivers were the picturesque cities, with green and golden domes of the churches against the dark-blue sky. And yet the few millions living in this vast country, bigger than the United States, were freezing and starving. So enormous were the results of the three years of warfare and revolution that even Siberia—only two years ago a country of milk and honey—did not produce enough food to feed its

One of the houses in Irkutsk, occupied by the cadet forces supporting Kerensky, which was under fire for several days in December, 1917

This is an example of how many buildings in Irkutsk looked after the Bolsheviki had come into power.

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The proclamation of the Kerensky revolution upon one of those typical market-places in the little city of Chita, capital of the Trans-Baikal district, eastern Siberia, which was captured early in September by the Czecho-Slovaks.

The inscription on the flag in the foreground reads: "1917 *year* 10*th March. Celebration Day of Freedom.*"

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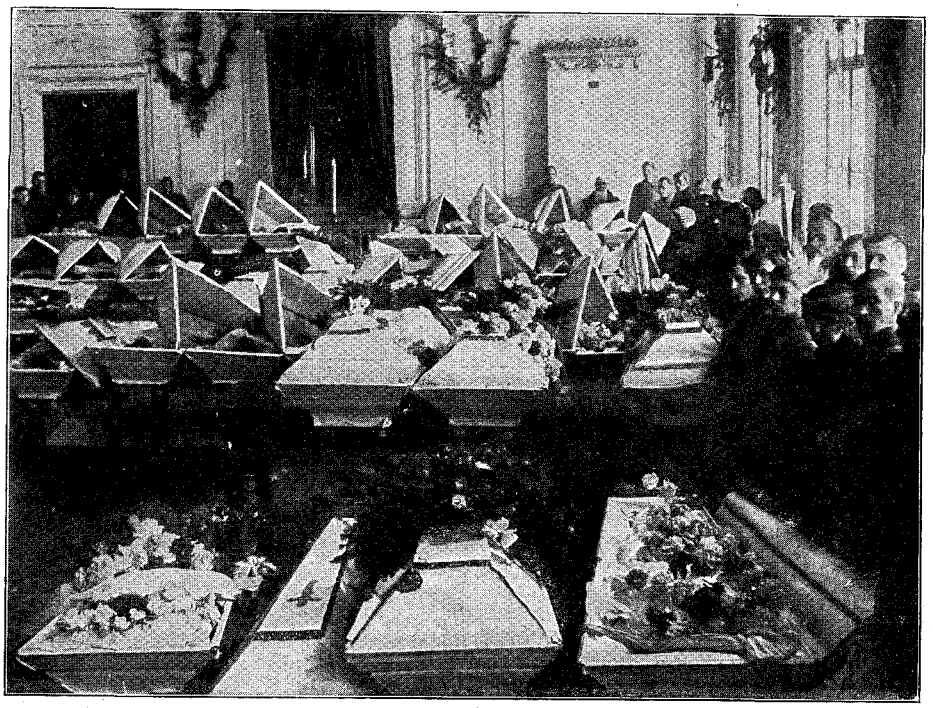

The burial of the cadets who fell in the Bolsheviki revolution which raged in Irkutsk, Siberia, for about ten days during last December and overthrew Kerensky.

The grave in which three hundred Bolsheviki (2,000 fell in these ten days) were buried at Irkutsk. The grave is dug next to the former Governor's Palace.

A fight between the Bolsheviki and the Kerensky government centred around this building. Often the cadet officers representing the Kerensky government would be on the third floor, while the Bolsheviki were on the second, trying to reach them.

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own inhabitants.. Perhaps there was enough, but the farmers did not want to sell their corn and wood for the paper money which had depreciated to one-tenth its original value.

Like a wave this new revolution, which started in Moscow and Petrograd, rolled into Siberia, covering one city after another—Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Chita. All talked politics, all condemned Kerensky, and those who did not kept quiet for fear of their lives.

Month and month before actual peace was concluded a large part of what was once the strong Russian army of the Grand Duke Nicholas and Brusiloff flooded Siberia and every soldier was king. Was it surprising that the Germans made extensive advances during the last half of 1917? Who was there to oppose them? Russia was freed, Russia did not believe in war and kings any longer. The day of the soldier, the workman, the peasant had come.

Idealists, they were inviting almost wilfully misrule and anarchy until Prussian autocracy would come. But still in all the towns and villages, from the Ural Mountains to Vladivostok, the Bolsheviki seized the power and promised peace and bread. And peace they did bring, at least temporary peace with the Central Powers, for in March Lenine and Trotzky, idealists, theorists, I. W. W.'s, concluded the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. They sold Russia for a Utopian dream to the Central Powers and prolonged the war by giving Germany added resources.

In the early months of their rule the Bolsheviki were, in America, mistaken for democrats, socialists! But in reality they were anarchists, I. W. W.'s. Upon the Bolsheviki revolution followed a period of complete anarchy, which continues up to the present day, only to be compared with the dark years of terrorism of the French Revolution.

Why do wise scholars hold that, after all, this revolution is not analogous to the French Revolution? It is in many respects. It is a revolution of the peasants and working classes against autocracy and nobility. It is a fight to get a real representation. Unluckily it is a movement which, like the French Revolution, cannot control itself. It did away with an autocratic Tzar, a democratic cabinet, a socialist Kerensky, until a Marat and Robespierre, a Trotzky and Lenine, came—and will go again, looping the loop, when we will return to more sane times of reaction.

Undoubtedly many of the Bolsheviki were honest in their intentions, and were willing to render the best service to their country. But they were inexperienced, had no financial backing, no moral backing. Others used the occasion to get rich quick, to satisfy their ambitions, or became tools in the hands of cleverer "tavarische" (comrades). In name every one was Bolshevik, but in reality many were their silent opponents, waiting for better days to come. How frequently they would ask me: "When are the Americans going to come, or at least the Japanese?" Many who had been well-to-do and rich had lost all they had, generals were driving carts, captains were selling papers, and at their desks sat former soldiers, many of whom could hardly read or write.

I have visited their offices in all the cities of eastern Siberia and had ample opportunity to get a back-stage view of their business methods. And who were those Bolsheviki sitting in the offices, occupying the palaces of the former governors, the generals, the civil authorities? They were those who for years and years had been suppressed, who had been sent as political prisoners to the most distant parts of Siberia. Often they had spent months in chains. They were ordinary soldiers, farmers, former clerks, and servants. Some were entirely illiterate, others, however, were highly intellectual, had spent years in exile in America or Switzerland, and had long worked and written for this revolution. Many knew only too well what suffering for one's ideals meant, but from their eyes shone the light of fanaticism. The greater part belonged to the colorless mass who had grasped this opportunity to improve their material condition. Women sat behind typewriters, with puzzled black eyes and short-cut hair, in old, worn-out dresses—honest Bolsheviki; others—young, handsome, light-hearted, fashionably dressed—the protégés of some "Commissar" (commissioner). And these very "Com-

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missars," with their long hair and dirty nails, their shabby, unpressed, grease-covered coats, were surrounded by continuous streams of applicants. The disorder and lack of business system in their offices is to one accustomed to American methods astounding and incomprehensible. The files from the old régime were thrown away or stacked up in some corner of the office, where every visitor could take with him any number of once important documents. Nobody cared. I know a German, student-soldier, who was prisoner of war in Siberia, who looked at almost every paper which the spring winds blew through the dusty streets of Chita. He was an ardent historian, and had a valuable collection of cuts and documents, a large number being picked up from the streets.

When we had to settle any business we always went to the highest "Commissar" in charge or the city commander or even the chief "War Commissar" for the entire district. Many of the scenes I saw in these offices I will never forget. Behind the plain desk, with the ever-present glass of tea and disorderly mass of papers, the important gentleman was seated. At his left and right stood his subordinates, who had come to his assistance. In front of the desk crowded ten to fifteen visitors. They had all succeeded in penetrating into his intended private office, all wishing to speak to the "Commissar" personally. For instance, he would be in a discussion with "A," and "B" would come in, walk right up to him, push "A" aside and think his request so important that it needed explanation instantly. "A" good-naturedly would listen, and of course the "Commissar," and "A" would even join and offer his advice, and soon a general discussion of "B's" case would ensue. Up walks "C" and pleads his case, and the "Commissar" turns to him. "D" grasps one of the assistants, drags him into a corner, and starts to explain his troubles, but "E" interferes and asks the same assistant to intervene in his behalf with the "Commissar." All are good-natured, nobody loses his temper, and all wait patiently for their "bumaga"—a little slip of paper with seal and two signatures, whereby their request is granted, and which gives them the permission to travel somewhere or buy a quantity of food.

It became quite an art to obtain such a document in the shortest possible time. Sometimes I would come in with several requests, and taking the duties of the "Commissar" upon myself, would prepare all official documents by which they would be granted, and no sooner had he said "yes" than I would produce them and say "Please sign and seal"—because one could not afford to be set aside with promises and call for a "bumaga" tomorrow. Everybody would have forgotten about it or some new "Commissar" would be seated behind the desk.

Last July I was trying to get out of one of the cities surrounded by enemy forces, and it was necessary to obtain a passport from the Bolsheviki. A former army officer, in his heart, of course, hating Bolshevikism and everything which pertains to it, but yet serving in a subordinate clerical position because he had to make a living, was running between the different offices and received us. He knew my friend, who was a representative of the Swedish Red Cross, and brought us directly to the office of the "Police Commissar." The "Police Commissar" was a plain soldier, who looked like a laborer, with a long mustache and unkempt hair. He was very busy, dashed in and out of the room and constantly had a revolver in his hand. In a corner of the room a heap of rifles were thrown. In the window were thousands of cartridges. The former officer explained my case to the "Commissar" as one would explain a thing to a child, and the official gave his approval right away. The secretary wrote out my papers, and while he was doing so a soldier, drunken and unshaved, with a gun and huge bayonet, brought in two pale, worn gentlemen, who apparently had just been arrested. My friend explained that they were formerly prominent lawyers. Their papers were signed and they were let out again by the drunken soldier who was so comically in earnest that he acted like a little boy who was playing war and had taken prisoners. So the Russian Bolsheviki played with the bourgeois of Siberia.

When my paper was ready the former officer, who was on the lookout, put it

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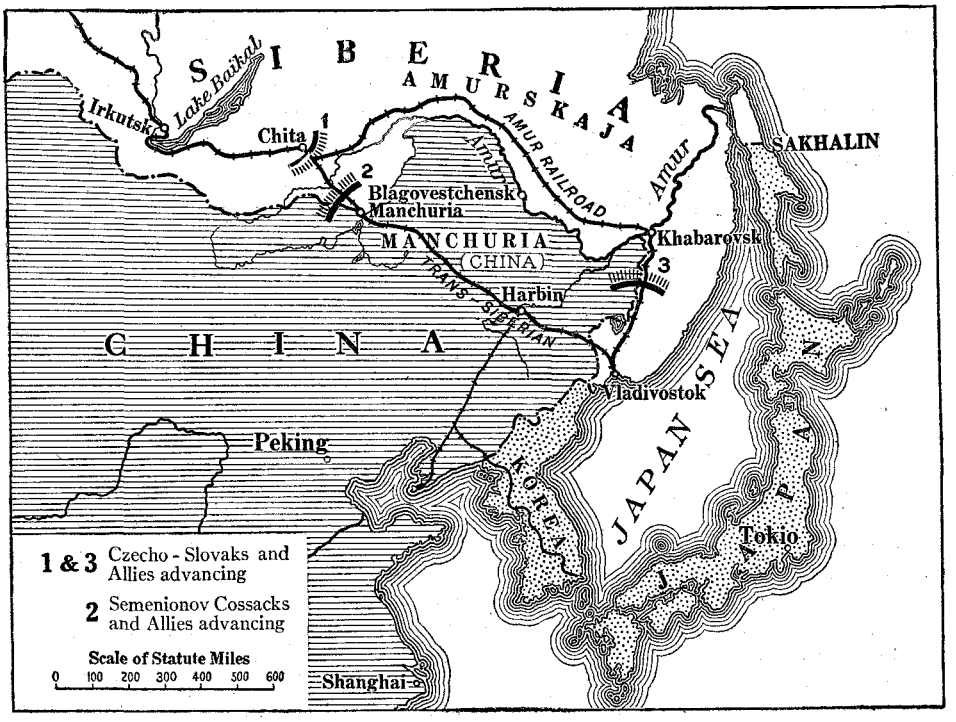

A map showing Eastern Siberia in which the fronts are marked.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad goes from Vladivostok. For about two days it passes through the Chinese territory but the Russian influence was dominant up to the Bolsheviki revolution. Harbin, in fact, is quite a Russian town. The Bolsheviki abandoned foreign politics and it will be one of the interesting results to watch who will be in possession of this part of the Trans-Siberian Railroad when this turmoil in eastern Siberia is over. The Amur Railroad was completed recently by prisoners of war from the Central Governments. Since last February all people leaving Japan going into Siberia went by way of Khabarovsk along this Amur Railroad because traffic on the Trans-Siberian Railroad was interrupted. From Manchuria the Conservative General Semenionov was advancing into Trans-Baikal, trying to occupy Chita and overthrow Bolshevikism in Siberia.

[Since this map was drawn the Czecho-Slovaks advancing from Chita and the Semenionov Cossacks have met and so the whole Trans-Siberian Railroad is now in the hands of the Allies.]

right under the nose of the "Commissar," not minding the many people who were crowding around his desk. Holding it with thumb and finger, so that it might not be lost in the heap of papers, he waited till it was signed. With a smile of satisfaction he gave it to me. Nobody had asked me where I was going and for what purpose, yet the city was surrounded by enemy forces and I had to pass through the lines.

"I'll see you in a minute," said our officer to my Red Cross friend.

A quarter of an hour later he was in one of the Red Cross shops, where he could buy a shirt ten times cheaper than in an ordinary store. He was glad to give his assistance in securing a passport for the privilege of buying a good shirt cheaper.

And so it was everywhere. The regular office hours were from nine to three, six whole hours, including tea, but in reality every one came and went when he or she pleased.

Inside the offices disorder reigned supreme; outside no systematic work was being done and nothing was accomplished. There will be no harvest to reap this year, except what the Chinese have sown. Everywhere the woods were cut down, and during the last summer forest-fires were raging all over Siberia. All along the Trans-Siberian I saw the fire-line creeping into the woods. Nobody cared.

Through large placards the government cried out for assistance. "Tavarasche, the woods no longer belong to the Tzar! They belong to you, protect them." But the "tavarasche" let them burn. "Nitzchevo!" "Nitzchevo," it does not mat-

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ter, never mind, that word is the curse of Russia.

Russia is burning! "Nitzchevo!" The people are killed! "Nitzchevo!" The others are starving! "Nitzchevo!"

Oh, I grant the Russians are good-natured, are kind, but their indolence is intolerable and is the greatest cause of all their misery.

In the early months of this year the gates of many German and Austrian prison-camps in Siberia were thrown open and the Bolshevik principles of revolution and anarchy had a chance to reach those interned. Easily convinced they were, those men who had been closed off from the world for years. Mostly taken prisoners during the early months of the war, when Russia was making its big drive against Austria, they had been in the prison-camps ever since. Not infrequently they were wearing the same uniforms in which they had been taken prisoners three or four years ago. Their minds had had no occupation, their bodies were underfed and still it did not look as though they were going home. Notwithstanding the fact that peace was concluded, the German and Austrian Governments did not seem to make haste to get them home.

Any change was welcome to most of those men. They became desperadoes. They longed for occupation, freedom, and decent food. They were willing to fight for anything if they were only freed from their morbid existence. Many succeeded in escaping from Siberia and reached the Central countries, but more remained because they did not have the money or the chance. Many of these became Bolsheviki. What Karl Marx said in the last century became true. "Laborers of all countries, unite!" found for the first time a practical application in Siberia.

The Russian Bolsheviki gave their "comrades" uniforms and arms, and thus they found themselves charged with the task "to defend the revolution." The first thing these former prisoners who became Bolsheviki or, as they call themselves, "internationalists," did, was to turn against their own officers. The places at the gates of the officers' prison-camps, where formerly Russian guards had been stationed, were now occupied by German, Austrian, and Hungarian soldiers. This revolutionary movement among the prisoners, which started in Omsk, soon spread over all Siberia. The prisoners who did not join the Bolsheviki remained interned in the prison-camps. They formed a separate group, still loyal to the Central Powers. Their only wish is to be sent home or be interned in some neutral country.

The "internationalists" joined the Russian forces who were at the Manchurian border fighting against Semenionov, a Russian general, who had rallied around him in Manchuria a number of officers and Cossacks and was trying to reach Chita. As a result of the reinforcements that the Russian Bolsheviki received from their German and Austro-Hungarian "tavarasche," Semenionov was beaten back. Siberia was virtually in the hands of its former prisoners of war.

Let us now turn for a while to another group of prisoners of war with other aims in mind, who were also to play a big part on the Siberian stage. They are the Czecho-Slovaks. Hailing from Bohemia and Moravia, they were originally soldiers in the Austrian army, but soon after the declaration of war many went over to their Slavic brothers, the Russians. With those who were taken prisoners by the Russians they were interned in camps separate from all other Austrian prisoners. Here they organized, declaring themselves against Austria, which country had oppressed them for years, and they stated that the cause of the Allies was their cause, and only through the Allies could they expect to be freed from the Austrian yoke and establish their free republics.

When the Russian Bolsheviki revolution did away with nationalism and brought Lenine and Trotzky with their "peace-at-any-price" doctrine in power, when the Russian soldiers left the eastern front, long before actual peace was declared, the Czecho-Slovaks were the only ones who were still willing to fight the Central Powers. After the peace of Brest-Litovsk, they decided to go to the western front and help the Allied cause over there. The only way to reach France was through Siberia and then either across the Pacific and through the

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United States, or by way of Singapore and the Suez Canal.

It was a courageous undertaking, because, in the first place, they had to cross the whole of Siberia. Everywhere they found opposition. The Bolsheviki were not in favor of their plans. There were no cars to transport them. There were no boats awaiting them at Vladivostok. Moreover, Siberia was practically facing starvation, and it cost the brains and energy of a large number of their ablest of men to keep the stomachs of the others filled.

Can you imagine how such a Czech must feel far away from his mother country, in the middle of Siberia, not knowing when he will see Bohemia again, not even whether he will reach the western front to fight for his country? But they maintained discipline in the ranks. They always looked neat in their plain brown uniforms. They made a sturdy impression on all in Siberia.

By the end of May about fifteen thousand had succeeded in reaching the Pacific over the Trans-Siberian to Chita, and from there over the Amur Railroad to Vladivostok. A far greater number was distributed at different points along the Trans-Siberian from the Ural Mountains to Irkutsk. Between Irkutsk and Vladivostok there was none.

Then it happened that the Russian and German-Austro-Hungarian Bolsheviki demanded from a number of Czech trains near Irkutsk that they lay down arms. They refused, and the result was a little struggle. Since then matters have never been quiet in Siberia. As always, nobody knew anything definite, but everybody knew that they were again fighting some place, somebody, for some ideal. After a few weeks the situation became clear. It certainly was a unique one. All over western Siberia two groups of former prisoners of war, both hailing the Central Powers as their mother country, and both opposed to the governments of those countries, but the one group with national ideals, and the other with international, were fighting for supremacy in Siberia.

Soon this struggle took on the aspect of a counter-revolution. The counter-revolutionary element in Siberia, that is, many former Russian officers and officials and everybody who was not Bolshevik rallied around the Czecho-Slovaks. The Russian Bolsheviki, of course, assisted their comrades from Austria and Germany. All over western Siberia the Czecho-Slovaks defeated the Bolsheviki, and in July even took Irkutsk. They set up a new provisional government in Omsk, which chose more moderate principles than the Bolsheviki. The Czechs who went in an eastern direction past Irkutsk, are now invading Transbaikalia, and early in September took its capital, Chita. At the same time the Czechs in Vladivostok are pressing in a northern direction toward Khabarovsk, and so the Bolsheviki are being cornered in Amurskaja. Moreover, from the Manchurian border in a western direction Semenionov, with the Russian conservative forces, is advancing again, and now with more success than he used to have. Thus it seems that the fate of the Bolsheviki in Eastern Siberia is sealed, especially so because finally all the Allies have officially recognized the Czecho-Slovaks, the nucleus of the counter-revolution against the Bolsheviki, and are sending their troops into Siberia to support the Czecho-Slovaks and counter-revolutionary elements.

It is to be hoped that enough troops will be sent by the Allies to adequately support those opposing Bolsheviki forces. Only in such a way can the Allies succeed in getting control over all of Siberia, because if the influence of the Bolsheviki is not counteracted soon Germany and Austria may forget that the "internationalists," the former prisoners of war fighting in Siberia, are traitors to their governments, and support them as they have supported the Russian Bolsheviki, to spread their influence through Siberia to the Pacific. But if the Allies succeed in restoring order in this immense country and thus get a chance to support the anti-Bolsheviki provisional government, then, with Siberia as a basis, a new eastern front may be set up, or at least German influence in Russia successfully counteracted from the west.

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Our Side of the Question

ONE day not long ago, as we were all finishing up the work for the day at the Red Cross rooms, I heard two women talking, and what they said has set me thinking.

There was excitement in their voices and, being one of those misguided creatures who delight in a friendly argument, I joined them. It was a pity, for the argument did not continue friendly long. The two women were both prominent in Red Cross circles; one particularly was known throughout the State as one of our most efficient and constant workers. *En passant*, she was rather proud of the reputation she had made. Her husband was a well-known physician. He had, from the beginning of the war, wanted to join the army, and had been offered a major's commission. She would not consent to his going, and this was what she was saying to the second woman: Their daughters—what was to become of them? Was he to be allowed to selfishly lay aside his responsibilities toward them and her so easily? No, many a man just made the war an excuse for getting away from home obligations that had become irksome. If he were in any way able to provide for his children's education it would be a different matter, perhaps, but while she might earn enough to take care of herself, she could not for them and, of course, if he went in the army they would have practically nothing to live on.

Here the other one took up the sorrowful tale of the selfishness of men in wanting to go to war. She had been married only a short time when this country entered the war, and her husband had fussed and fumed, and finally, despite her entreaties, had entered one of the officers' training-camps. Now he was in France. There was no need for him to go, he was thirty-three, and if the government had wanted men of his age they wouldn't have set the age limit at thirty-one. He had no right to go and leave her and the baby; they simply couldn't get along on his pay, and she was worried sick the whole time.

Then I spoke up. I said she was no worse off than thousands of other women, and that if they could stand it she could, and that for that matter I could see no reason why we shouldn't all be willing to stand it, and that a man's age had nothing to do with it. She didn't like that; I hardly expected she would. She turned angrily and said to me: "Oh, it is all very well for you to talk that way; it is nothing to you to have your husband away. You are used to it."

The first one, rather unaccustomed to having her arguments challenged, added: "Yes, and it is your husband's business. Of course he had to go."

So I have been thinking. It had never seemed to me before the war that the difference between the army and navy and the civilian point of view was very marked. There was the difference, of course, that there always is between men of varied occupations, but I should never have thought it was deep enough to extend to the women as well. Lately, however, since the great expansion of the navy (and I speak principally of the navy in my association with the wives and mothers of men who have come in since the war), I have felt that there is a wide divergence in the way we women of the regular service think of ourselves in relation to the war. Rather, we do not think of ourselves. I do not mean for one instant that we are consciously more patriotic, more unselfish, more willing to sacrifice than most of our civilian sisters. We are, of course, no better than they; but we knew in our everyday life before this war ever started what they are just beginning to learn now.

It is true, we are used to it. Those of us who were brought up in either army or navy have always known what it meant to be left alone to get along as best we could on very little money. Here to-day, there to-morrow, depending upon the expected telegram from father telling us his whereabouts after a long absence. Then there would be the hurried packing of the ever-ready trunks, and off we would go to meet him.

If we married in the service, completely ignorant of the life we would have to lead, it was not long before we learned. Many a navy bride before now has had to pack up

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her wedding-presents to be stored away for two or three years, maybe longer, until the time should come for the much-coveted and all-too-short shore duty. Experience soon taught us that what had been our idea of the service, the glamour of uniforms and brass buttons, was but vanity of vanities. The real life for us meant long days of waiting, with many disappointments. Waiting for one's husband to come home in the afternoon to do some little thing together, only to have him come too late. Working hours are very elastic in the navy. Waiting for his ship to arrive in port and then, after a week or ten days, to get a telegram, "Orders changed, ship going to ——" or "Target practice delayed, not able to get home this week." We have spent our lives waiting for our husbands, and with this knowledge constantly before us, my civilian sisters, we knew there was always danger of their not coming back at all.

During the years the navy has been preparing for this war, when new guns were tested, new engines tried out, new methods employed in place of established old ones, all the countless experiments that were being carried on, there was always danger. Many more brave men have given their lives that the navy should not be found wanting to-day than the public knows or cares anything about. But we, the women of the navy, knew, and we took the chance with our husbands. They expected it of us just as the government expected it of them, and there were the traditions of the service to live up to. Traditions of the service; an indefinable phrase, yet we all know its meaning. Every plebe at the Naval Academy hears it on entrance, every graduate is reminded of it on leaving. It is never absent from the thoughts of the men as they grow older, having greater and greater responsibilities to bear.

It would be impossible to live in an atmosphere where self counts for so little, where personal wishes must always be sacrificed to the good of the service, without absorbing some of the spirit that is so vital a part of that service.

Yes, it is true, we are used to it, and that gives us a different point of view. We take it as a matter of course now, and we have no sympathy with those women who complain now, and we would like to say to all of them: "Think of the years of self-denial and sacrifice we have spent without the spur of war's necessity; surely you, in the hour of your country's need, should be willing to do the same."

MY Aunt Anstiss looked at me as Lucella's youngest girl pushed between us without an "excuse me" and ran on through the room and outdoors. Aunt Anstiss shook her head and then smiled.

"It's just as well your Uncle John isn't here," she chuckled; "these modern bad manners fret him terribly."

The New Renaissance

"Don't you mind them?"

"What's the use?" she asked placidly, picking up her last gusset stitch. "It's only the wrong, seamy side of the modern Renaissance. That child loves sweets, but she hasn't eaten cake or candy since her Cousin John went across; with a strength of character like that, you can afford to wait for the manners. They'll come."

"You're very wise, Aunt Anstiss," I said.

She shook her head. "I've only learned to study great movements from their inception, and I've found that usually they start by stirring up the sediment of ages, and you can't judge the truth of the movement till that sediment is carried off. It isn't easy always to have patience with the generation that is treading down your special prejudices, but you've got to do it or sit alone on a cold, narrow shelf out of the jostle while the procession moves by. I'd rather march."

"You don't need to tell me that," I laughed.

"But it frets your Uncle John. Weren't you with us the winter in town when Joe's little John and Lucella's Mary were going crazy over the new dances? We saw the cubist fad in all its glory that winter, from the 'Nude Descending the Staircase,' down through books and verse and dances and manners, until John nearly frothed at the mouth. We'd been brought up in the period that fed its young on 'Queechy' and 'Melbourne House' until they were old enough for Scott and Cooper and Dickens. John had succeeded in getting Joe and Lucella and even Rod to read the classics. But he couldn't get one of them down the throats of this generation," and Aunt Anstiss laughed. "I didn't approve really any more than your Uncle John did. Lucella's

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girls seemed pert and rushing to me; they didn't treat their mother as I had treated mine, or as Lucella had treated me. I didn't approve of their dances or their books or their slang or the way they rushed around in automobiles. But as I couldn't change it, I just kept my eyes open for the real bigness of the new bizarre movement that John thought was wrecking church and state and society. I'll never forget his face the day he heard Lucella's Mary say 'hell.' It didn't sound pretty to me in a girl's mouth, any more than a cigarette looks pretty to me in a girl's mouth—but what could you do?"

"Nothing," I agreed. "It is the spirit of the age."

"Yes," pondered Aunt Anstiss, "it is the spirit of the age kicking free of swaddling clothes. Anybody doing that makes his first movements awkward and meaningless, but at least he has learned to kick."

"And now Mary is in France," I observed, "and Joe—and Rod."

How Aunt Anstiss's face lighted up. "Think of it, Roddy a major and Johnny a lieutenant and Mary in a Y canteen doing wonderful work! She's only twenty-five and she has the mind of a general and the capabilities of a trained housemaid plus a chauffeur and gardener and cook and stenographer, and she works twelve hours a day—and there's no bathtub."

"How does Uncle John feel about it?"

"Bless your heart; he's as proud as a peacock. But he never will see any connection between Mary's bad manners and early wild freedom and her present generous capability. He never will acknowledge that the revolt against decorum was the prelude to a revolt against autocracy; that the cubist years were only the bizarre beginning of the cataclysmic spiritual struggle for freedom that history will call the Second Renaissance. The prelude was entirely material unrest, but the Renaissance is going to crush materialism under its feet and give the throne to spirituality. Religion is going to be in fashion again as it hasn't been since the seventeenth century when our Puritan ancestors planted New England. And it will be a broader religion than the Puritans knew. I'm content to endure a little longer the sediment that remains of careless morals, rough speech, and brusque manners, for it will be washed away by the flood of clean truth and beauty that this war has raised. When the war is over the material, squalid affectation of wickedness that has passed for liberty will have bubbled away before the clear rise of new values, and that restless shallowness will not be the fashion. This generation at least will remember that virtue is more admirable than self-indulgence. The new Renaissance will supplant crude materialism with the mellowness of spiritual experience. We can rejoice in the new birth of the soul and wait a little longer for the better manners and gentler speech that will follow."

"You sound like one of the old prophets, Aunt Anstiss."

"I feel like one," she answered solemnly, "only not a Jeremiah. Perhaps, after all, I'd rather be a David and sing psalms of praise for the modern young; not only for our gallant boys but for our gallant girls. What could the weeping, fainting Evalina that was once the type of feminine virtue and decorum do with the present situation? I'm so proud of the girls of to-day that I could almost write poetry about them."

"Try," I suggested.

Aunt Anstiss's busy hands dropped into her lap and her eyes were fixed dreamily on the distant hills. "Sparta hasn't any more heroism to show in its mothers than the civilized nations have to-day," she said. "I know, for Rod is over there. But besides the mothers, my admiration goes out to the heroism of the young girls. They're beyond speech. It isn't only what they are doing for the war, it is the actual drudging heroism they are going to show for years after the war that makes me cry. They are going to marry men blind and maimed and care for them untiringly so long as they both shall live. I believe I *could* make a poem about it."

"Try," I encouraged her.

With her eyes still far away she began, haltingly, stopping to think out her lines as she went on.

"Once more heroic woman speaks;
Not only Spartan mothers, but slim maids
Like none that lived since first the world was made.
'Go forth to war!' they cry to men they love.
'Come back to me with dinted shield alone!
Leave sight, leave hearing on the battle-field!
Leave hand or arm or leg! Come back to me
With maimèd body but unsmitten soul,
And I will be your mate to honor you,
To cherish you through all the years to come,
Till we shall breed a race that mount the heavens
With eagle wings and walk the earth like gods
To people the America to be.'"

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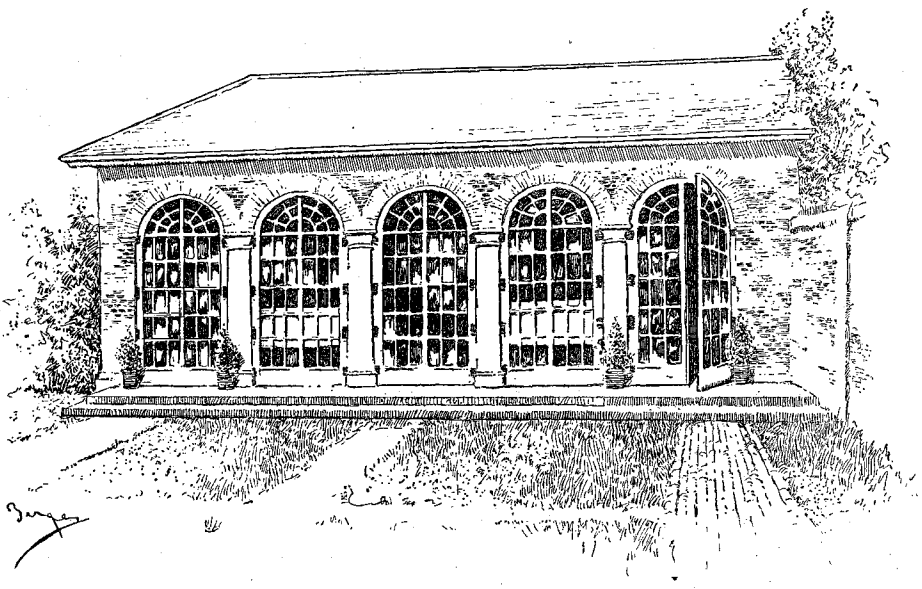

The Children's Art Centre.

THE FIELD OF ART

BOSTON'S MUSEUM OF ART FOR CHILDREN

As curator of prints at the Museum of Fine Arts, it was my privilege to arrange (May–June, 1913) an exhibition of prints interesting to children. The exhibition filled two connecting rooms, and our juvenile visitors were many and enthusiastic. The prints shown were drawn, in part, from the museum collection, supplemented by a selection of wood-engravings, printed in colors by Edmund Evans, of illustrations by Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, and Kate Greenaway, together with color reproductions of drawings by Edmund Dulac, Arthur Rackham, Boutet de Monvel, Maxfield Parrish, Jessie Willcox Smith, and a few original drawings in black-and-white by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Mr. Gardiner H. Lane, then president of the Museum of Fine Arts, interested himself in the matter, and through him a committee of ten children—daughters of persons actively interested in the museum's aims and ideals—was formed. Miss Katherine Lane was chairman; Miss Phyllis Carrington, vice-chairman. The average age of the children composing this jury was thirteen years. A preliminary selection of about four hundred pieces had been made by the curator, and from that number, in less than an hour, the jury selected one hundred and ten prints for exhibition, ranging from engravings by Martin Schongauer, woodcuts by Dürer, Cranach, and Burgkmair, etchings by Charles Jacque, Daubigny, Millet, Whistler, Bracquemond, and Buhot, to wood-engravings in color likely to prove of interest to quite little folks. It was hoped that the interest shown by so many children in fine prints chosen from the museum's own collection (not less than in illustrations in color by contemporary artists) might influence the trustees to consider favorably the establishment, within a great museum, of a little museum for little people, where would be shown works of art, few in number and of fine quality, which by their beauty or subject should appeal directly to children. The time was not ripe for such an experiment, and no action was taken. During the next four years a number of collections of color-reproductions (originals could not well be lent by the museum) were sent out, through the Boston Social Union, to various neighborhood and settlement houses, with most

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encouraging results. The Settlements Museum Association was incorporated June 16, 1915, under the Massachusetts law, and was empowered "to acquire by loan, gift, or purchase works of art and fine handicraft; . . . to lend to institutions, associations, or individuals for purposes of exhibition or study the objects so acquired; to lease, purchase, acquire, own, and hold land and buildings for museum, educational, or administrative purposes, and to further the increase and diffusion of knowledge of the fine arts and of artistic handicraft." It intends, as soon as may be, to establish a school in which shall be taught drawing, design, modelling, and an appreciation of the arts, and to have, eventually, as many branches as are necessary to make its collections accessible to all Boston children. The interest and support of a few far-seeing friends in New York and Boston was enlisted, and work upon the building of the Children's Art Centre was commenced in June, 1917.

The building, of red brick with limestone columns and a green slate roof, is of fireproof construction, and measures fifty feet in length and fifteen feet in depth. The wrought-iron hinges of the doors designed by the architect, Mr. Alexander Morton Emerson, were made at the Wentworth Institute. The children's heads, set in semicircular niches, are "in the round" of cement, waterproofed, of the same color as the limestone columns. The originals are by Desiderido da Settignano, Antonio Roselino, and Luca della Robbia. In beauty these casts are but pale shadows of their originals, but they do give "character" to the little building and assure the children that it is really and truly theirs.

I can think of no better way to make manifest the practical usefulness of such special art exhibits for children than to tell of some of the things shown in this building.

As we enter the building, upon the wall to the right (north) hang seven wood-engravings, printed in colors by Edmund Evans, of Randolph Caldecott's illustrations to "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog"; Oliver Goldsmith's classic verses are beneath each print. Above them is "Bibi Lalouette," Whistler, 1858. A bronze fountain by Paul Manship—a chubby youngster with two quite delightful baby dolphins on his shoulders—occupies the centre of that wall. Upon the long west wall hang, at present, five groups of pictures of differing characters. Some of our visitors have asked why they are so arranged, and suggested that it were much better to have pictures of one kind only upon one wall. The answer is that for this opening exhibition the aim was to offer a *variety* of interesting works of art. Children and adults, too, for that matter, find it difficult, at first, to concentrate their attention, and too many pictures of a similar nature confuse rather than stimulate the visitor.

First, there is a group of six original sketches washed in flat color, by Peter Newell, with accompanying verses in the artist's autograph. There is a spontaneity and charm in these free flowerings of Mr. Newell's art that make instant appeal. Who does not love "Sally"—

> "Delance met Sally on the bridge, and kissed her on the spot.
> The brooklet murmured down below, but Sally murmured not!"

—or "A Vicious Goat," "Slovenly Carlo," "An Unsaintly Dog," or "Tired Hortense," all of which are here? The drawings look so easy—and are so full of knowledge—that they serve, in themselves, as an inspiration to the children. Five of Maxfield Parrish's original illustrations to "The Golden Age," by Kenneth Grahame, are grouped next. They are so much beloved, and so well known through reproductions, that it suffices merely to mention their presence at the Art Centre. These, as also the drawings by Peter Newell, are lent by my old and valued friend, Tracy Dows, Esq., of New York.

The central portion of the wall is hung with reproductions in color (Medici prints and Vermeer color prints) of paintings by the old masters. Opinions differ so widely as to what children will appreciate and enjoy that unusual care has been exercised in the choice of these twenty prints, and their selection has extended over three years. Not only had the artist and subject to be considered, but the adequacy of reproduction likewise must be taken into account. Giotto, "St. Francis and the Birds"; Pisanello, "The Vision of St. Eustace"; and Foppa (?), "The Youthful Gian Galeazzo Sforza Reading Cicero," from the fresco in the Wallace collection, seem to be the prime favorites, with the "Rest on the Flight to Egypt," by the Master of the Seven Sorrows of Mary, and Raphael, "St. George and the Dragon," a close second. Terborch, "The Concert," naturally appeals to students at

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the music school, but the two Vermeers, "Young Woman at a Window," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and "The Pearl Necklace," win their way by sheer beauty, irrespective of subject. Strangely enough, Reynolds's "Age of Innocence," although excellently reproduced, finds fewer admirers. Zucchero's "King James the Sixth of Scotland, Aged Eight (1574)," will be even better liked, perhaps, when the children learn something about the personage portrayed. Botticelli and Filippo Lippi each are represented by a "Madonna and Child." Mantegna, "St. George"; Manet, "Boy with a Sword"; Pinturicchio, "A Young Knight Kneeling"; and "Ginevra Benci" (attributed to Leonardo da Vinci) each have their admirers. Canaletto, "Piazzeta, Venice," is not yet fully appreciated. All of these prints are hung, so far as the available space will permit, at such a height as will allow the average child of seven to thirteen years of age to see them to the best advantage. No glass is used. The reproductions are mounted on thick boards and varnished so as to leave the surface dull. There are no reflections, and any picture can be viewed from any angle. The frames are all of one pattern—a reeded oak finished in dull gilt.

To the south of these reproductions of old-master paintings there hangs a group of illustrations, by Edmund Dulac, to "The Arabian Nights," to be followed later by "The Arabian Nights" and "Greek Fairy Tales," color reproductions of illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. The Children's Art Centre has several hundred of such illustrations, and they have been extensively used during the past four years in connection with story-telling at the various neighborhood and settlement houses. Next to them, and completing the western wall, are several reproductions, in color, of Indian paintings, Rajasthānī (sixteenth to eighteenth century); Pahārī and Mughal (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries), kindly lent by Doctor Ananda Coomaraswamy, keeper of Indian art at the Museum of Fine Arts. "The Divine Herdsman: Cowdust" is an especial favorite.

The centre of the south wall is given to "Dawn," an ideal head, in marble, by Chester Beach, the gift of H. V. Jones, Esq., of Minneapolis. It is sensitive and beautiful, with a strange, disquieting modern beauty, and shows the sculptor at his best. Upon either side hang four reproductions of water-colors by Japanese masters: Sanraku (sixteenth century), "Falcon on a Dead Tree"; Buson (eighteenth century), "Feeding the Horse"; Shunsho (eighteenth century), "Beauties Under a Cherry Tree"; Nampin (eighteenth century), "Wild Geese Under a Plum Tree"; with three Okyo pictures: "Tiger," "Tame Goose," and "Puppies Under a Plaintain."

An orginal drawing of a child, by Mary Cassatt, lent by H. V. Allison, Esq., of New York, completes the list of pictures. As will be seen, they are varied in subject, country, and period, but even the reproductions, within the limitations imposed by the various processes, are of merit.

"Seeing things" is, for boys and girls, a less real pleasure than touching—or making—them. Sculpture, therefore, is an essential part of our little collection. Upon two long, narrow tables are grouped works in bronze and glazed faience, with one unimportant exception, by American sculptors. Chester Beach is represented by "Nero on the Walls of Rome," "Sleeping Bacchant," "Beata," and "The Past." Paul Manship has lent "Little Brother" and "Adonis" (a sketch). Bessie Potter Vonnoh (through the courtesy of the Gorham Company) shows the "Dancer" and "Daphne"; and Mahonri Young (who has promised, later, several other examples of his work) has here his well-known "Belgian Laborer." A copy in reduced size, by A. Veyret, of "The Three Graces," by Germain Pilon (monument to Henri II of France), lent by Miss Elizabeth Carrington, is an adequate example of the more highly finished work of the later nineteenth century. All of the above-named are in bronze. Upon the second table stand "Elephant and Apple," also in bronze, by Frederick G. R. Roth, and four most interesting pieces of glazed faience lent by Horatio G. Curtis, Esq.: "Rhinoceros in the Mud," "Hippopotamus Sleeping," "Bear Scratching Himself," and "Sea Lion"; while in one of the glazed cases by the window are shown a group of two sleeping pigs and a playful little bear—favorites both—lent by the sculptor. Since the opening of the Art Centre, on May 1, Mr. Roth has also lent a group in plaster of two polar bears. It is a work of power and would be a welcome addition to the growing, permanent collection if any friend should see fit to have it cast in bronze and present it to the little museum!

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Upon a pedestal in the centre of the room stands "The Greek Cup," by F. Tolles Chamberlain, painter, sculptor for sheer love of it—"Prix de Rome"—an American. The bronzes and faience are fastened securely to the tables but are not covered in any way. There are no signs—"Do not touch." On the contrary, visitors are encouraged to "see with their fingers" (the sense of touch being far more sensitive in childhood than that of sight) and to handle lovingly the works displayed, the more so since it is hoped, later, to organize a class in modelling, and the young sculptors-to-be should familiarize themselves with form, structure, and bulk. With this in view there has been arranged in one of the cases a group of three small marble figures by Chester Beach, "Despair," "Mermaid," and "Figure Study"; three small bronzes, "Autumn Leaves," "The River Brink," and "Breath of the Pines"; and three sketches, in terra-cotta, for a fountain figure, life-size, in marble, now in the gardens of Herbert Pratt, Esq., Long Island. The student thus can see the varying media through which a sculptor expresses himself.

Chinese porcelains, mainly blue and white, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a few single-color pieces, fill one case and, in part, the second. Two pieces of "metallic lustre"—*reflet métallique*—ware, by Clément Massier, decorated by L. Lévy Dhurmer, and some examples of American pottery, may be of interest.

In the central window are three stained-glass panels by Gustave Recke, of New York, lent by the artist, and one large panel by Charles J. Connick, of Boston—a portion of his "Holy Grail" window for Princeton. All light other than that which shines through the stained glass has been blocked out from the window, and the result is eminently satisfactory. Three smaller panels, a delightful "Parrot," by Mr. Connick, and two most interesting examples of the work of Henry Wynd Young, of New York, hang in the other windows. Do the children "understand" stained glass? Probably not, but they love it; it "makes them feel better" and *act* better, just as it makes the building itself more beautiful by day or by night.

In June a class in drawing was arranged and interesting experimental work has been done. The children drew, in the beginning, from the flowers and plants in the residents' formal garden of the South End Music School, were encouraged to "look at things," and made familiar with the beauty of line, balance, and rhythm. At first this method of instruction attracted a larger number of boys and girls than could be handled to advantage, but, as was to be expected, the serious ones were in the minority, the triflers soon dropped out, and the average attendance (the class meets twice each week) now is about twenty. As soon as may be classes in design and in modelling will be arranged. The Museum of Fine Arts is visited from time to time, and the children, under sympathetic guidance, become acquainted with the infinite variety of objects of beauty and interest which there may be seen and enjoyed.

The Children's Art Centre is a means, not, in itself, an end. It is believed that through its agency children will be led to enjoy and appreciate works of art of which otherwise they would remain in complete ignorance or pass with unseeing eyes. The value of branch libraries to the community—one might almost say their *necessity*, if the central institution is adequately to serve its readers—may be taken for granted. They long since passed the experimental stage. It is hoped that in time many "art centres" may perform a similar service in relation to our Treasure House, which, to the majority of Boston's boys and girls, is yet a place of mystery—totally unknown. The Children's Art Centre is built, equipped, opened, in operation. It is the first of its kind. May it justify its existence and reward the faith and generosity of friends who have made it possible!

The museum is open, free, every weekday afternoon from 2 until 6; and on Saturdays from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M. It is hoped to open it on Wednesday evenings from 7.30 until 9.30, and to offer each week something of interest which will repay a visit—music, poetry, a "first view" of recent accessions or of new exhibitions.

FitzRoy Carrington,
Curator of Prints, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

BEGINNING OF THE END

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor

MORE rapidly than the imagination could have ventured to picture, only a few weeks ago, events at the end of autumn crowded on one another to the climax of the war. At the moment when even the military critics believed that the campaign of 1918 on the Western front had reached its limit of achievement came Foch's crushing assault on Ludendorff's entire front, the crumbling of the enemy's resisting power, and the capture of men and guns in numbers which would usually mark the disintegration of armies. When the outside world's attention had been quite diverted from other theatres of war, on the supposition that withdrawal of troops to the Western front had put an end to active campaigning in the East, the news arrived that Turkey's army in Palestine had been annihilated and the Bulgarian army in Macedonia routed and surrounded. With the sudden and unconditional surrender of Bulgaria, all conjecture turned to the question when and in what way the surrender of Germany would follow.

The Climax of the War

This amazing series of events occurred in such swift succession as to bewilder the mind even of experienced observers. Financial markets found it difficult to adjust themselves to the new perspective so suddenly opened; the Stock Exchange itself appeared to be alternately foreshadowing the moral effect of complete victory and the economic uncertainties which would arise in case of unexpectedly early peace. For it was still true that, at the very time when the remarkable news was coming from Europe, a situation both novel and perplexing was developing in the United States.

WITH the approach of what was certain to be the fateful winter of the war, people who were anxiously watching the economic trend of things had been divided in mind between two kinds of expectation. On one hand, multiplying experiences were showing what it means for the American people literally to dedicate to war, in conformity with the President's pledge of April 2, 1917, our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have. On the other hand, the daily despatches from the various battle-fronts have shown with what rapidity this national dedication was being translated into military achievement.

Taken by itself, the tightening of the pressure of war conditions on the community's daily life was rapidly creating new and perplexing problems. The enrolment for the second draft had designated 13,000,000 American citizens in the prime of life as subject to immediate call for military service; the calling up of those whose ages were 19 to 20 and 32 to 36 inclusive began in October, and upward of 250,000 of them were expected to be withdrawn each month thereafter from ordinary pursuits.

Readjustments in Labor and Life

The labor question, whose particular complications usually arise from sudden increase of industrial demands, was now being influenced primarily by rapid and exceedingly heavy reduction in the actual supply. No less in professional employment than in industry, women were assuming in steadily increasing numbers the work previously done by men. Governmental restraint was applied, with greater or less force, to the granting of bank credit, to prices of commodities, even to

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the relation of the colleges to men of the draft age.

ALL this happened, let us also observe, while plans of a scope quite without parallel in history were maturing for requisitions on the country's wealth and accruing income. I have heretofore pointed out to what extent a $6,000,000,000 war loan exceeded the largest single public borrowing on record, which was England's $4,900,000,000 "Victory Loan" of February, 1917. But the amount asked for in the fourth war loan did not tell the whole story. If this and the subsequent borrowings of the fiscal year ending next June were to conform to the Secretary of the Treasury's estimate, the loans issued in that period by the United States will have amounted to $16,000,000,000.

The Financial Effort of the United States

Now the largest borrowings of the British Government in any consecutive twelve months—those of the British fiscal year ending last March—were slightly less than $10,000,000,000, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has estimated $10,650,000,000 as the amount to be raised in the current fiscal year. Germany has notoriously relied on loans as the chief means of financing war; but the sum total of her five war loans in the two years between the autumn of 1916 and the autumn of 1918 has been $500,000,000 less than our own anticipated borrowings in a single year. The French finance minister recently stated that all war loans raised at home by France since August, 1914, aggregate $14,600,000,000. That is to say, the American programme for the twelvemonth contemplates 50 per cent greater borrowings than the largest total as yet planned by any other government in the world.

This, however, is still only a part, and in a sense the smaller part, of the remarkable comparison. In its last fiscal year the British Government raised $3,065,000,000 from taxes; it expects to raise $3,911,000,000 in its present fiscal year. No European belligerent's tax programme has approached that figure. France has brought its annual taxation revenue only up to something like $1,500,000,000. Germany, including in its calculation income from government railways and telegraphs, estimates $1,833,000,000 for the current year. But the Revenue Bill, passed in September by our own House of Representatives, calculated on receipts of $8,182,492,000 from the taxes of the twelve months ending next June. This was taxation more than double the largest similar undertaking ever recorded elsewhere.

Nobody could surely say what would be the effect on private enterprise, or on the investment markets, of these prodigious requisitions. European markets were inclined to declare such simultaneous increase of loans and taxes an overambitious undertaking. Yet Europe, after all, had seen the advances of our government to its allies, during the seventeen months in which we ourselves had been at war, pass the total of the similar advances made by the British Government in the four years since August 5, 1914. It had seen the United States mobilize an army of nearly four millions in the same seventeen months' period, and send something like two millions to France in spite of the submarines. In September it had seen a newly trained American field army under American commanders win a crushing victory over a veteran German army in Lorraine. The consensus of judgment among political and military experts, eight or nine months ago, was that not one of those events was within the range of human possibility.

It is not unfair to assume that reflection on these achievements had convinced our own people's mind of the country's capacity to achieve the impossible, in a financial as well as in a military task. The much smaller programme of loans and taxes a year ago was greeted by a prolonged and extremely violent decline on the stock-market. But as every one will remember, the announcement of that programme in October, 1917, happened to coincide with Russia's separate peace, the Bolshevik revolution, and the defeat of the Italian army. Discussion of the government's financial plans for this present autumn took place under very different auspices. Even on the Stock Exchange, the outlook of the European

(Continued on page 52, *following*)

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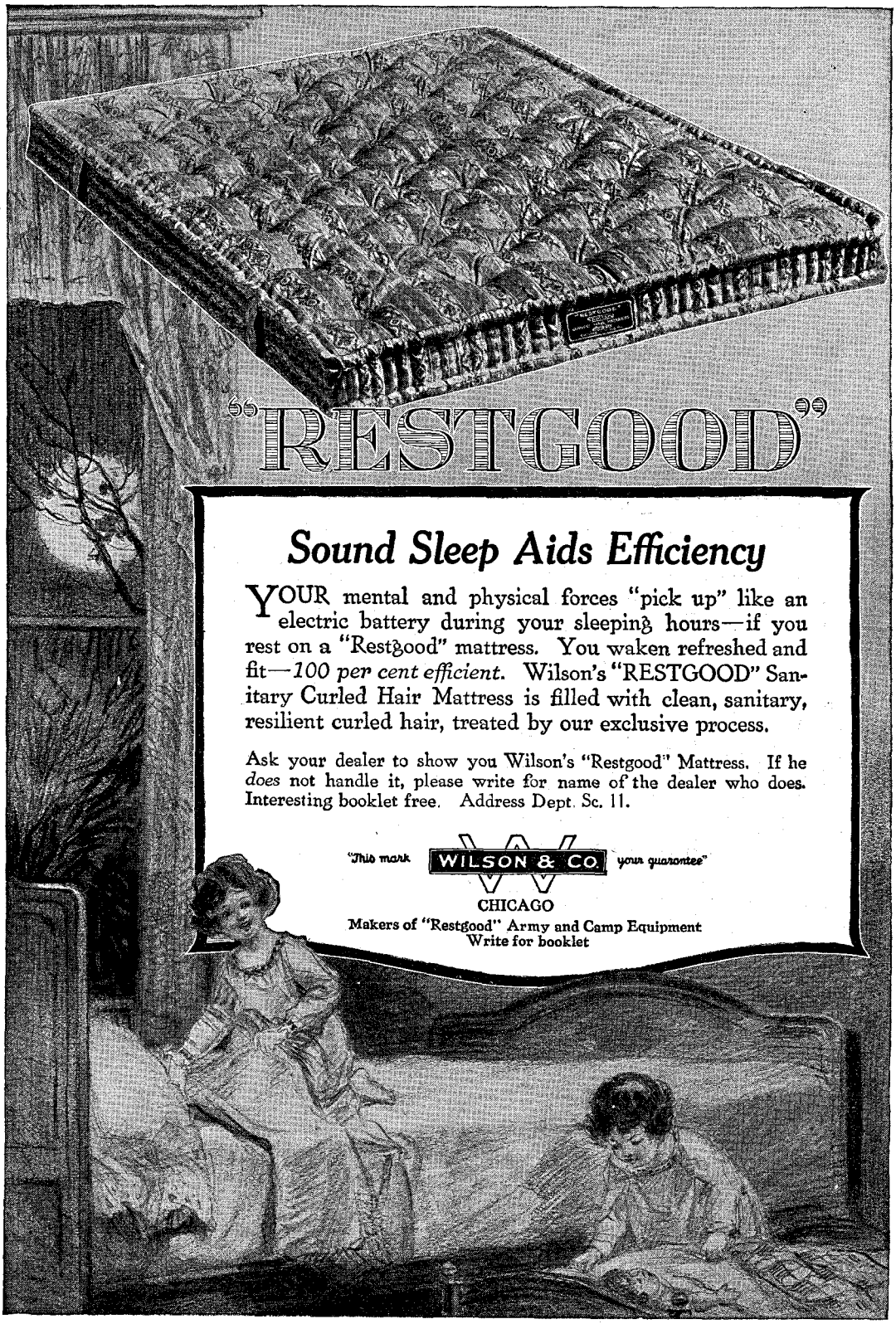
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Ask your dealer to show you Wilson's "Restgood" Mattress. If he *does* not handle it, please write for name of the dealer who does. Interesting booklet free. Address Dept. Sc. 11.
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Financial Situation, continued from page 642

war was bound, on the one occasion as on the other, to be the fundamental influence.

Effect of Allied Victories

DEVELOPMENTS of the highest possible significance in this direction were unfolding before the eyes of the American people at the moment when the House passed its Revenue Bill in the autumn of 1918 and the Treasury offered the Fourth Liberty Loan. Following the retreat of Ludendorff's army to the "Hindenburg line" or beyond, had come Pershing's victory over the German left wing at St.-Mihiel, with his bag of 20,000 prisoners, 100 guns, and immense stores of supplies and ammunition. Almost within a week, the French and Servians in Macedonia had routed the Bulgarian army, taking 10,000 prisoners and 120 guns, and the quite unexpected news had been received of the annihilation of Turkey's two armies in Palestine by the British General Allenby's brilliant cavalry manœuvre, of the hurried flight of the German commander, and the capture of 40,000 soldiers and 260 guns.

These two last Napoleonic exploits, each as crushing a blow at an ally of Germany as Foch's series of victories were a blow at Germany herself, brought suddenly to mind the possibilities of a crumbling Teutonic alliance; and before those possibilities could be fairly measured in the

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

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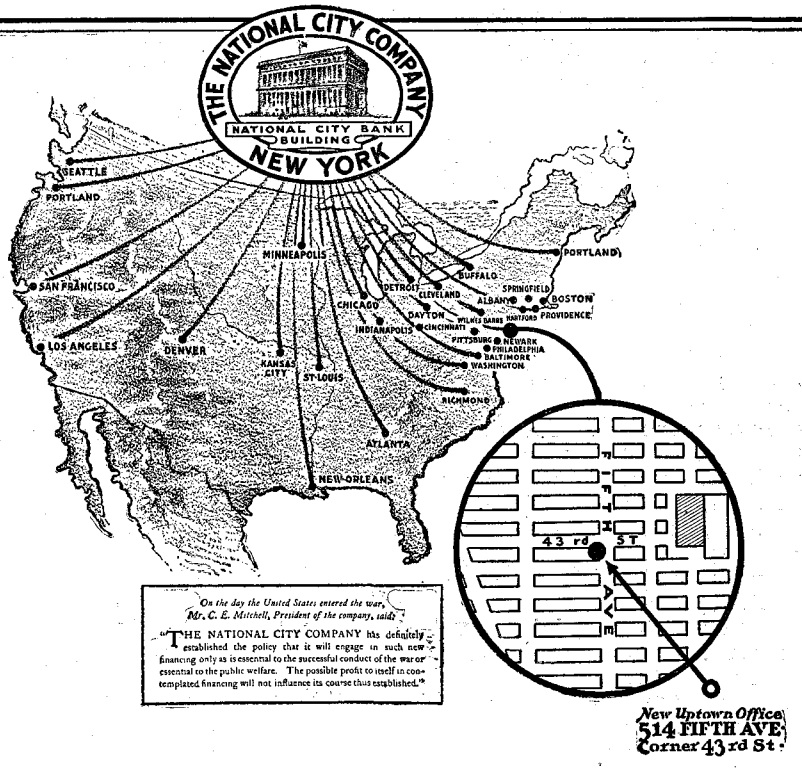

On the day the United States entered the war, Mr. C. E. Mitchell, President of the company, said:

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foreign offices or in the markets, Bulgaria had set the example to her colleagues. Back of all this extraordinary war news there necessarily arose in the financial mind, and in different shape from that of any previous occasion, the question how long Germany would or could hold out, and how her government would meet the new situation.

Reception of Austria's Peace Proposal

IT is often imagined that the Stock Exchange is governed only by the desire for peace at any price. As it happened, a very interesting test of that attitude was to be applied at exactly that moment, when the market was balancing between the influence of the huge government requisitions and the cheering war news. The Austrian Government's "peace proposal," published Sunday, September 15, asked for consideration of terms. It ascribed the failure of Bethmann-Hollweg's overture of December, 1916, solely to the "publicity" given to the discussions, which "robbed them of the possibility of fruitful progress."

Therefore, there ought to be a "direct verbal discussion between the representatives of the governments and only between them." All the belligerent states ought to send delegates to a neutral country for a "confidential and unbinding discussion on the basic principles for the conclusion of peace." "Under such happy auspices," so the Vienna note proceeded, "mountains of old misunderstandings might be removed and many new things perceived." "Streams of pent-up human kindness would be released, in the warmth of which everything essential would remain, and, on the other hand, much that is antagonistic, to which excessive importance is still attributed, would disappear."

No one is likely to have forgotten the Allied public's immediate response. The plan for settling the war in a secret conference from which the public would be deliberately excluded, and in which Berlin would be intriguing, after the plan of Brest-Litovsk, to set one Entente ally against the others, was transparent enough. But the language of the proposal itself served to determine popular opinion. The "mountains of old misunderstandings"—over Austria's provocation of the war, one might suppose, and Germany's deliberate forcing of hostilities on the rest of Europe—were recognized immediately at their proper value. So were the "streams of pent-up human kindness" left in existence by the submarine atrocities, the devastation of Belgium, the bombing of unguarded towns, the breaking of plighted faith with Belgium and Russia, the deportations of civilians into virtual slavery, on a scale and with a wickedness of circumstance unprecedented during the Christian era. But it still remained to be seen in what way the financial markets would greet the proposal from Vienna.

It had been generally believed that actual signs of approaching peace would cause a great rise on the Stock Exchange. From another point of view, nobody had forgotten the wild commotion in our markets on the news of the Berlin proposals of December, 1916—the break of 20 to 175 points in "war-order shares" on the Stock Exchange, the "two-million-share days," the rapid advance in war bonds of the European belligerents, the fall in the price of wheat because the blockade of Russia might be ended, and the rise in the price of cotton because blockaded European markets might now be opened to our exports. But the Stock Exchange of Monday, September 16, was as indifferent to the Austrian note of the day before as if it had not even read the morning newspapers. The day's business was smaller than in the inactive week which had preceded it. Changes in prices of stocks were hardly noticeable. Home and foreign war loans did not move at all. Even the cotton market, in which speculation had been fairly running riot during the two or three preceding weeks, made no response whatever.

The inference was unmistakable. The far-sighted financial community, to which an actual probability of peace would involve momentous changes in finance, industry, and investment values, did not regard the Austrian note as worthy of the least consideration in financial plans. Its judgment, thus reflected, fully foreshadowed President Wilson's answer to Austria, a few hours later, that "the United States will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain."

The State of Mind of the German Government

NEVERTHELESS, the effort of Vienna had its significance, politically and financially, as a possible side-light on the state of mind of the Central Powers, and therefore on the possible next move. The Austrian "peace proposal" of September 15 was not thrown out without preliminary manœuvres. Even during August, and up to the very moment in September when the German army was surrendering practically all of the ground won in its advance of the spring, speeches on peace by eminent personages in Germany and Austria were as numerous as speeches on patriotism and national credit during a "Liberty Loan drive." Doctor Von Kuehlmann, then Imperial Foreign Minister, had announced to the Reichstag as far back as June 21 that, "in view of the magnitude of this war and the number of Powers engaged, its end can hardly be expected through purely military decisions alone," and had therefore declared for "negotiation" as the only solution.

Chancellor Von Hertling, more cautious as well as more dull than his colleague, had declared in the same week that, although Germany was always ready with talk of peace, her adversaries had rebuffed her, and that "we cannot allow ourselves to be constantly and openly insulted in this manner"—referring, doubtless, to Mr. Wilson's remark in his note of 1917 to the Vati-

Financial Situation, continued on page 56

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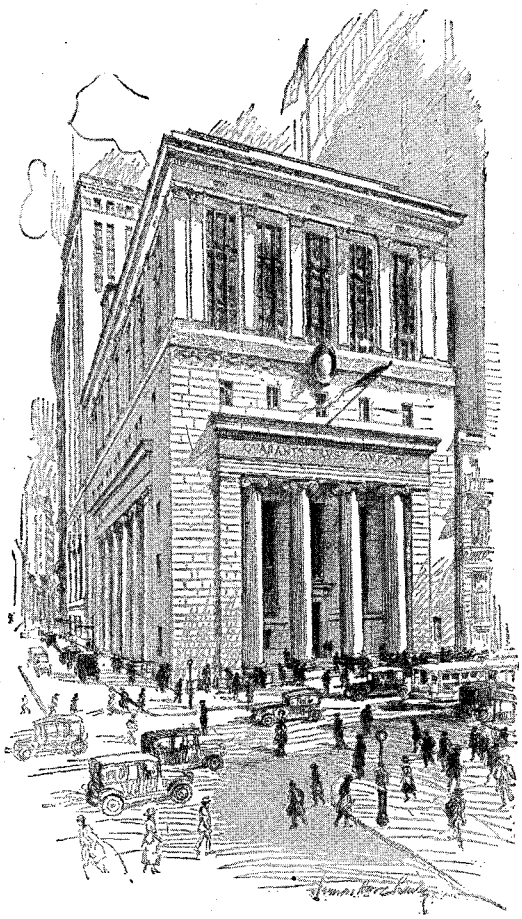

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Financial Situation, continued from page 54

can, that unless we know what the German people want, "we cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure." Still, the Chancellor ventured one assertion of his own—a gem of diplomatic tact—that although "we have no intention of keeping Belgium," the continued German occupation meant that in Belgium Germany will have "a pawn for future negotiation."

Following suit in August, the colonial minister, Doctor Solf, told a German audience that "the Brest-Litovsk agreement on the fate of the border peoples is a fact of world importance, which never can be erased from history." Vice-Chancellor von Payer came next, setting forth in September that "on calm reflection," even though Germany was the "innocent and attacked party," she would forego the war indemnity which she had a right to claim. She would evacuate France and Belgium, but only on condition that Germany's colonies should be returned, and that "no state should be more favorably placed in regard to Belgium than was Germany."

Now, the bearing of these speeches on the Austrian proposal and its reception by the Allied governments lay in the fact that, at the moment when Vienna was urging a secret conclave on terms of peace, this was the sort of thing that the German people and the rest of the world were being assured was the German Government's ultimatum. Von Payer's remarks at Stuttgart regarding Belgium were in fact made exactly three days before the publication of the Vienna note. But the curt rejection of the Austrian proposal left the question still more distinctly before the public mind, What would be the nature of the next appeal of the Central Powers for peace? What, short of the physical subjugation of the German Empire, would end the war? On this point, financial markets threw no light whatever.

Something, perhaps, could be inferred from certain utterances of the imperial family. Early in September the Crown Prince explained to an Austrian correspondent that Germany did not provoke war in 1914, because "no moment could have been more unfavorable to Germany," and that victory for Germany would mean "to hold our own and not let ourselves be vanquished." This definition, if so it may be called, revealed a somewhat interesting change of mind since July of 1914, and perhaps an even more interesting change since July of 1918. Exhorting the workmen at Krupp's, a week later, the Kaiser produced his own theory of the situation. He himself, the munition-workers were reminded, had "presented the enemy public with a clear and unambiguous offer of peace," but "jeers, mockery, and contempt were the answer." Did Germany bring on the war? Not at all. "Envy induced our enemies to fight, and war came upon us." Then what is Germany doing now? "We are fighting and struggling for existence."

Coming from the author of the boastful tele-

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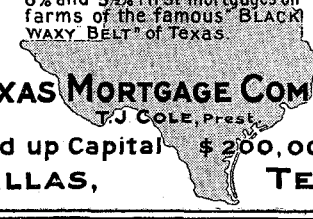

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Financial Situation, continued from page 56

grams of March, all this seemed somewhat like a whimper of despair. It was at least a singular supplement, on the one hand to the stipulations laid down by the Kaiser's ministers for relinquishing Belgium, on the other to Austria's naïve proposal of a secret conference. The one unmistakable inference from these utterances was that the Kaiser and his son acknowledged the defeat of Germany. But even so, what will be the way out?

What Will Be the Way Out?

THE answer to such questions is apt to be found in history. It is there that the German Government may have thought that it found the answer—in the "secret peace negotiations" through which their own Frederick the Great, by detaching two powerful states from the coalition which had almost crushed him, left France and Austria alone in the field against him; then induced Austria to consent to a private settlement which resulted in Frederick's own retention of practically everything he had seized in the Seven Years' War.

Berlin would naturally prefer to look upon this as the teaching of history; but there are better precedents. The Balkan War of 1912 was ended only when Turkey admitted defeat and asked the European Powers to get the best terms they could for her. In the Manchurian War, each side was willing to stop, and President Roosevelt's mediation, promptly accepted by both belligerents, arranged the Treaty of Portsmouth. Turkey in 1878, as in 1913, asked for peace and put the question of terms with Russia in the hands of the rest of Europe. With Paris surrendered to the Prussians in 1871, Jules Favre first, and Thiers as the head of the new French Government afterward, went to Bismarck to get from him such terms as Prussia would allow. The wars of Napoleon might have ended in 1813, had he accepted the conditions which the Allies laid down in response to his own roundabout request for terms. But Napoleon was not honest about it; he used the armistice to strengthen his military position, and then (with results which Germany might read with profit) refused the terms.

The lesson of history, as exemplified in all of these instances, is that the party to the conflict whose defeat, immediate or eventual, is manifest to the world, has had to ask for terms and to take or leave what he could get. In so far, then, as defeat is inevitable for Germany and Austria, their course is marked out by precedent. We may have the opportunity of observing, during the next five months, the German Government's tentative approach to the ordeal of intimating that it will submit to such terms as the Allies impose. Since such a turn in the situation may conceivably arise, it is not too early, especially in view of the attitude of the Stock Exchange toward the recent Austrian note, to inquire what would then be the action of financial markets.

Financial Situation, continued on page 60

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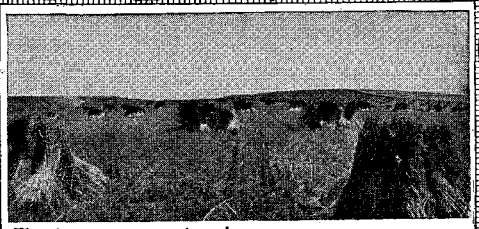

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Financial Situation, continued from page 58

FROM the very beginning of the war, two opposite theories and predictions in this matter have been familiar to every market. One of them, taking the view that profits of companies engaged in industry or transportation have been prodigiously increased as a consequence of war orders, assumed that the prospect of early drying-up of such war demands would logically mean a great decline in the price of their shares. The other based itself on the prospect of relief from the wholly unprecedented demand on capital by the war loans and diversion of industry from its normal channels. Relief from this, it was contended, would cause such relaxation in the financial strain, whether immediate or prospective, as to render buying of securities and a rise in prices a necessary sequel.

How the Markets Will Act when Peace Is in Sight

That the first of these theories should have prevailed in Wall Street's mind while the United States was neutral but busy with profitable munitions contracts, was only natural. It was equally natural that more weight should have been attached to the second theory after our own country had engaged in war, thus committing itself to war loans, war taxes, and war restrictions on financial activities. There can be no doubt that both sets of influences will be simultaneously at work when peace returns, and in opposite directions. When, therefore, negotiation for peace is unmistakably in sight, it will be the interesting office of the Stock Exchange to strike the balance between them.

Two or three movements may be predicted with reasonable certainty. Short-term bonds, placed in the American market during 1915 and 1916 by the English and French Governments and by French municipalities, have been selling in Wall Street at prices which meant a return of 7 to 9 per cent to the investor if he should hold them until they were redeemed at par. Such securities would undoubtedly advance on news of peace negotiations. They could never have fallen to their recent level, but for doubt as to whether redemption might not be made impossible, through indefinite continuance of war or through staggering indemnities fixed by the enemy. Even without "peace rumors," the City of Paris 6 per cents of 1921, which had fallen below 82 on the Stock Exchange during the "German drive," got back to 95 when Foch's victory removed all fear of the capture of Paris.

Our own outstanding war bonds would logically enough advance on the first clear sign that the vast money requirements for continued fighting were nearly ended. So immense an amount of newly issued bonds, however—many of them bought from purely patriotic motives and some of them on borrowed money—is always bound to create conditions peculiar to themselves in the immediate aftermath of war. During the last three months of 1864, when the end of our Civil War began to come into sight, United States 6 per cents rose 13 points on the Stock Exchange.

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ut they did not hold that extreme advance. hey were not as high when Lee surrendered in pril, 1865, as in the previous December; they eclined in the later months of 1865, and it was ot until 1870 that their recovery passed the igh mark of 1864. British consols rose 12 points the few months preceding Napoleon's first abication in 1814; but the battle of Waterloo, hich in 1815 finished his career, did not carry ieir price up to the figure of the year before—hich was not, in fact, reached again until the id of 1817. Nevertheless, both our own Civil Var bonds and the old British consols subseuently sold far above the best prices of those ears.

THE market is convinced that return of peace, or even genuine signs of it, will cause a very reat rise in the price of cotton. Germany used o take more than one-fourth of our exported otton before the war began. Now she gets practically none of it, and her own supplies are exhausted; therefore, the two or three million bales which she used to buy, prior to 1914, will be superimposed on the present requirements of the outside world, and ill push up the price even before a peace treaty signed. There is some force in the reasoning, ut the expectation leaves out of account the act, shown by the government's reports, that early consumption of cotton in the United tates itself has increased two to three million ales since the war began. How much of this as caused by increased manufacture of cotton oods for use in war by ourselves or our allies—ertainly a good deal of the increase resulted rom such orders—is a question which bears conderably on the practical results of returning eace, reopening of blockaded markets and disppearance of the war demands. Cotton at 38 ents a pound, its recent price, was already nearly hree times as high as in the year before the war, nd higher than in any year since Civil War times.

robable ffect on inance nd the ndustries

Foreign exchange rates on belligerent countries, prevalent in the markets of neutral states, would unquestionably rise with peace assured. They would do so, partly because the purchases f war material from such neutral countries by he fighting states would cease, partly because he progressive inflation of currency by many belligerents would naturally be checked. Rates quoted by neutral bankers on Germany and Austria would rise with the others. How far the ise would go would depend on what were the ctual indications of reform of the currencies or eduction in foreign purchases by the neutrals. t must not be forgotten that, when the European belligerents stop buying war material abroad, hey must begin to buy material for replenishing heir own exhausted commercial supplies or for econstructing their ruined cities. For the first f these purposes Germany, released from the ong blockade, will have to purchase vastly more broad than what she has been able to import in

Financial Situation, continued on page 62

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Financial Situation, continued from page 61

the way of war material in war time. For th second purpose, the *Iron Age* has estimated tha industries wrecked or damaged by the war, in th invaded part of France alone, represent an orig nal cost of construction not short of a billio dollars; and Belgium, Russia, Servia, Rumani and Italy must be added to the list.

It is, in fact, this last-named consideratio which confuses the problem of the relative d mand on productive industry, during the wa and after it, and which therefore almost equall complicates the question of values for the share of industrial enterprises, and, indeed, the que tion of all investment values. On the face c things, a company which in the four past yea had been investing new capital and constructin new plants to manufacture powder, shells, rifle guns, ships, "tanks," aeroplanes, in response t the insatiable requirements of the allied be ligerents, would be confronted on return of peac with a portentous shrinkage of orders and profit If shares of that company had risen on the Stoc Exchange to prices based on expectation of permanent net return on the war-time basis t their holders, a great decline would certainly b in order.

How Adjustment Have Been Already Made

SOMETHING like this had happened on th Stock Exchange in 1915 and 1916; bu prices, even of the "war industrials," have bee drastically readjusted since that period. Price for some of them have in this present seaso ranged 25 to 75 per cent below the level of the earlier war years, and both banks and government have placed strong restraint upon reckless speculation for the rise. Market valuations have in fact been largely adjusted to expectation of greatly diminishe profits on return of peace. Shares of the larges industrial corporation, paying dividends of 1 per cent per annum out of war profits, hav been selling this autumn around 110.

With many of these companies—not excludin those which have been making such war mun tions as cartridges and shells—production of tha sort was made possible through converting int shape for that special output the machiner which had been used for standard commerci products before the war, and which could be re converted into adaptability for such purpose The case for such companies, and for their share on the market, cannot be exactly what it wa for similar enterprises after other long wars i history, when war material was mostly turne out by industrial establishments wholly create for the purpose. With the steel industry as whole, the plates, bars, rails, and wire which ar at present going into war uses almost exclusively will be equally available for ordinary commerci purposes.

WHEN all this is said, it remains equall true that readjustment of industrial ac tivity, and in many directions dislocation of i

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vill be very general. How extensive the results vill be must depend in each case on three con-iderations—whether the company's finances and he market for its shares have taken this coming eadjustment into account, whether it possesses he power of quick reversion to production of ordinary goods, and whether demand for such commercial output after the war will be large nough to compensate for loss of the war orders.

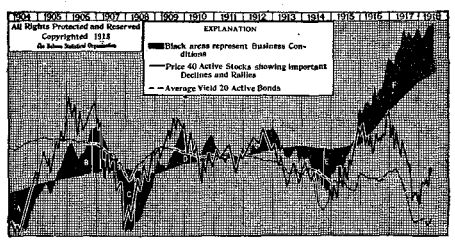
Financial markets will have one even larger nd more obscure economic problem to settle. Prices of outstanding securities with a fixed re-urn have been forced down progressively by the mmense demands of governments on invested capital. Ten to 20 per cent depre-ciation during war-time has occurred with many railway and industrial bonds; measuring, first the diversion into war loans, of capital which would otherwise have been a holder f such bonds or a bidder for them; and second ts further diversion into other newly issued ecurities which have been forced by the same onditions to offer a higher interest rate. As conomists describe the phenomenon, the price f capital has risen.

Will the "Price of Capital" Rise or Fall?

Will the "price of capital" begin to fall when he war is over, and will prices of outstanding ailway and industrial bonds recover as they have leclined in the past four years? The economic endency would unquestionably be in that di-ection. Not only would the world's annual of-ering of thirty to forty billion dollars' worth of ew war loans be instantly cut down by termina-ion of the war, but we should probably then earn that existing investment prices had been argely influenced by doubt as to whether the war and its requisitions might not continue a good deal longer.

There would be counteracting influences; not east among them the issue, at the earliest oppor-unity of quantities of new securities to provide or such needs of railway and industrial com-panies as had been postponed during the war-ime diversion of capital to the war. Govern-nents themselves, indeed, could hardly withdraw it once from the money market. "Demobiliza-ion" of armies is as expensive a process as mobil-zation, and even more prolonged. It is proceeds f government loans which will have to pay for econstructing Belgium, Servia, and Northern France.

Nevertheless, if the peace which terminates he war is what it ought to be—a peace which tipulates reasonable disarmament, and which provides guarantees against future wars of the present sort—the moral effect of such an out-come on the mind of the community will be difficult to measure. The possibility which be-came a fact when Germany declared war in 1914 had been overshadowing the investment markets or more than a generation. What its permanent removal would mean to the world's industrial and financial progress, it is far too early yet to say.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THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

V—Dimensions of the Market—Long and Sho

By William W. Craig

(This is the fifth of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchan appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

When a venture into the stock market undertaken for a speculative profit, eithe a purchase is made with the belief that a partic ular issue is going up, or a sale is made of stoc which the seller does not own, with the expecta tion that the price is going down. The stock ac quired by the purchase is called "long" stock and the stock which is sold is described in th parlance of the market-place as "short" stock The buyer, in the one case, intends to sell hi holdings when the price has advanced, and th seller of stock which he did not own intends t replace the shares by a purchase when the pric has declined.

Operations on the "long" side of the marke need little explaining, even to the casual partic ipant in the market, because to buy and late sell at a higher price is the natural course of th average trader. "Short selling" is considerabl more intricate. It is estimated in stock broker age offices that nine persons buy stock to eac one who ever sells short. For one thing, it is no in accordance with age-long business methods fo one to sell something which he does not have i his possession at the time the sale is made. Again the process of short selling is not fully understoo by many who invest in securities or occasionall speculate on the buying side.

A well-known member of the New York Stock Exchange once delivered a lecture on short sellin before a body of college students. Afterward h confided to friends that he had not made a suc cess of it. "I described a short sale with complet details," he said, "but it was plain from the ex pressions of many of the students that they dic not follow me. I am persuaded that the onl way to understand short selling is to do it."

The various steps in the short sale are, how ever, easier for the person to follow who ha bought securities and has thus acquired a per sonal interest in market affairs, which promote an intelligent study of market practice. T begin with, the potential seller of "short" stock decides that a particular issue is appraised at price higher than conditions warrant. He may have studied the earnings of the company rep resented by the stock and become convince that future income available for dividends an the surplus account will be less than the curren revenue. He may believe that speculative buy ing has carried the stock to a level so high tha a reaction is due, and desires to profit by the ex pected decline. Or he may have heard a "tip" somewhere that the stock is to be artificially de

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pressed by a concerted output of offerings by other short sellers.

The trader directs a broker, with whom he has an account and money on deposit, to sell 100 shares of Steel common, as an example, either at a price he nominates or at the best price obtainable at the moment. The broker executes the order. By 2.15 o'clock on the following afternoon the broker must deliver to the buyer 100 shares of Steel. As the seller does not have the stock to deliver, the broker must get it from another source. This step is accomplished by borrowing.

The broker gets in touch with a colleague who has 100 shares of Steel which he is willing to lend if proper security is made by the borrower. The terms arranged, the broker secures the Steel and delivers it in due course. Usually, the stock is secured by cash deposited by the borrowing broker with the lending broker equal to the full market value of the stock.

At this point in the operation of a short sale, it is seen, the broker who made the sale has stock to deliver. The broker from whom he borrowed has the borrower's money to an amount equal to the value of the borrowed stock. The broker who lends the stock pays interest on the money collateral, generally at the current call loan rate if the stock is not the subject of active bidding by potential borrowers. If a stock is in demand by numerous borrowers and the supply available for borrowing is small, the broker who needs it to deliver on a short sale will forego interest on the money he pledges. It sometimes happens that the floating supply of a stock is scarce almost to the vanishing-point, being held closely by investors in their own strong boxes. Then the borrower consents not only to go without interest, but also pays a premium to the holder of the shares for the privilege of borrowing them. The customer who sold the stock short, of course, meets this charge, which is called a "premium."

As far as the customer is concerned, there are no further steps after he puts in his order to sell short until the time comes when he elects to buy back the stock. The broker requires margin on a short sale as large as he would have demanded if he had bought an equal number of shares and insists that the margin be kept at the required level in case the market value of the stock moves forward instead of downward, as the seller expected.

The replacement purchase is called a "covering" purchase. The customer, having either a satisfactory profit through a decline of the stock or a loss through a rise, directs the broker to buy 100 shares of Steel. The order is executed, the stock is delivered to the customer's broker, who sends it to the colleague from whom he had borrowed 100 shares of Steel, and the money security is returned. This completes the transaction. The customer has paid his broker a commission at the usual rate for selling the stock short and an equal amount for making the "covering" purchase. The operation, it is seen, is

Continued on page 66

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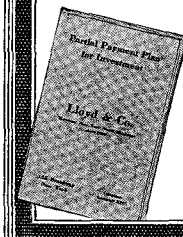

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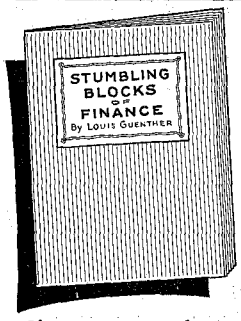

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exactly opposite from the process of buying stock in order to profit from a rise in the market.

The short sale must be considered purely as a speculative transaction. The seller attempts to do nothing more than seize a profit by a movement in the market. When a buyer describes his stock as "long," or states that he is "long of the market," the purchase is held by custom, in market comment, to be a speculative transaction. Stock bought as an investment is not, strictly speaking, viewed as "long" stock. When a decline of prices is referred to as the result of sales of substantial amounts of "long" stock, it is meant that speculators who had earlier bought for a rise are selling out their holdings, either for the sake of the profit entailed or to prevent losses. The customary way of referring in the Street to sales of investment holdings is "liquidation." The distinction here made between the two words is to emphasize the fact that "long" and "short" are opposing terms as related to stock-market transactions, both dealing with speculation.

The buyer of "long" stock is convinced that the market is about to advance. He buys, either for cash or on margin, and his broker receives the shares, holding them subject to the direction of the purchaser. If the stock is margined, the broker is concerned in seeing that the amount of money which the customer deposits is constantly at or above the proportion of the whole which is deemed satisfactory. In respect to margins it may be said that the broker is concerned only about the size of the margin, that it shall be large enough to protect him against extensive declines in the price of the stock he is carrying for the customer. When stock is bought it has to be paid for; the broker pays part and the customer the balance. The greater the margin or the customer's portion, the smaller the amount of money which the broker needs to take from his capital or borrow from his bank. This is a factor in margin business in stocks which is frequently lost sight of. If a broker required a low margin, it might be possible for his capital to be absorbed in a comparatively small amount of business, or his bank loans might quickly become so far extended as to impair his credit.

Dealings to which the terms "long" and "short" are appended are, of course, not limited to the established stock exchanges, but apply to purchases and sales of stocks handled by brokers of the outside market. In case of many unlisted stocks, including public utility and certain industrial issues, short selling is, however, difficult to accomplish successfully because of the inability of brokers to borrow shares for delivery against a short sale. Free borrowing is dependent upon a sizable floating supply, and where stocks are scattered among investors they frequently cannot be obtained as a loan. There are numerous outside stocks, also, which brokers are reluctant to carry for customers on margin either because a ready market is not always at hand or for the reason that they are not readily accepted by bankers as security for loans.

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